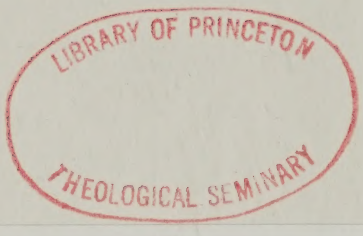

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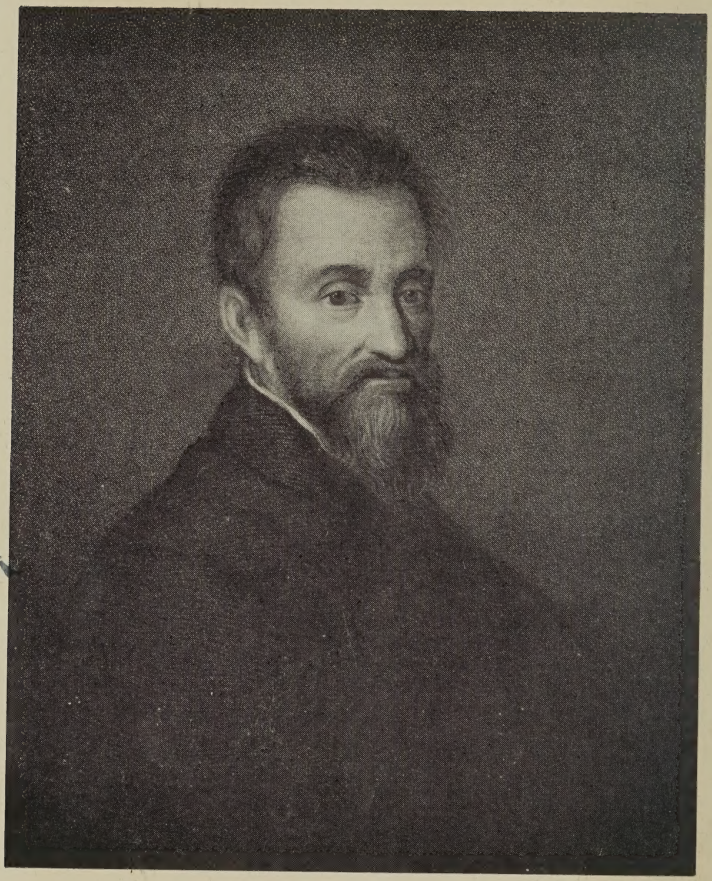

Michael Angelo Buonaroti

MEN OF MIGHT

STUDIES OF GREAT CHARACTERS

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
OCT 17 1921
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BY

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AND

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NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD
41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, W.
1921

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PREFACE.

THESE biographies were compiled to read to small sets of boys, varying in age from fifteen to eighteen: it was found that many boys appreciated a certain literary precision, which could hardly be attained in discourses delivered extempore from notes; and the time at our disposal being necessarily somewhat short, it was found difficult to secure harmony and proportion in biographical lectures, unless the limits were carefully laid down beforehand. But it is intended that the lectures should be assisted by oral explanation and questions from time to time, and if a teacher were to see that any set of boys found interest in a particular biography, the sources from which it can be illustrated and supplemented are easily available.

It is no doubt the experience of many teachers that biography has the power of arresting and retaining the interest of a class to a degree that hardly any other literature possesses; and at the same time the well-known biographies are, as a rule, both too copious and too advanced both in expression and thought to be adapted for reading aloud to boys of average intelligence; so, in compiling these lives, we have kept in view the advantages of the learner rather than the pleasure of the lecturer, a point of view which a teacher is apt to overlook, the more enthusiastic for his subject he is.

We hope that the lectures may also prove useful to clergymen and religious teachers when dealing with classes of young people; and we have, therefore, avoided all that is controversial or denominational as far as possible.

The lectures have all been delivered to such classes as we have spoken of, and their practical value has thus, to a certain extent, been tested: that is to say, other similar lectures which failed to interest or please have been omitted.

As before stated many of the lectures are practically little more than compilations. Our obligations are due to Stanley's 'Life of Arnold,' to Miss C. A. Jones' 'Life and Times of St. Charles Borromeo,' to the 'Life of Henry Martyn,' to Mr. Cotter Morison's 'Life of St. Bernard,' to Dr. Kirton's and Mr. Tyerman's 'Lives of Wesley,' to Mr. Thomas Hughes' 'Livingstone,' to Colonel Butler's 'Gordon,' to Mr. Stobart's 'Islam,' to an unpublished lecture on Socrates by Dr. Goulburn, and to Mr. Clifford's 'Father Damien'; and our particular thanks are due to the author of the 'Life of Fénelon,' who, through Messrs. Longmans, has most kindly permitted us to make use of the masterly translations of letters and documents that appear in that delightful book.

We must also be permitted to express our thanks to H. E. Luxmoore, Esq., of Eton College, and the Rev. A. H. Baynes, Vicar of Christchurch, Greenwich, who have contributed three of the lectures.

A. C. B.
H. F. W. T.

ETON COLLEGE.
May, 1892.

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MEN OF MIGHT.

SOCRATES THE ATHENIAN.

THE Apostle St. Paul when he was at Athens saw there an altar to the Unknown God. And as he spoke to the people from Mars' Hill, he declared that he preached to them the God whom they worshipped in ignorance, and that the God who made heaven and earth dwelt not in temples made with hands; for 'He hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth . . . that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us.' Of these seekers of God there have been many, and one of them was Socrates the Athenian.

Socrates was born in B.C. 469. That is to say, he was born in the most glorious century of Greek history —the century which saw the Persian hosts repulsed at Marathon and Thermopylæ, and Athens at the height of her power and empire; the century also which saw Greece torn by the Peloponnesian war, and Athens defeated and disgraced. It was the century of Æschylus

and Sophocles, of Pericles the statesman and Phidias the sculptor, of Miltiades, Cimon, and Brasidas; a century in which Greece rose to the height of her power, the height of her civilization; a century in which her fall began. Never have rise and fall been as sudden as those. Never have art and literature, statesmanship and patriotism, blossomed so splendidly to decay so ingloriously. Such was the stage on which Socrates, son of Sophroniscus the sculptor, made his first appearance—a figure outwardly more fitted for a comedy than the tragedy in which he was destined to play a part.

For the personal appearance of the great philosopher was not at all prepossessing. Even the writings of his friends are full of jokes on his ugliness; comparing him to a satyr or Silenus, heads of whom were sold in the shops, made to open so as to disclose the statuette of a god within, resembling, as Alcibiades says, the beautiful soul of Socrates, hidden by the thickset form, and the face with its coarse thick lips, projecting eyes like a crab's, and flat wide nose. In physical constitution he was exceedingly healthy and strong, capable of enduring the hardest military service and any extremes of heat and cold. Even during winter campaigns he went barefoot, and wore the same clothing as in summer. He abstained from excessive eating and drinking; though it is recorded that on occasions of festival he could drink more wine than any guest present without becoming intoxicated.

His temper was admirable, if we may trust his immediate friends; though others say that it was naturally violent, if usually under control. It must have been severely tried at home, for his wife Xanthippe

was a noted termagant, and the philosopher must have needed all his philosophy at times to prevent anger from carrying him away.

Though Socrates lived in such eventful times, he took little part in politics or military affairs; yet, whenever he was called upon to serve his country either as a soldier or a citizen, he did his duty bravely and well. At the siege of Potidæa he fought throughout the winter campaign, rescuing his young friend Alcibiades in battle, and then giving up to him the prize of valour. In the disastrous rout at Delium Socrates again saved a fellow-citizen's life, bearing Xenophon on his shoulders from the battle to a place of safety; and here Alcibiades was enabled to repay the debt which he owed Socrates by covering his retreat, though Socrates would not accept his friend's horse, but stalked along, as Alcibiades says, like a pelican, glaring round with his projecting crab's eyes, so that none of the enemy dared molest him.

Such exploits would have done credit to the bravest soldier; and his conduct in the National Assembly, on the only two occasions when he came prominently forward, was equally courageous and patriotic. On the more important of these, when the victory of Arginusæ had been won, and the trial of the eight generals for neglecting the wrecks and dead was exciting popular feeling, an illegal proposal was made, namely, to try the generals without hearing them in their own defence, and to cause them all to be acquitted and condemned by the same vote. Socrates was the only one of the Prytanes who dared to resist the measure throughout. It was carried despite his protest.

From these facts we turn to a consideration of Socrates in his true vocation, that of a teacher and a philosopher, as he is shown to us in the straightforward memoirs of the soldier Xenophon, and the more imaginative dialogues of the philosopher Plato. What was precisely the time when Socrates, relinquishing his father's trade, betook himself to teaching and philosophy we cannot say, but it is probable that scarcely less than half his life was devoted to the self-imposed task. Picture him, then, all this time, early and late, frequenting the market-place, the gymnasia, and all public resorts, speaking to and questioning all, avoiding none. All persons of any prominence in the city he visited; and, besides these, there was a body of men commonly known as his disciples, who were accustomed to attend and follow him publicly as their teacher and master.

And this very publicity of his teaching in the end told greatly against him. The number of the disciples that he enrolled and the friends that he won was very small compared with the number of personal enemies that he provoked; and doubtless this feeling about him, combined with the knowledge of his personal peculiarities, helped to make Aristophanes select him in the 'Clouds' as a representative of the sophists, as more easily to be recognised than others who would have been fairer game. There is a story that he saw the 'Clouds' performed, and was so far from being offended, that he stood up on a bench to let the people see how well the actor on the stage was 'got up' to represent him.

But the characteristic which especially distinguished Socrates from other teachers of the day was his per-

suasion of a special divine mission. This was conveyed to him by a voice, a divine sign, a prophetic and supernatural voice, as he considers it himself—better known now as the 'Dæmon or Genius of Socrates.' 'Even from my childhood,' he says before his judges, 'has this come to me—a kind of voice which ever, when it comes, turns me from something that I intend to do, but never directs me to anything. And this is what prevents me from taking part in politics.' The peculiarity of this voice is that its commands were always prohibitory, never in the way of instigation. Socrates himself did not seem to regard it as anything very strange or awful, often speaking of it playfully; but his friends generally looked on it in a much higher light, while his enemies saw in such a belief a dangerous and impious heresy.

What this voice really was has been often discussed. It may have been merely the name by which Socrates chose to call the voice of conscience; it may be that he was mad on this point, and imagined that he heard as a voice what was in reality only the prompting of his own heart and mind. Whichever it may have been, it is plainly impossible for us to decide the question at the present day.

Besides this voice, Socrates was impelled by the answer of the Delphian oracle, given to his friend Chærephon—the same Chærephon who is caricatured in the 'Clouds' as a pale and dirty philosopher, engaged mainly in ingenious, if useless, speculations, such as the measurement of a flea's jump. This answer was that no other man was wiser than Socrates. Now Socrates was conscious of his own ignorance, and considered that he possessed absolutely no knowledge

at all. So the answer of the oracle perplexed and distressed him; but at last he determined to put it to the proof, and set out to test the wisdom of those who had a reputation for it. 'I reflected,' he says in his defence before the court, 'that if I could only find a man wiser than myself, then I might go to the god with a refutation ready. So I went to one who had the reputation of wisdom; he was a politician. When I began to talk to him I could not help thinking that he was not really wise, although he was thought wise by others, and wiser still by himself, and thereupon I tried to explain to him that he thought himself wise, but was not really so; and the consequence was that he hated me, and so did several who were present and heard me. So I left him, saying to myself as I went away, Well, although I do not suppose that either of us knows anything really that is beautiful and good, I am better off than he is, for he knows nothing, and thinks that he knows; while I neither know nor think that I know.' And this was the result of all his inquiries; politicians and philosophers, poets and actors, all alike showed the same false conceit of wisdom, the same real ignorance. So Socrates began to think that the oracle was right, after all.

In this fashion, by means so unpleasant to others and so dangerous to himself, Socrates established himself as a teacher and philosopher. His position was widely different from that of any other teacher in the state, and clearly marked off from that of the other philosophers and sophists. To show this properly, we must speak shortly of these two classes of teachers, if we may call them so.

And here we ought to try to throw ourselves back

for a moment into the spirit of the ancient world. First, let us remember how few facts people then knew about the world and its contents; secondly, how simple they thought a solution of the mystery of the world ought to be; thirdly, how extraordinarily quickly everything, including thought, was moving, so that men were driven to jump to hasty conclusions to avoid being left behind by others. Now, about any given thing we can ask ourselves four questions: 'What is it?' 'What is it made of?' 'Who made it?' 'What is it for?' The second of these is the most straightforward question; it is the question a baby tries to solve when it puts a toy into its mouth. Accordingly, the philosophers who lived before Socrates had dealt almost entirely with physical science; they had examined into matters connected with the earth, with astronomy, and kindred subjects, concluding from their observations, one that the universe was made of water, one of air, one of fire. They tried, in fact, to answer the question: 'What is it made of?' But to Socrates their contradictory conclusions, and their really small and confused knowledge of facts, were very manifest, and he thought that little or nothing could be found out about such things; being right to this extent, that no simple answer was possible—indeed, no answer at all without a better foundation of facts, unattainable in the circumstances of the time. So he laid down the rule that 'the proper study of mankind is man.'

With regard to the sophists his position is harder to define; it may be summed up thus:

1. They taught for pay; he taught for nothing.
2. They taught 'culture,' calling it ἀρετή, virtue, a

kind of superficial education based on the ordinary Athenian morality; he taught real virtue, based on the knowledge of the laws of right and wrong.

3. They thought that they knew; he knew that he only thought, and could not be sure. At the same time he was nearer the sophists than the old philosophers, hence his appearance in that character in the comedy of the 'Clouds.'

What it was that he taught, and how he taught it, we must next inquire.

Disappointed with natural philosophy, encouraged by the Delphian oracle, last but not least, prompted by his own feelings, he turned first of all men to ethical speculation, to inquiry into the nature of virtue and vice, right and wrong. Restricting science and mathematics to just as much knowledge as would suffice for the everyday business of life, he marvelled that any could dare to meddle with Divine affairs when they knew nothing of human, and wondered whether they thought ever to be able to rule the wind and rain, or only pursued such studies from a spirit of idle curiosity. It has been said, then, that his whole philosophy rested on three great principles:

1. The proper study of mankind is man.

2. That though men think themselves well informed upon this subject, they are really in utter ignorance of it.

3. That, in order to learn virtue, men must study themselves by examining their own convictions, and rendering to themselves an account of their actions.

Thus Socrates, to use the words of Cicero, brought philosophy from heaven down to earth, and gave to men, instead of a scanty knowledge of physics, the

study of the varied phenomena of the human mind. Professing entire ignorance, advancing no theory of his own, he would accost everyone in the market-place, the gymnasium, or any place of public resort, with some question, apparently easy and straightforward, such as any ordinary man would feel entitled to answer off-hand. The answer would come—suppose it to be to a question such as, 'What is justice?' or 'What is courage?'—in the shape of a wide definition, say, Courage is, not running away in battle. Socrates would seem not to understand, and, by a further question, would show that this did not cover nearly all cases of courage; then the man would modify his statement, and say that courage was resolution. This definition Socrates would show to include other qualities besides courage, and so on; the definitions being all shown to include either too much or too little, till the man was very likely to be compelled to avow his entire inability to answer a simple question. Further, Socrates would urge, if the man did not know what courage was, how could he be brave, any more than a builder ignorant of architecture could build a good house? On the minds of ordinary men, doubtless the impression left was one of confusion and perplexity, but among the more intelligent listeners the dialectics of Socrates let in a new light through the darkness of their minds; hence came a new power of intellect, a new birth of thought, which led on the mind to form for itself new and distinct ideas on the subjects which had once seemed so familiar.

But there was a want in the teaching of Socrates. Virtue was what he taught, and virtue, he said, was knowledge of wisdom—a doctrine true, indeed, but not

the whole truth. It omits much which is essential to true virtue; it takes no account of the emotions, but only of the intellect. Ignorance, he thought, was synonymous with vice, and worst when accompanied by fancied knowledge; hence in Socrates' eyes a man who knew what justice and goodness were, and yet acted unjustly, came nearer to a just man than one who did not know, and erred through ignorance.

Thirty years of this teaching and practice, thirty years of a blameless life, bring us down to the year 399 and the often-told tale of the trial and death of Socrates. In the portico before the door of the Archon Basileus there appeared one day the following indictment:

'Meletus, son of Meletus, accuses Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, as is underwritten. Socrates is guilty of crime—first, for neglecting the gods whom the city acknowledges, and setting forth other strange gods; next, for corrupting the youth. Penalty, death.'

Meletus, the nominal accuser, was a poet, doubtless one who had been offended by the cross-examination of Socrates. There were two other accusers—Lycon, a rhetorician, and Anytus, the most powerful of the three, a wealthy tradesman, whose son had become a follower of Socrates, showing some degree of promise, so that the philosopher tried to persuade his father to bring him up to something higher than the leather trade to which he belonged. No doubt the pride of the craftsman was wounded by this advice, as that of many others had been, for often the young disciples of Socrates brought home to their fathers new and displeasing notions, telling them things they did not understand and asking them questions which they

could not answer—a circumstance which formed the basis of the third charge against him.

We must not be surprised that this accusation was brought against Socrates. Xenophon's indignation at what he holds to be a sacrilege must not be shared by us. When we reflect on the extraordinary unpopularity which his questioning must have caused, we are bound to confess that it is wonderful that it was not brought on before in some shape or other.

Socrates, then, with no powerful men on his side, and the whole weight of class prejudice and religious hatred against him, was brought before a jury of 557 citizens empowered to decide whether he was guilty or no, and to assess the penalty if he were guilty.

The time of a trial was divided by means of a water-clock, a kind of hour-glass with water instead of sand, into three equal portions; the first devoted to the speech of the prosecutor, the second to that of the defendant, the third, if the verdict were 'guilty,' to the speech of the prosecutor and reply of the defendant about the penalty and counter-penalty, together with the decision of the judges. Of the speeches of the accusers in this trial we know nothing. Probably they laid most stress on the accusation of worshipping other gods, which could be supported by the confession of Socrates himself about his divine voice which spoke with him. Then followed the defence, preserved for us in spirit, if not in letter, by Plato in the 'Apology of Socrates.'

The first charge he abundantly refuted, the second he never really answered, the third, that of corrupting the youth, was doubtless founded on the feeling that it was wrong for a young man to be wiser than his

father; and here, of course, Socrates was at issue with his accusers, as with him virtue and knowledge were the same.

But throughout his defence Socrates speaks as if he cared not for life. Intent on his divine mission, he rises from the defendant into the teacher, comparing himself to a gadfly attached to a noble but sluggish horse, and declaring that he will not cease to sting it into activity while he lives. He will have no acquittal on condition of the discontinuance of his practice; he has a mission from above which he must accomplish.

'For,' he says, 'wherever a man's place is, whether the place which he has chosen or that in which he has been placed by a commander, there he ought to remain in the hour of danger. He should not think of death, or of anything but of disgrace. . . . Strange indeed would be my conduct, men of Athens, if I, who, when I was ordered by the generals whom you chose to command me at Potidæa, Amphipolis, and Delium, remained where they placed me, like any other man, facing death; if, I say, now, when, as I imagine, God orders me to fulfil the philosopher's mission of searching into myself and other men, I were to desert my post through fear of death or any other fear. . . . Men of Athens, I honour and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy.'

Following the custom of other speakers, he touches upon one of the common topics of a defence—his past services. But beyond this he will not go. He says that he has relatives—children—like others, but that he will not buy mere pity by bringing them into court.

He would be a guilty man if he had recourse to supplications to make the judges acquit him against their convictions. 'Then,' he says, 'I should convict myself of not believing in the gods, in whom I do believe in a far higher sense than my accusers. And to you and to God I commit my cause, to be determined by you as is best for you and me.'

The verdict of the court followed—'Guilty;' but only by a majority of five or six. And the smallness of the majority is here the real matter for surprise, not the actual verdict, when we consider that the Athenian judges had heard what they had never heard before—a lecture, not a defence.

The penalty proposed by the accuser was known—death. Now this penalty the court would never have inflicted had it not been for the tone assumed by Socrates himself. He declared fearlessly that if it was required of him to state how the public in justice ought to treat him, he could only say that they ought to recognise him as a public benefactor, and maintain him in the Prytaneium at the expense of the state, for he had spent his whole life in the service of his country. As an alternative, he proposes a small pecuniary fine, and his friends offer to be sureties for thirty minæ, or about £120.

Now, if Socrates had only proposed this fine, there is little doubt that the judges would have chosen it. They were bound to choose either the accuser's or the defendant's penalty; they could not compromise between the two.

But the proposal that he should be maintained in the Prytaneium, one of the greatest distinctions conferred at Athens, seemed to them an insult, and though

the verdict of guilty had been barely passed, the sentence of death was also carried, by what majority we do not know for certain.

Then, in a short speech, Socrates expresses himsel satisfied with the sentence. To die was the best thing that could happen to him; death, perhaps a dreamless sleep, perhaps a second life—death, which took him away in the zenith of his fame—seemed no evil, but a blessing.

'Wherefore,' he concludes, 'O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after. He and his are not neglected by the gods, nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and to be released was far better for me, and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason also I am not angry with my condemners or with my accusers; they have done me no harm, although they did not mean to do me any good, and for this I may gently blame them. . . . The hour of departure is at hand, and we go our ways, I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.'

The execution of the sentence was deferred for thirty days, till the return of the sacred embassy from the Island of Delos, during the absence of which it was accounted unholy to put a criminal to death. These days Socrates spent in prison with fetters on his legs, conversing with his friends, who had free access to him, with the utmost calmness. A plan for his escape, formed by Crito, he rejected without hesitation, as a breach of those laws which he had ever respected.

At length the Salaminian trireme returned, decked out with the emblems of religious festivity, but bringing

with it the death-warrant of Socrates. The next day after sunset he was to drink the hemlock.

Plato makes Phædo tell the story of his death to his friend Echecrates. In the morning Socrates was awakened by the gaoler, a man whom during his imprisonment he had quite won over, and released from his chains, which was a relief to him, as they had galled him. On the opening of the prison doors his friends came in and found there Socrates, and sitting with him Xanthippe, with her child in her arms, weeping and beating her breast. At the request of Socrates she was led home, and then, turning to his friends, he discoursed to them in his accustomed manner, speaking of death and what lies beyond it. Till late the discourse was carried on, then, near sunset, Socrates closed the conversation, retiring to bathe in a room adjoining. After some little time he returned, and, bidding farewell to his children and relatives, came back to his friends. The gaoler, who was quite overcome by grief, brought the poison in a cup, and Socrates asked what he was to do; the answer was that he need only walk about till his legs grow heavy, and then lie down. But now let Phædo tell his own tale. He says: 'Then, holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now, when we saw him drinking, and saw, too, that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my tears were flowing fast, so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a friend. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found

himself unable to restrain his tears, got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud and passionate cry, which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness. "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, then, and have patience." When we heard that, we were ashamed and refrained our tears, and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail. Then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs, and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel, and he said "No"; and then his legs, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said, "When the poison reaches the heart that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face (for he had covered himself up), and said (they were his last words), "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito. "Is there anything else?" There was no answer to this question, but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth. Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.'

And so ends what has been called the finest death-scene but one in all history. The God who was not

very far from Socrates had called him into His immediate presence-chamber; the seeker of God had found Him whom he sought. The divine soul beneath the satyr's form could behold the Infinite Wisdom which it longed for, and the Infinite Love of which it had never dreamed, in the temple of the Unknown God.

MAHOMET.

THERE are two stories in the Old Testament which excite our sympathy by their description of purely human sorrow and suffering: the story of Hagar and Ishmael, and the story of Esau. Who has not felt for the poor bondwoman when, as the Bible tells us, 'she went and sat down over against him a good way off, as it were a bowshot; for she said, Let me not look on the death of the child'? The water in the bottle was spent, and they were wandering in the desert of Beer-sheba. Then followed the angel's miraculous aid, and the promise of God: 'I will make him a great nation. And God was with the lad, and he grew; and he dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer.'

We remember, too, the story of Esau. 'When Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with an exceeding great and bitter cry: "Bless me, even me also, O my father! Hast thou but one blessing, my father?" And Isaac, his father, answered and said unto him, "Behold thy dwelling shall be of the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above; and by thy sword shalt thou live, and shalt serve thy brother; and it shall come to pass when thou shalt have the dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck."' Long after, Esau married the daughter

of Ishmael, and from him came the Edomites, and the Amalekites, and all the people of Arabia. Ishmael and Esau were both, then, of the seed of Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, the Friend of God; and as such must have taken with them into the Arabian wilderness the knowledge of the true God and Father of all. But if in Judæa itself, among the chosen race, where God was King, and prophecy and miracle, blessing and curse bore witness to His power—if even there the people could leave His worship and go after strange gods—Moloch, and Remphan, and Ashtaroth, and all the host of heaven—what are we to look for among a people where no direct interference checked the yearning for idolatry, the worship of something that the eye could see and the hands could handle?

Out in the open air, tending their flocks by day beneath the burning sun, sleeping by night beneath the innumerable stars of those rainless skies, watching the change of seasons, the ripening of fruits, the real and apparent influence of the host of heaven, it is little to be wondered at if the Arabians, like the Chaldæans, worshipped the stars and planets, and worshipped them through idols, regarding them perhaps as inferior to God Himself, but still divine. Each tribe had its special divinity, each family its household gods, often in the form of rude, unshapen stones. The temple of the Kaaba at Mecca contained the great sacred stone then as now; and about it there is a legend, which is this. Adam and Eve, driven from Paradise, wandered long apart from each other, till at length, repentant and forgiven, they met on Mount Arafat, near Mecca. There, in answer to the prayer of Adam, a temple of clouds was miraculously let down

from heaven, similar to that in which they had worshipped, according to the story, in the garden of Eden. In proof of their wandering and meeting, Adam's footprint, of gigantic size, is still shown on Adam's Peak in Ceylon, while Eve's tomb is to be seen in Arabia, ninety feet long and eighteen feet wide. With the death of Adam the temple of clouds passed away, but in its place Seth, his son, built one of wood and stone, which the flood destroyed; but on its site Hagar's well bubbled forth, and near it Ishmael took up his abode. Here Abraham visited him, according to the Mahometans, who assert, by a curious doubling of the tale of Isaac, that he was ordered to offer up Ishmael, but released from the command in the same way; and Abraham and Ishmael together rebuilt the temple, in which they were helped by the angel Gabriel, who brought them one of the stones of Paradise to assist them, which rose and fell as they progressed with their work, and was finally placed in an outer corner of the wall. It is still kissed by the pilgrims to Mecca, and it is supposed once to have been white, but to have turned black in reflection of the sins of the human race. Few Europeans have seen it, as Mecca is all but inaccessible to them, but it is described as reddish-black, with coloured crystals sprinkled on it, about six inches by eight in size, and raised four feet from the ground. Round it is a border of silver. The Kaaba was the centre of pilgrimages and of the strange mixture of ceremonies based partly on idolatry and partly on the biblical story of Abraham, Hagar, and Ishmael. For more than two thousand years this simple religion sufficed the people of Arabia: all through the period of the Jewish kingdoms and capti-

vities, the rise and fall of Persia, Greece, and Rome, through the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ; but for them, too, a prophet was to arise and effect a change in the destiny of the race—a change which was to influence the whole of the civilized world, bringing about even in our own time wars and rumours of wars between the Powers of Europe, and trouble, danger, and disgrace in the unknown heart of Africa.

There was a man by name Abdallah, a descendant of Cussai, guardian of the Kaaba, and sixth in descent from Fehr Coreish, of the race of Ishmael. Abdallah married a wife, Amina, but shortly afterwards died, leaving behind him the moderate fortune of a flock of goats, four camels, and a slave girl. Soon after his death a son was born to his widow, and named Mahomet. Before his birth the oracles, they say, were dumb, the sacred fire of Zoroaster, guarded for centuries by the Magi, was extinguished, and the spirits of evil hid themselves in the depths of the sea.

Eastward over Mecca rises a mountain chain, and under its rocks stood the old house where Mahomet was born. His aged grandfather bore him to the Kaaba in his arms, like Simeon in the temple, and blessed God, and called him Mohammad, or, as we usually spell it, Mahomet. The child, according to custom, was sent to be nursed among the outlying Bedouin tribes by a woman named Halima. There the flocks and herds were blessed for his sake, the water and grasses never failed, and the angel Gabriel was specially sent, says the legend, to take Mahomet's heart from his breast and wring from it the one black drop of original sin, which is in the hearts of all, so as to make him pure and fit to be the prophet of God.

When four years old, he appears to have become subject to epileptic fits, then ascribed to the visitation of evil spirits. So he was then sent back to his mother; but about a year afterwards she died, to the great grief of the sensitive child; nor did he ever forget his sorrow, visiting her tomb years afterwards, and weeping and lamenting over it aloud.

Probably the first exciting event in the boy's life was in his twelfth year, when he was allowed by his guardian to accompany the caravan that passed from the south on the way to Syria. He had never been far away from home before for any length of time, and the journey through the desert northwards must have strongly impressed his mind. The imagination of the people had filled these solitudes, as has been the case in all lands, with supernatural inhabitants, monstrous and malignant, the Genii or Djinns of the Arabian Nights. The horror of loneliness, either in the night or the equally silent noontide, found expression in mysterious tales and legends haunting every hill and vale of the regions through which he passed. Again, Mahomet during these journeys must have come across many Christians, but not Christians such as those of the West. They were strange people, these Eastern heretics; some making the Virgin Mary their only God, others joining her in the Trinity with the Father and the Son, others with confused and confusing theories of the relations of the Three Persons of the Godhead and of the scheme of the Incarnation and the Redemption. If at this time Mahomet felt aspirations for a purer and higher religion than the star-worship of his countrymen, it need not surprise us that Christianity such as this, obscured further by the

worship of saints and of images, failed completely to supply what he desired.

Legends tell of miraculous signs manifested on this journey of his. At one time angels' wings shelter him from the noonday heat; at another, the withered trees are clothed with leaves to give him shade. At Bostra, east of the Jordan, a strange fire is said to have shone round his face to mark out the future prophet of God.

But for the next twelve years or so his life was uneventful. He fought in a tribal war; he tended sheep on the Mecca hills like David of old, doubtless finding in this pursuit many opportunities for thought and contemplation. In his twenty-fifth year, however, he entered the service of a rich widow of Mecca named Khadija. He was employed in accompanying the yearly caravan in charge of the widow's merchandise, and by skilful trading he succeeded in doubling her fortune. His services, his modesty, his noble character won him the favour of Khadija, and he became her husband, thus rising at one step from the office of a camel-driver to the position of a wealthy chief, the equal of others of his house.

About ten years after there was a serious flood (according to another account, a fire), and some damage was done to the Kaaba, which accordingly had to be repaired. The families in charge of it were so jealous of one another that they had to be divided into four sets, and one side of the shrine entrusted to each set. But a difficulty arose. Who was to set up the sacred black stone? The dispute which followed almost led to bloodshed; but Mahomet interposed, and spreading his mantle on the ground, laid the stone

on it, and gave a corner to the chief of each of the four parties, that each might have the same share in raising it; but he himself guided it to its final resting-place, and fixed it there.

But now the crisis of his life was approaching—the period at which he came forward as the prophet of the one God whose existence he taught. It is hard to judge rightly of his motives in thus proclaiming himself. Nowadays, of course, we do not necessarily regard the founder of a religion different from our own as a wilful impostor, much less as one inspired by Satan. But such was once the opinion Christians held of Mahomet. The Protestant Luther said he was 'a devil.' His Roman Catholic opponents could find nothing worse to say of Mahomet than that he was like Luther. But for us it is no longer necessary to recognise only wickedness or imposture in Mahomet. We may well see in him at first an honest seeker after God, convinced of His unity, His mercy, His justice; and if he turned aside from the straight path, if he allowed pride and ambition to blind him to the true light, and came to believe that his bodily seizures and mental paroxysms were the true workings of God in him, we need not therefore regard him as insincere, though he was no doubt the victim of a self-delusion, which led him, in the end, to consider even the sinful impulses o his heart manifestations of the direct will of Heaven.

In the fortieth year of his life, the year of our Lord 610, he was, according to the story, meditating at night in the cave of Hira, on a mountain three miles north of Mecca. There, in the highest part of the horizon, there appeared to him an angel, mighty in power, endowed with understanding, who drew near

to the prophet, till he was within two bows' length of him; 'and he revealed,' says the Koran, 'unto his servant, that which he revealed.' The angel Gabriel —for it was he—held in his hand a silken cloth covered with writing, and bade Mahomet read; but he replied that he could not. Then the angel spoke as follows: 'Read in the name of the Lord, who hath created all things. Read by the most beneficent Lord, who taught the use of the pen; who teacheth man that which he knoweth not.' Then the angel left him, with the words graven in his heart, but his mind sunk in doubt and despondency. But a second vision followed, and then the words were clearer: 'Oh, Mahomet, of a truth thou art the apostle of God, and I am Gabriel.' Then he no longer doubted, nor did those to whom he told the glad tidings. His wife Khadija, his adopted sons Ali and Zeid, his friend Abu Bekr, were his earliest converts. Others soon followed; and in the first three or four years, when his preaching was secret, probably the number of his followers increased to thirty or forty. Then came the command to preach his doctrines openly.

But let us wait for a moment to see what manner of man this was in outward appearance, who was to work so great a change in the world. Mahomet was of middling size, broad-shouldered and large-boned, fleshy but not fat. His head was immoderately large, and his hair hung in curls on either side of his face, almost to the lobes of his ears. His face was fair for an Arab, his forehead broad, his eyes black and blood-shot. Between them was a prominent vein which throbbed when he was angry. His nose was large and hooked, his mouth wide, his teeth good, but set wide

apart in front. He wore beard and moustache in full. He stooped, and walked carelessly and heavily. His expression was gentle, and inspired confidence; but he could not look a man straight in the face. On his back he had a round, fleshy swelling the size of a pigeon's egg, covered with hair and surrounded by black moles: this was supposed to be the mark of the prophet.

Such was the man who at the end of the fifth year of his ministry took up his abode in 'the House of Arcam,' facing the Kaaba on the east; and here he preached, and received those who came to him for instruction. But his converts were few at first; he had many powerful enemies, some among his own relations of the Coreish tribe; and his followers, many of whom were slaves, were subjected to frequent persecution. Some of them, by the prophet's advice, took refuge in Abyssinia, a Christian country then as now. But what made the cause far more popular than before, even among those of higher rank, was the adhesion of two men in particular. These two men were Hamza, known as the 'Lion of God,' and Omar, afterwards the second Caliph or chief of the Mahometans; both men of great size and strength, and renowned warriors. The growing popularity of the sect drove the opposite party to stronger measures, and a league was formed which forbade trade or marriage with the Mahometan sect, and forced them to live apart in a secluded quarter of Mecca. But luckily for the prophet, the league had their rules written out and hung up in the Kaaba, and there insects ate them. This was an omen of terrible import; so the league broke up, and the blockade was over.

But other griefs came upon Mahomet. The loss of his wife Khadija, the failure of a mission to a town called Tayif, and money difficulties, combined to render him despondent. Then came a change. Some strangers from Medina, a town about 250 miles north of Mecca, heard him preach at the time of the annual pilgrimage. He found them sympathetic as to his difficulties and dangers, and eager to profess themselves converts. They promised to speak for him at Medina, and did so with such eloquence that nearly the whole town believed, and twelve of the converts returned next year to Mecca to tell the prophet the good news of their wonderful success.

No wonder, then, that his thoughts turned longingly northwards when he contrasted the failures of Mecca with the triumphs of Medina. All that year his voice was silent in the streets, for his heart was elsewhere. And when the next spring came round, there were seventy disciples from Medina to tell him that they were ready to give him a resting-place there and conduct him from the idolatrous city.

That night there was a secret meeting. What happened is not known exactly. But rumours of it got abroad, and persecution broke out in consequence. One by one the Mahometans left the city, till only two households remained—those of Mahomet and his friend Abu Bekr. More than ever now were they in their enemies' power; and one day it came to the ears of Mahomet that his house was to be visited by certain men that very night. All preparations had been made for flight; and in the dusk of evening he and Abu Bekr fled. Past the southern suburb they went, and up to a cave in the mountains six miles away. There

they lay for three days, fed by faithful relations and shepherds. Abu Bekr was afraid, perhaps more for his friend than for himself. Their pursuers were on all sides, and they might be discovered at any moment. 'There be many that fight against us,' said he, 'and we are but two.' 'Not so,' replied Mahomet, 'we are but two, but God is in the midst a third.' Legend states that a spider spun her web over the cave's mouth, and that a tree grew there miraculously, on which the brooding wood-pigeons sat undisturbed, to show to the pursuers that no one could be hiding within.

On the fourth day they mounted two camels which had been provided, and in four days more looked down from a ridge of rocks upon Medina, lying amid palm-groves and orchards, with its promise of safety and peace. There the new converts received them with joy; and so ended the Hejira, or Flight of Mahomet, from which the Mahometans reckon their years, as we do from the Nativity. The date was June 28th, in the year of our Lord 622.

And here, before relating the story of the last years of Mahomet's life, spent mainly at Medina, it may be as well to explain a little more fully the religion which he taught and the method by which it was made known to the world. The inspired book of the Mahometans is called the Koran, containing 114 chapters of different lengths. It is supposed to consist of revelations made direct to Mahomet, and written down by his followers on palm-leaves, white stones, pieces of leather, shoulder-blades of animals; all being subsequently collected and preserved in a chest.

The unity of God is clearly asserted in the Koran in

the following words: 'In the name of the most merciful God. Say, God is one God, the eternal God; He begetteth not, neither is He begotten, and there is not any one like unto him.' This doctrine is the foundation of the belief of the Mahometans, whose creed is: 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God.'

The heaven and hell of the Moslems is also described. The former is a place of purely material and sensual delights, full of soft couches, shady gardens, and murmuring streams, doubtless attractive enough to the dwellers in a burning desert: while of hell the Koran says: 'The wicked shall be cast into scorching fire; they shall have no food but dry thorns and thistles. . . . . They shall dwell amidst burning winds and scalding water, under the shadow of a black smoke.'

Heaven is only for true believers, and not at once even for them. Christians, Jews, idolaters, are all sunk into one or other of the seven hells; the lowest of all being reserved for hypocrites. Then the believers will be judged by their actions. All must pass over the bridge, sharper than a sword edge, finer than a hair, which, spanning the abyss of hell, leads to Paradise beyond. The innocent, treading in the footsteps of Mahomet, will pass over in safety, while the guilty will fall into the first and mildest of the seven hells, which is a purgatory where their sins are expiated by suffering for periods varying from 900 to 7,000 years.

The Koran recognises four chief angels or archangels: Gabriel, the Angel of Revelation; Michael, the champion of the faith, and the friend of the Jews; Azrael, the angel of death, and Israfil, who is to sound

the trumpet at the last day. The devil is called Eblis, and he is said to have fallen because he refused to worship Adam.

The book deals both with the Jewish and the Christian religions. But it mingles the Old Testament narrative with absurd stories, such as that in which the Seven Sleepers remain in a cave for 309 years; or the people of the city of the sea are turned into apes for fishing on the Sabbath, or Solomon talks with a lapwing, and commands the winds and the Genii, one of whom brings him the Queen of Sheba's throne in the twinkling of an eye.

The story of Christ Mahomet appears to have derived chiefly from Jewish authorities, from heretical Christian sects, and the Apocryphal Gospels. Thus the Holy Child speaks in its cradle, makes clay birds fly, and performs miracles while still quite young; all of which, it is carefully added, is done only by permission of God. Then the institution of the Lord's Supper and the miracle of the feeding of the 5,000 are confused. Again, about the death of Christ the Koran says: 'The Jews say, Verily we have slain Christ Jesus the Son of Mary, the Apostle of God. Yet they slew Him not, neither crucified Him, but He was represented by one in His likeness; they did not really kill Him, but God took Him up unto Himself, and God is mighty and wise.' Then, according to the Koran, the Saviour was allowed to descend for awhile to comfort His mother and disciples. It must be remembered that certain early Christian heretics also maintained that our Lord never suffered Himself, but that Simon of Cyrene, or even Judas Iscariot, was crucified in His place. Finally the Koran, while

acknowledging Christ Jesus to be 'honourable and one of those who approached near to the presence of God,' declares that 'He is no other than a servant, whom God favoured with the gift of prophecy, but not to be associated with the worship of God;' and when He comes again at the last day it will be to confute the Christians who believed on Him as God, no less than the Jews who rejected and crucified Him.

Of course, the Koran is full of moral precepts, to many of which no one could take exception. Wine and gambling are forbidden. Crimes are to be punished on the principle of retaliation—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Prayer, fasting, almsgiving, are all duties to be carefully observed. War against infidels is expressly commanded; the warrior who dies in such battle passes straight to heaven—a belief which, combined with their idea of inevitable fate, renders the Moslems desperately brave and careless of death, as our soldiers found in the recent battles in the Soudan. But there are two special faults in the Mahometan system—it degrades women to an inferior level, and it encourages slavery.

Such, in outline, was the faith which has spread over a great part of Asia and Africa, and at one time threatened to contend successfully with Christianity in Europe. Even now it dominates Egypt, the Turkish Empire, Arabia, Persia, and Turkestan, prevails along the north coast of Africa and irregularly southward to the equator, has great influence in India and among the Malays, and has found a footing in China. Its followers number 100 millions, or one-thirteenth of the inhabitants of the world, against 490 million Buddhists and 360 million Christians. But now that external

conquest has ceased to supply the Moslem powers with a motive for energy, they have sunk lower and lower, neglecting all reform and attempt at political progress. 'It is Kismet, or Fate,' they say; it is no use struggling against the inevitable. Nor is it possible for them ever to govern nations subject to them with justice, so long as they obey the Koran, which commands them to hold unbelievers under tribute, and to bring them down in every possible way.

But we must return to Mahomet at Medina. He entered the city in triumph, and allowed his camel unchecked to choose a spot for his future home. It stopped near the east side of the city, and there houses for Mahomet and his family, and a temple, in which regular services were conducted, were built.

He was now secure, and in his turn wished to attack his enemies at Mecca. He plundered the caravans that came thence, and in November, 623, eight of his men surprised a Meccan convoy, and a fight took place, in which one man of the Coreish was killed, and two were taken prisoners. This was the first blood shed by the Mahometans. But soon after Mahomet, with 300 followers, encountered and routed nearly a thousand of his enemies at Badr, killing and taking prisoners over 100 men, and losing only fourteen. Two of the prisoners were put to death in cold blood, and the rest released for a heavy ransom. The sword was now fairly drawn.

The Meccans determined on revenge; 3,000 strong, they advanced within four miles of Medina. Mahomet took up a position at Ohod, with 1,000 men, weakened by a desertion to 700. Nevertheless, at first, the fiery valour of the Moslems carried all before them; but

pursuing too hotly, they fell into confusion, and Khalid, the champion of the other side, restored the fight. Mahomet was wounded in the mouth, and his men were driven from the field. The brave Hamza, the Lion of God, was slain by a negro, and the savage wife of one of the enemy's leaders tore his heart from his breast and gnawed it with her teeth.

Yet the battle had no decided results. The Coreish withdrew to Mecca; and some smaller expeditions sent out by Mahomet were successful. Two years after, 10,000 Meccans were repulsed from the walls of Medina, and in the subsequent year Mahomet attempted to lead his followers, to the number of 1,500, on a pilgrimage to the Kaaba at Mecca. They encountered the enemy, but instead of fighting, a treaty for ten years was concluded, by which the Moslems were allowed a yearly visit of three days to the holy shrine.

The next year they performed their pilgrimage in peace, and Mahomet gained some converts at Mecca; but he had not forgotten his revenge, and in 630 some quarrels among the neighbouring tribes gave him an excuse for interfering and attacking Mecca at the head of 10,000 men. He entered unopposed, cleansed the temple, and touched the Black Stone. In the hour of his triumph he was merciful to his fallen enemies.

Then all Arabia submitted to him, and he announced that there must be no league with idolaters; no unbelievers must visit the holy place; war must be waged on them, they must be besieged, killed, or compelled to pay tribute if they were Jews or Christians.

In the hour of his success he suffered a heavy loss in

the death of his little son, fifteen months old. This was a blow from which he never recovered, and about a year afterwards, at Medina, in May, 632, he was seized with a violent fever. On the 8th of June he recovered sufficiently to attend at the mosque. But the effort was too great for him, and he returned exhausted and fainting to the room of his faithful wife Ayesha. In great pain he lay with his head in her lap to wait for the approach of death. At last he fainted with the intensity of the agony; but recovering again, he opened his eyes, and raising them upwards saw, or seemed to see, some vision of heaven; then, in a broken voice: 'O God,' he cried, 'pardon my sins! Yes, I come among my fellow-citizens on high!' And so he died, and the wild, untaught soul went out to learn the truth.

A strange man surely, but not uninspired, not without some spark of fire from heaven; else how can we explain his influence during life, and still more the influence of his religion after his death? For he who was once the camel-driver of Mecca is now the prophet, almost the Messiah of millions, standing before their God to intercede for their sins. He fell before the temptation which Christ resisted in the wilderness—the temptation to make all the kingdoms of the world his own, by worldly power and force of arms; and in this lies the weak point of his religion. But he was not an impostor, he was not a hypocrite.

'I have many sheep,' said Our Lord, 'which are not of this fold; and them also I will call, and they shall hear My voice, and there sl all be one fold and One Shepherd.'

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

THE Christian Church from its beginning has had among merely human and political advantages this one especially, that it always offered a fair field to ability wherever found. Perhaps further inquiry might show the same to be characteristic of all honest churches. But however that may be, there was always in the Christian Church a career open to every deserving man of ability. Often has this been misused for selfish ends, and too often has the successful career turned the head and clouded the conscience of the winner. But it was not so with the man whose life we are considering now; and if, instead of taking a secular text of success, like 'La carrière ouverte aux talents,' we were to take a Christian motto, such as 'The meek-spirited shall inherit the earth,' it would be as well or better justified in the story of St. Bernard.

In 1091, when Red William had ruled for three years, before the Normans had yet amalgamated with the conquered English, and while the king was yet measuring himself against the barons on one hand and the Church on the other, while the see of Canterbury was still vacant, into which Anselm was soon to be

thrust, and when the preaching of the first Crusade was only four years off, in 1091 was born Bernard, one of a family of seven, near Dijon, in Burgundy, in Castle Fontaines, by the Côte d'Or Hills.

Some are accustomed, perhaps, to think of these times as dark ages of barbarism and wretchedness. It is true that history picks out and strings together only the crimes of ruling men, so that naturally our attention is filled with war, bloodshed, and turmoil. But consider that, through all the turmoil, men, even soldiers and princes, must yet be fed; consider that still, beyond the strife, seed-time and harvest, the slow industries of field work, the patient joys and sorrows of peasant life, the soft dew and the glad sunrising, must still go on much as now; do not forget that, after all, the greater, though not the noisier, part of mankind were then as now at work; while courtiers swaggered in palace and in street, cloth was being spun and anvils beaten; and while men-at-arms harried the countryside, fields were sown and crops were reaped to feed them. This hitherto has been the security of mankind; fed they must be, and from the earth this food must come; so some must work while others fight, and in that work is peace, and health, and country life. Nor on this quiet coloured background is there lack of room for other virtues of stately chivalrous life and happy household peace.

Let us take as an example this Castle Fontaines at the turn of the eleventh century. There lives Tesselin and his wife Alith. They are worth thinking of; he was a florid man—called, therefore, 'Sorus'—rich, and a brave fighter, but one, it was said, who never would draw sword except in defence of his

country, or for his suzerain, the Duke of Burgundy. Once and once only was he drawn into quarrel, and a single combat appointed for him with his adversary. He was undoubtedly in the right, and he was certainly the stronger man. He came to the place and time, but as he came he felt how wrong, how unchristian it all was, and then and there he did a great thing—he risked his good fame, he gave up some of his rights, and he obeyed Christ's word, 'Be reconciled with thine adversary while thou art in the way with him.' Had there been cowardice in this I would not praise it, but his courage was certain; and it is a beautiful thing, I think, this glimpse we get across the ages of the cheerful, righteous man, with his 'subrufous or even yellow (flavus) colour,' as the Chronicle describes him, doing without a struggle what would be so hard to us. For to his simple and frankly dutiful nature it never seemed hard to be just; and that a man should prefer interest to conscience was a thing, he used to say, he never could understand. *Suavis moribus* was he, and *amator pauperum maximus et incredibilem habens justitiæ zelum*, altogether as wholesome and goodly a character as one is likely to find even now after 800 years of improvement; one whom it is well to keep in mind when we hear sciolists scoff at the ages of faith and the dark ages. And his wife, Dame Alith, was a fit partner. A certain schoolmaster, when he was asked to take a boy, always inquired, 'What is his mother like?' and whatever doctrine of heredity may happen to be in vogue at the moment, you should always begin a biography from the parents, or, if possible, still further back. Of Alith also we can get a faint, but quite conceivable, picture from writers who knew her. She had

six sons, and her first thought about each was to bind his life somehow to God, whose gift he seemed to be. A gentle, humble, and pious woman, like her husband, caring for the poor as much as any modern sister of charity or Lady Bountiful. In their squalor and misery she sought them out; 'the sick she tended, washing even their vessels and cups with her own hands.' Withal in her was a vein of mysticism, an exaltation or nervousness different from the placid strength and simple soundness of her husband. In her later life she used austerities, and found all her pleasure in prayer and fasting, yet without acerbity, or she would not have been so evidently a favourite with all those chroniclers who mention her.

Such was Bernard's home, tempered as it were of the piety of monks and the chivalry of crusaders. And here he was trained in much of both, for when he was four years old Peter the Hermit began to preach the first Crusade; and there was a shiver through all Christendom, just as when sliding sand begins to move, and for six years little Bernard saw and heard how all conditions of men, from the great Duke of Burgundy at the head of his host to the country families in their peasant carts, were toiling ever Eastward like some strange migration of autumnal birds. At eight years old, too, he heard how on Friday, July 15th, 1099, Godfrey Bouillon, at three in the afternoon, stepped from his wooden tower on to the wall of Jerusalem, and how the small remnant of 'our people,' as Godfrey wrote to the Pope, 'had the vile blood of the Saracens up to the knees of their horses.' Last of all came back the Duke of Burgundy himself, or, rather, his bones, to be laid to rest, not in any of the grand monasteries of

his dukedom, but in the squalid and still struggling home lately founded by a handful of poor pious monks at Citeaux, only a few miles from Dijon.

That part of biographies is often most interesting which tells of boyhood. We want to know what great men were like when they were boys, how they bore the troubles which come on boys, and by what signs we may presage similar eminence in those who pass before us. But about little Bernard there is not much recorded: he went to school young, he was good-looking, graceful, gentle in manner, fond of nature out of doors and *mire cogitativus*, 'strangely thoughtful' for his years. But he lost his saintly mother while still a boy, and when he was allowed to choose his profession he felt drawn by ambition for a time, but after a short struggle made up his deliberate mind that he would like to become a monk at Citeaux. And now a strange thing happened which shows the ascendency of the young man's character. Not satisfied with his own resolution, he set himself to win over his relations, and in no long time gathered round him some thirty friends, including his uncle and brothers, with all of whom, in 1113, when he was twenty-two, he made his profession and entered within the gates of Citeaux.

Citeaux had been founded fifteen years before, and was then ruled by Abbot Stephen, an Englishman; his name was Harding, and he came from Sherborne in Dorset, a man of striking character, who kept the whole of the strict Benedictine rule without the relaxations too common in wealthier and more fashionable houses. Six hundred years had passed since Benedict formed in Italy the congregations called from him

Benedictines; and their houses, scattered all over the country, had in the more northern climes, either from the necessities of health or from growing indifference, relaxed in many cases the severity of their first rule. It was time for a revival of the older and more enthusiastic austerity, and the place from which it came was this Citeaux; and Stephen Harding, and after him Bernard, were the instruments of the revival. Hence the Cistercians are reformed Benedictines. They rose at two; they ate no meat, fish, eggs, or cheese. They had but one meal a day, and that at two o'clock in the afternoon, twelve hours after leaving their beds. Their churches and services were as simple and plain as their diet. Conceive what all this must be in a climate like England. Yet a friend of mine who once visited a Cistercian house in a northern county assured me that they were the happiest set of men he had ever come among. Of austerity for the sake of austerity you will hear no praise from me. God meant all good things and all beautiful things to help our happiness and welfare, and it seems quite possible and even natural to be haunted in the seclusion of the cloister by temptations and miseries which more active life might quell. But of all good things the best happiness and use is really the bringing us nearer Him from whom they came. And if by breaking with worldly occupations and bodily pleasures there may be begotten a completer peace and joy in communion with the Divine, then it is not possible to treat the monastic vocation as misguided. Idle it certainly was not; manual work in agriculture, literary work in the library, were just as much a monk's business as prayer and praise; and as to unconcern for the common weal of

his fellow-men, how little that can be charged against them Bernard's after-life may show.

From the time of Bernard's admission, the struggling foundation of Citeaux grew apace. Offshoots were sent out, and soon, young as he was, the wise Stephen chose Bernard to settle a new colony. In June, 1115, when the woods were glorious, and the sun of Burgundy glowed on the hot slopes, he and twelve others—the number of the Apostles—tramped away, wondering, perhaps, like children, to find themselves in the unknown fields outside the Citeaux precincts, till, in the valley called of Wormwood or Absinth, they lit upon a place with water which they thought would do; and there they set to work, got a hovel over their heads, and called it Clairvaux—'in Clara Valle.'

The importance of the reformation at Citeaux is this. Reformations of abuses or of laxity were common elsewhere. Whenever a good abbot got power, or a good novice was received, the tone of the house rose, just as a college does nowadays, or a house at school. Every influence told for good or for evil, and Stephen Harding did no more than many another abbot in turning over a new leaf and starting everything on a higher level; but then he was not a good man only, but a statesman, and so he hit on this device which proved of immense use. By his so-called charter of charity he bound together, in one compact body, Citeaux and all the monasteries which sprang from it. Every year the heads of all these houses were bound to meet in common chapter, while he himself retained authority over, and had yearly to visit in return, each of these houses. Thus the assembled abbots were to be a check on any misuse of the central authority

as well as on one another; and while a wholesome publicity and *esprit de corps* was maintained in the affiliated houses, there was also the central authority to direct large schemes, and chastise distant failures with a prudent and peremptory firmness.

Here, then, is Bernard at the age of twenty-four, arrived at the scene of his future labours; for abbot of Clairvaux he remained, and Clairvaux was his home until he died.

Do not suppose, however, that his importance and usefulness were ready made. So far he is nothing more than any other young abbot, busy ruling his house and working out his own salvation. But in the man there were qualities which soon spread his influence beyond his immediate sphere, and the first of these qualities is perhaps his genuineness. Certainly he was a real man, a man with an eager, warm heart, and with rather a ready temper; it is extraordinary how fond and devoted his friends are, how they sing his praises, treasure his letters, and endure his rebuffs. Certainly there is not the least shadow of sham about him; he does not pretend to be other than he is, and the ideal he sets before himself is what he honestly would best like to be; when he groans over the distractions of state affairs, which constantly interrupted his convent life, there is no self-consciousness or posing. Genuineness is one secret of lasting influence. Many men get, but very few *keep*, influence if they *try* for it.

Another quality is courage. For instance, one Humbert had been accused before Theobald, Count of Champagne, his suzerain at Bar-sur-Aube. Theobald condemned him to prove his innocence in single

combat, and on Humbert's failure confiscated his fief, thus reducing his family to beggary, and put out his eyes. Bernard thought he knew the facts better than Theobald, and wrote him a letter. He pointed out that even if the man were guilty, his wife and children ought not to suffer. When the count took no notice of this, he next applied to the Bishop of Chartres to interfere; nothing came of this, so then he wrote himself to the count again, and even again in a sharper tone: 'Had I asked for money, no doubt you would have given it me; why do you refuse justice, then? Remember that God can disinherit you as easily as you did this poor family.' In the end the case was re-examined and the sufferer reinstated.

Nor was it only the barons that felt the check of this restraining power. Equally bold words came on another occasion from Citeaux to King Louis VI.: 'The King of heaven and earth has given you a kingdom in this world, and will give you one in the world to come if you rule justly. Bethink you whom you are offending—the Lord of Paradise, that terrible One who cuts off the spirits of princes.' And, again, even to the Pope Honorius Bernard lifts a warning voice: 'Tristes vidimus, tristes et loquimur, honorem ecclesiæ Honorii tempore non minime læsum.' We can understand what the value must have been in those troublous times of a higher morality conscious of its own integrity, and daring thus to raise its voice against evil rule, and boldly to rebuke vice even in the highest places. But if he was genuine and courageous —two qualities we must all and everywhere welcome— he had also a third quality, often less welcome—his

was a deeply spiritual mind. It is natural that this should open something of a gulf between us and him. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God' is a precept which is not always in favour now. We admire people rather as men of action; we look on the contemplative life as wasteful; we think those most truly religious who stir others to good works or themselves do them. I do not say that we are wrong. But it may be pointed out that there is a life which concentrates itself on faith and meditation, which believes more good is done by one man's rapt communion with his Redeemer than by many men's district-visiting, and which accepts in all seriousness our Lord's commendation of Mary as choosing the better part when she simply sat at his feet and listened. That Bernard, when there was need for it, was certainly a man of action, most vigorous and indefatigable, none can deny. But what is surprising is that amidst all the turmoil of public affairs, which he bravely faced, he still kept his simple unworldliness. Action, and fame, and excitement, and influence never became necessary to him. Thrust on him he faced it, but with shrinking and diffidence; and when there was a pause he fled to the austere common life of Clairvaux as to his home, and found in the opportunity of peaceful and contemplative religion his true vocation.

One example I will give you of this detachment, as a Roman Catholic writer calls it; it is not an example I can commend, but it shows his absorption. Travelling on one of his errands, he had to pass along the north side of Lake Geneva. All day that splendid view was beneath his eyes; but when at night his companions asked him of the lake, he asked, 'What lake?' He

who had once been so fond of nature that he used to say the oaks and beeches had been always his best teachers, had never once noticed the scenery. Gibbon, writing at Lausanne, adds, as he tells the tale, that he himself can appreciate it sitting there with that incomparable view before him. So, again, of the lovely Gothic carvings of Cluny he asks in passion, 'Good God, if we are not ashamed of the absurdities of them, at least let us grudge the expense!' It may surprise you to find art and architecture thus snubbed by a saint; yet says Ruskin somewhere, 'I never met a Christian whose heart was thoroughly set upon the world to come, and, so far as human judgment can pronounce, perfect and right before God, who cared about art at all.' Carlyle has much the same thought: '"May the devil fly away with the fine arts!" exclaimed confidentially once in my hearing one of our most distinguished public men, a sentiment that often recurs to me. I perceive too well how true it is in our case; a public man intent on any real business does, I suppose, find the fine arts rather a pretentious nothingness, a confused superfluity and nuisance purchased with cost—what he in brief language denominates a "bore."'

One more I select for special notice of the good qualities of this man—he was really tender-hearted. Cloister life dulled nothing of the warmth of his affectionate nature. There are few more pathetic addresses than his sermon after the death of his brother Gerard, a monk at Clairvaux. All the grim ceremony had been gone through. Laid on the floor on sackcloth and ashes, with all the brethren round him chanting the penitential psalms, the dying man

had breathed his last. The body had been laid in the self-dug grave, and when sermon-time came, Bernard, whose face all through had been fixed and rigid, went up to the pulpit, and took for text the next verse of the Song of Solomon, which he was then explaining in order each day to his flock: 'As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.' This he expounded in his usual figurative fashion. 'Black as tents of Kedar. What are the tents of Kedar, then? Are they not the body wherein we are pent in darkness? Beautiful as curtains of Solomon. What is the beauty those curtains conceal? what but the splendours of eternity,' and so forth, and so forth, till with a pause and falter suddenly his tears burst out; the rest of the sermon is one bitter cry of desolation and regret. 'He was my brother by blood, more than my brother by religion. Whither hast thou been torn from me, O thou man of one mind with me—O thou after my own heart? We loved each other in life, and in death how are we divided? Better for me, O Gerard, to lose my life than thy presence! We have loved, then, only to be parted! God's wrathful displeasure goeth over me; His indignation lieth hard on me! The delights of each other's society I have lost, but thou hast exchanged them for the joys of heaven.' Then he recollects himself. Hard as it seems, he cannot believe that Jesus, who suffered so much Himself, is hard on him. 'No, He calleth for us still; and He will not forget me, too, at the last.' Then he recounts every loving trait of his lost Gerard. 'How helpful and wise he was; how he kept me from the world and worldliness, and took all the trouble while he left me all the honour, and laboured more abundantly than all

and received less than any. He was my Gerard, mine own. Righteous art Thou, O Lord; Thou gavest me Gerard, Thou hast taken him away. Thou hast received Thine own. These tears prevent my words; but tears are not wrong—even Jesus wept, it is written. Vouchsafe, O Lord, a measure to my tears.'

I have barely summarized the tone of the long discourse, but surely this is not rhetoric: it is the beating of a warm and human heart.

Touching also is his friendship for the Irish Primate St. Malachy, who visited Clairvaux and fell so much in love with Bernard and the place that he begged the Pope to let him live and die there. Innocent II., however, wanted him for his work in Ireland; he did return to Clairvaux, just to die there, and Bernard surviving wrote his life—the pleasantest of all his works, in which, though he knew it not, he set down the image of his own beautiful and ardent spirit.

And so here how dimly across the centuries can we trace in what he wrote himself, or others of him, what manner of man this Bernard was. Signs there are of steadfastness, courage, simplicity, and warmth of heart. We may read them rightly or wrongly, but we must try to read them if he is to be in any way a real man to us. The historical incidents, however, are plain enough. I will mention the three that are of most importance. They are the Papal schism, the controversy with Abelard, and the Second Crusade.

Settled in his convent at Clairvaux, preaching and praying and managing his monks, day by day a greater stream of business flowed in upon Bernard. A steadfast, keen, and kindly man he was seen to be, and day by day further spread his fame. There were letters from all

sorts of people to be answered, on all sorts of questions. Can he come here and settle this? Will he go there and defend that? More and more his time was split up, and more and more his peace distracted by never-ending calls. Sometimes he had to defend Cistercian strictness against the easy mildness of the great monastery and order of Cluny, and he did so without losing the love of his friend, the gentle William of Thierry, who ruled at Cluny. Sometimes he had to assert ecclesiastical rights against the king of the French, then Louis the Fat, but Louis remained ever his warmest admirer. And so, more and more, his name was noised abroad, as a man to turn to in difficulties, until in 1130 Pope Honorius II. ('honorem Ecclesiæ Honorii tempore'), who had been dying by inches, and even by the people believed to be dead (till he was dragged to the window and propped there in their sight, poor soul, to convince them), at last, on St. Valentine's day, got rid of all his troublesome honours, and fell asleep for good. Thereupon arose the so-called schism, and two anti-popes claimed to be elected, as Innocent II. and Anacletus II. Anacletus was a Cluniac monk, and had seized papal treasures; but to the credit of France be it said, Bernard, to whom the king and all the people looked, decided for Innocent, who, indeed, seems to have been far the more respectable in moral character. And with such perseverance and authority did Bernard labour by writing, by preaching, by travelling in person wherever Anacletus made most head, that one by one his adherents gave him up, and there remained at last only Roger, King of Sicily, who knew he would have to restore to Innocent the Italian lands which he had

seized about Cassino and Beneventum. Happily, just then, Anacletus died, and everyone felt that it was owing to Bernard, more than any other man, that Innocent's claim was undisputed.

In all this Bernard, distracted beyond bearing at not being left in peace, yet seems to have been the guiding hand; and then, after what may be called his political trial, came his main intellectual effort. We have not time for detail, but it came in this way: Abelard, a brilliant and dashing lad of good position and splendid ability, felt, as many such have felt since him, that being taught was tiresome, that of himself he knew more than his dull teachers, and that by quick and incisive questioning it was possible to put them to confusion before their pupils. Abelard was a born dialectician; the great questions of the day were concerned chiefly with the text of Aristotle, known by commentaries and translations, and the questions of nominalism and realism carried on the contrasts of the teaching of Aristotle and Plato, about the nature of existence here and its dependence on God. It would take too long to try now to make clear the meaning of those terms nominalist and realist. Suffice it to say that when Abelard attacked and harried the gentle and venerable William of Champeaux, the great teacher of Paris, his fame went forth, much as would now that of some young agnostic who pulverized the teaching of all the Regius Professors of Divinity.

Bernard, then, was some seventeen years old, and it is clear his heart was fluttered by the desire of similar fame, and the intellectual ambitions of philosophy. But he had cast this away, had dedicated himself to God; and, while he was working on in his convent,

Abelard was making Europe ring with his fame. At Laon there was a still more famous teacher, the aged Anselm, who had been Archbishop of our Canterbury, and had withstood our Red King. Against him, too, Abelard laid his lance, and finally set up as lecturer on his own account, to the scandal of all good, orthodox folk. Brilliant, handsome, rich, he shone as much in fashionable life as in the schools. Proud, headstrong and passionate he was, and, unless belied both by the malice of foes then, and the bitterness of repentance afterwards, he was as profligate as he was handsome, and as daring in his self-indulgence as he was lawless in intellect. His story is an awful lesson. God let him go for a time, but it was from bad to worse; then He gave him pause. He received as pupil the most extraordinary woman of that age, Heloïse, the niece of Fulbert, Canon of Paris; extraordinary partly for splendid intellectual power, partly for the absorbing devotion and utter self-sacrifice which may redeem perhaps in the eyes of God some of the guiltiness of her love. For love they did with more than romantic passion, and Abelard betrayed his trust and sacrificed his pupil, and Fulbert found his family outraged and disgraced by the man he had trusted. Abelard suffered, too; like David, he found the failure of his moral courage had told upon his power. He was confused, and his vigour of thought and clearness of word failed him, while from his pleasant vice God made his scourge, too. But even this was not all. Fulbert compelled a marriage, as he had a right to do. Abelard was coward enough to stipulate it should be kept secret. Then each suspected the other: Abelard knew that Fulbert, to clear his niece's good fame, had

broken the secrecy; Fulbert believed that Abelard was preparing to repudiate the marriage and leave her disgraced. He waylaid the house, broke in with a band of ruffians on the wretched man, inflicted on him a horrible and savage mutilation, and sent the poor woman to a nunnery. Surely it is a more pathetic and grisly tale than ever sensational novelist devised. We have at this day the letters in which, from her dim cloister, the broken-hearted nun poured forth her unalterable devotion to the husband of her choice, and the cold, dead answers which he sent back, disgraced, ruined, outraged, with nothing left him now but his intellectual power, once more re-established as other interests fell off. Things so piteous and grim are but ill food for reflection. Yet such things are done on God's earth, and without some such glance at the man Bernard was called to meet, you could have no idea of the situation. In 1137 Anacletus died, and the schism ended. Bernard was then forty-six years old, Abelard was fifty-eight.

Other thinkers, suspected of heterodoxy, had before this stirred the schools of Europe; but Abelard had risen to higher fame, and now young Arnold of Brescia, as pure and good as Abelard had been the reverse, was troubling the Italians in France. All eyes turned to Bernard. Bernard must meet it; Bernard must leave politics and take to theology. I think that after the first wrench he was not unwilling. The old instincts which he had bridled at his conversion reasserted themselves. First of all he gave a period to closest study and made himself master of the subject. Then Abelard was cited to the Council of Sens, 1140. Louis VII. was present; all the great people were there,

bishops and barons, orthodox and unorthodox. Abelard came with a troop of disciples. As he passed up the cathedral aisle he brushed against Gilbert de la Pourrée, Bishop of Poictiers, who had himself been called a heretic. '*Tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet*,' whispered to him Abelard as he passed; then he stopped, and there was Bernard fronting him in the pulpit. How real it all seems even now! That very pulpit was only destroyed at the Revolution in '89. You may suppose how all the acute and eager minds of that time were on tiptoe for this great field-day between two such men. But they were disappointed: hardly had Bernard begun, when Abelard got up and refused to listen or answer. 'I appeal to Rome,' he said, and left the church. What did it mean? It is hard to say. His disciple, Berengarius of Poictiers, wrote a sneering apology for Abelard which is extant. He says the other side were all drunk or asleep. I don't think that sounds very likely. '*Mero tinguntpavimentum superbis Pontificum potiore cenis*,' he writes alluding to his Horace, and quotes the '*Nunc est bibendum*.' 'They made wine barrels of their throats, and snored in their places,' he says. 'One had got a cushion, one nodded on his elbow. After each proposition, "Damnatisne," cried the reader; "do you condemn?" They just woke up to answer "*Damnamus*," or could only rouse themselves to mutter "*namus*."' This sounds a lame account. What did the other side say? To them it was the power of Bernard's presence; to us, any way, it is clear that an appeal to Rome would be very acceptable to Innocent II., who had only just succeeded in vindicating his succession. It is clear, too, that it would give delay, and that in Italy

the party of the good Arnold might lend respectability, and Bernard might be further off. All that Bernard could do was to appeal to the world; he wrote and published his masterly tract against Abelard. And Abelard?—he, a world-wearied, ruined man, became a humble monk in Cluny. One day, poor, broken-hearted Heloïse had a letter from its kind old abbot; and there she read how at Cluny Master Peter wore out the close of his stormy life in peace, how he prayed and worked, and found mercy and made a good end. It was kind of them to write to her. 'May God comfort him,' it ended, 'and guard him till he is restored to you at the coming of the Lord.' The demure abbess of the Paraclete must have dropped scalding tears on that old letter. For all her faults the old monk had charity enough to hope for their re-union, and laid the sin at Abelard's door, not hers, remembering his Master's words: 'Her sins are forgiven, for she loved much.'

Lastly, the Second Crusade. We know that while yet a child little Bernard had seen the wonderful migration of the First Crusade, when knights and armies tramped past endlessly towards the East, and streams of peasant families crawled in slow country carts over hill and dale, and asked, as each new town grew on the horizon, 'Is that Jerusalem?' Some fifty years had passed since then. The kingdom of Jerusalem had prospered under the Baldwins, and Gibbon will tell you how the great house of Seljuk was now crumbling to ruin. The Christians succeeded because of the disunion of the Saracens. But disaster was uniting these, as prosperity was corrupting those. Edessa was taken by the great Zenghis. Sanguineus,

the Latins called him; and soon his death gave the opportunity for a rhyming pun,

> 'Quam bonus eventus ; fit sanguine sanguinolentus,
> Vir homicida reus nomine Sanguineus.'

But the fall of Edessa roused Europe. Louis VII., having killed above 1,000 Christians at the burning of Vitry, felt that atonement for the cruelty could best be made by slaughtering several thousand infidels. Or, perhaps, to go deeper, the time had come for that mysterious instinct of migration which reversed the history of ages and poured the population and civilization of the West back again Eastward, like a tide with periodic ebb and flow, for three centuries.

In 1145 Bernard was fifty-four, but very old for his years; broken in health, full of troubles—Abelard, Count Theobald, and 'that which cometh on me daily, the care of all the Churches.' In 1143 he wrote to kind old Peter of Cluny that he would never go away again except for annual chapter; and just then came the summons for his hardest task of all. Louis would take the cross at Vezelai, and Bernard must be there to preach the Second Crusade. It was a hard wrench. An eye-witness, Wibald, Abbot of Stavelo, says he was so weak and wan that the saint showed already through the man, and the sight of him was as persuasively stirring as his words. As he spoke a great roar rose from the crowd, 'Crosses, crosses!' The sheaves he had brought were soon gone. He tore up his cowl and gown; as long as he stayed they could not make them fast enough. Then he had to go round and preach everywhere as he went. It was killing work. The excitement was enormous. France rose

en masse. Germany was a harder matter. Friburg, Basle, Constance, Spires, Cologne, Frankfort, Mayence and elsewhere, wherever it was, almost all the able-bodied men obeyed. The Emperor Conrad III. held out, but he, too, gave in at last. At Frankfort the crowd and excitement were such that the poor old man was nearly stifled by the throng; the stalwart emperor could hardly save him. He who afterwards in the Holy Land was seen to strike a Turk, '*inter collum et sinistrum humerum ictu mirabili, ita quod ensis secuit totum pectus cum humeris et descendit obliquando usque ad dextrum latus taliter quod pars dexterior abscissa penitus cum capite cecidit super terram*,' that same Conrad now had to grip Bernard, hoist him on his strong shoulders, and drag him safe away.

Nor was it only preaching; Herman, Bishop of Constance, kept a diary of what they saw from day to day, and this most curious document is attested by nine other eminent men. There can be no doubt that they were most thoroughly convinced of the reality of constant miracles then performed before their eyes. As for instance: 'But now a miracle occurred which, before all others, filled us with astonishment: a boy blind from his birth, whose eyes were covered with a white substance, if, indeed, those could be called eyes, which had neither colour, nor use, nor even the usual cavity—this boy received sight from the imposition of Bernard's hand. We ascertained the fact by numerous proofs, hardly believing our senses that in such eyes as his any sight could reside.' 'And in the same place, Cambray, in the church of St. John, after mass, a boy deaf and dumb from his mother's womb received his hearing and spake, and the people wondered. He had

sat down beside me deaf and dumb, and, having been presented to Bernard, in the self-same hour he both spake and heard.'

The subject of medieval miracles would need longer treatment than I can spare now. Some years hence, when the limitations of the so-called faith-healing are better known, we shall, perhaps, be in a better position for judging. I will content myself now by saying that those who put it down to *mere* trickery or *mere* delusion are, I think, the least correct of commentators. He is not an unwise man who says to such a sceptic, 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy.' But there is one thing greater, more admirable and harder than these miracles, for which we admire Bernard. While everyone, even gentle old Peter of Cluny, was breathing out fury and massacre against the Jews, he rose to a more Christian height; he could long for their conversion to Christ, and not their conquest. He had the boldness to preach and teach against those savage inflamers of popular passions, like the monk Rodolf, even when it nearly cost him his life, and did cost him his popularity; he recollected the dying Redeemer's prayer for the people that rejected Him: 'Is it not written, See thou slay them not?' and again, 'When the fulness of the Gentiles be come, then shall Israel be saved.' For a popular leader to love his enemies at moments of such overwhelming national excitement and at the cost of his popularity, is, to my mind, the greatest miracle. 'Had not the tender mercy of the Lord sent that priest,' writes a Jewish contemporary, 'none would have survived.' It may be a useful lesson to you in the value of authorities to notice that the infidel Gibbon can see

nothing in his opposition to Rodolf except jealous rivalry.

So the Second Crusade moved off. The excellent Suger, Abbot of St. Denis, was left to govern France, and king and queen, emperor, armies and hosts moved off for two years of ruin and disaster at home and abroad.

But there was no rest for St. Bernard. Broken and sick, and longing for peace among his 'carissimi Claræ-vallenses,' he was hurried hither and thither to check criminous abbots, to rebuke tyrannous lords, to reprove rebellious congregations. Gilbert de la Pourrée found that *tua res agitur* as Abelard had quoted. The Council of Rheims had to be carried through, and, saddest but sweetest interval of all, his dear old friend Malachy of Ireland came to Clairvaux to be nursed through a fever, and to fall asleep serenely in Bernard's arms; '*mortuus vivere et vivens mortuus putabatur*.'

'Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.'

'Malachy our friend sleepeth,' cried Bernard, 'and shall I weep? Thine, O Jesus, is the treasure which is entrusted to us. We pray only that he who was our guest may not go hence without us, his companions, to reign with Thee and him for ever and ever.'

Bernard's prayer was soon answered. His old pupil, Eugenius III., was now pope, at first somewhat to Bernard's dismay: old masters are often almost as diffident of those they love as of themselves. But soon he found Eugenius made a very tolerable pope, only his life was taken up with lawsuits, and appeals, and

serving of tables, and no time was left for spiritual duties. Bernard's last work is the 'De Consideratione,' in which he touches right masterly this weak point of centralization, which afterwards did much harm to the Papacy and to Christendom. 'It cannot be right that all business is to be transferred to Rome; the injustice of it does harm. The independence of distant nations cannot endure it. The money does most harm of all. Humility, love of peace, the fear of the Lord, this is what Rome is meant for, not for appeals, and bribes, and temporalities.' If the spirit of Bernard had prevailed, we may wonder what the altered history of the world would have been.

Troubles abroad and troubles at home, for he now found out that a treacherous secretary had been for years forging letters from him. Sleep left him. A violent retching and sickness, which had tormented him all his life long, and of which we have the most realistic and horrid account from his messmates while he was young, now increased, so that he could take no solid food. But his mind was still alert, and his courage unshaken. Who but he could prevent civil war just breaking out on the Moselle with the Archbishop of Treves? Who but he could make the Count of Champagne ashamed of stealing the Abbot of Chatillon's pigs? 'I tell you I had much rather you had stolen my pigs,' writes Bernard; 'and you must give them back.' Who but he cannot be coaxed to give a living to the son of his old friend Theobald? 'No,' says Bernard; 'I wish well to our little William, but ecclesiastical honours are only for those who can and will, by God's help, worthily fill them. Whenever I can lawfully help him I will not refuse. But in this

be so good as to excuse me to your countess.' Brave and just old man! His last letter was to Uncle Andrew, out fighting in the Holy Land, and very anxious to get back. 'Your letter found me confined to bed, but I read and re-read it with delight. You fight under the hot sun, but for One who sitteth above the sun. Our warfare is here, but our wages are above. I am ready to be offered. Would that, before I depart, I might be refreshed with your sweet presence, if it be God's will.' But it was not. His great friend Suger died. 'I have loved you from the beginning,' he wrote to him, 'and will do so for ever. I say it boldly, I cannot be separated from one I have so loved.'

Two years later Bernard himself felt that his end was approaching; then, as his friends implored him not to leave them, the last earthly struggle began. '*Flens ipse cum flentibus et columbinos oculos in cælum porrigens*,' lifting, after a burst of tears, his dovelike eyes to heaven, he said in St. Paul's words how that he was 'in a strait between two things, having a desire to depart and be with Christ,' and yet to stay with them. Then he said the Lord's prayer as best he could, and when he came to 'Thy will be done' he died.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

Of all the religious orders the Dominican is that which we English have been taught to think at once the proudest and the fiercest; and of all cities of Europe Florence is, some say, the fairest. Yet of the greatest convent at Florence of these fierce Dominicans, Mrs. Oliphant writes that 'San Marco has not even the distinction of superficial squalor.' It stands just in respectable completeness, looking out on a sunshiny square and a very ordinary garden: a plain white-washed wall, long and uniform arcades, bare but for the faded frescoes of a monk; architecture as simple as that of the Methodists of fifty years ago; business-like and unassuming.

In the year 1452 there was born at Ferrara a lad who was destined to be the greatest of the friars of this San Marco. His name was Girolamo Savonarola. From his youth his heart was strangely troubled with pity for suffering and horror of wrong. 'The misery of the world and the iniquities of men,' he says himself, 'I cannot endure. Everywhere I see virtue despised and vice honoured. Many times a day have I repeated to myself with tears, '*Heu fuge crudeles terras, fuge litus avarum!*' (Away from this cruel land, this greedy

SAVONAROLA (*Anderson phot.*)

shore, away!) 'A greater sorrow I could not have in this world.'

One April morning he sat playing a melancholy air upon his lute; his mother was watching him. As the sadness of his music affected her more and more, she suddenly turned on him with, 'My son, that is a sign we are soon to part!' Girolamo could not trust himself to look at her; she meanwhile gazing at him with such meaning and pitiful eyes 'as if she would penetrate my very heart.' Next day a little writing of his had been put behind the books on the window-sill: it explained the state of his mind and feeling, but he was gone.

It was 1475 and he was twenty-three. He entered a Dominican convent; and fifteen years afterwards he burst on Florence as the great and prophetical teacher, whose audience the church of San Marco was not large enough to hold. 'The people,' says Burlamacchi, 'got up in the middle of the night to get places for the sermon, and came to the door of the cathedral, waiting outside till it should be opened, making no account of any inconvenience, neither of the cold nor the wind, nor of standing in winter with their feet on the marble, and among them were young and old, women and children of every sort, who came with such jubilee and rejoicing that it was bewildering to hear them. Then the silence was great in the church, and though many thousand people were thus collected no sound was to be heard, not even a hush. Thus they waited three or four hours till the padre entered the pulpit.'

If ever the need of reformation was boldly proclaimed by any, it was indeed so by Savonarola. On fire with indignation at all sin, he found corruption and

paganism even in the high places of the Church, and his country the prey of ambitious powers and torn with intestine wars, of which all the suffering fell upon the poor: he spoke his mind, and the convent stood by him; in 1491 he was elected prior. Next year he bearded the great tyrant of his city, Lorenzo de Medici—'Lorenzo the Magnificent.' Sent for by him on his death-bed, he spoke to him thus: 'Lorenzo, be not so despairing. God will be merciful to you if you do these three things I tell you.' 'What are these three things?' 'The first is, have a great and living faith;' then Lorenzo professed his belief. 'Next it is necessary also that everything wrongfully acquired be given back by you in so far as you can do this without beggary of your children.' 'These words,' says Burlamacchi, 'drove Lorenzo nearly out of himself, but afterwards he said: "This also will I do."' Then the padre went on to the third thing, and said: 'Lastly, it is necessary that freedom and her government according to old republican usage be restored to Florence!' When he heard this, the dying man turned away his face to the wall, nor ever spoke another word. And the padre left him with no other confession. No mincing of matters there, nor smoothing away of right and wrong to make things easy for the great. A brave patriot, unbearable to evil rulers, as John the Baptist before him to Herod, and soon to meet with the same fate.

To the times in which he lived, the name 'Renaissance' is often given. What this word means I need hardly stop now to explain. It is the passing away of the middle ages, the age of faith, the age of chivalry, or the feudal system, whichever name you prefer.

'The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.'

The invention of gunpowder and the expansion of trade killed chivalry. The fall of Constantinople in 1453, the invention of printing by Caxton in 1476, the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492, stimulated the intellect and widened the interests of cultivated Europe. Hence was born that questioning of authority which led to the so-called Reformation; but hence also was born that refined paganism and cultured dilettante love of letters and of art, of splendour, luxury and self, which, especially in Italy, stripped off the old faith and gave men nothing but the enjoyment of this world in exchange. Morals may have been bad under dull or careless churchmen; they were far worse when the Church was silenced by the cry, 'Let us eat of the best and drink of the best and enjoy the beauty of the world, for to-morrow we die.' This was the spirit that Savonarola fought with, and his interview with the dying Lorenzo is typical of the stand he made. But you must not suppose that he rose all at once to this commanding height of eloquence. On the contrary, if we go back to that day when he left his mother's home, we shall find he still had all his apprenticeship to make.

That piece of paper which the boy left on the window-sill his father, the old doctor, kept, and afterwards on the back of it wrote these words: 'I remember how on April 23rd, which was St. George's day in the year 1475, my son Girolamo, then a student of Arts, being intended for the medical profession, left our home and went to Bologna and entered the

Dominican convent, intending to remain there and become a monk, leaving me, Nicholas Savonarola, his father, for my comfort nothing but these writings.' The poor old man was wounded and sore. He had not, like his wife, watched the tumult and struggle in the boy's heart, or known of his many wanderings in the fields, of his study of St. Thomas Aquinas, and how he had changed from the time when, with his child's love for pretty things, he had shrunk away from the black-cowled monks he met, saying, 'I would not like to be a monk.' For as a child he had been specially fond of beautiful things, whether in art or nature; but he had been a rather solitary child, and resembled Cardinal Newman not only in face, but in the sedateness and remoteness of his boyhood. So now he who would not like to be a monk, was a monk; one of the Dominicani (Domini Canes), dogs of the Lord, in black and white, with his apprenticeship before him. At first his work was dull enough for a young man of twenty-four, but soon he was set to teach the novices, and that he thought, and always thought, of all work the nearest to his heart. And the novices found his teaching singularly real, for he taught things that he himself believed and cared for. Seven years thus passed, and gradually he gained influence and came to be consulted on all kinds of subjects by older men. His habit of silence and abstraction, his long rapt pondering before he answered, impressed them. In silence he used to refer his difficulties to the Divine guidance, and then to speak suddenly what seemed to him best, feeling that God put it into his heart; and to others it sounded as if an oracle had spoken. His life also was very strict, and told somewhat upon his

health; perhaps that increased the influence on him of these secret voices and visions of angelic guidance. That is a very hard question: Does attenuating the flesh sharpen or distort the faculties? I suppose no one doubts that fleshly indulgence blunts them. The glutton and the sluggard, for instance, certainly see and hear less clearly, clogged with their own indulgence. Would it, then, follow that very ascetic discipline, as it would first of all restore the acuteness of the natural faculties, might, if further persisted in, extend those faculties nearer and nearer to that unseen spiritual world which lies around us?

> 'Spare fast that with the gods does diet
> And sees the Muses in a ring,
> Aye round about Jove's altar sing.'

Or does it fill the ill-balanced mind with mere hallucination? Something of both, I think; certainly something of the latter. But the answer must much depend on the truth of our spiritual environment and our own temper and discipline. One thing, I imagine, is certain —no man without self-denial has ever moved the world to any great spiritual purpose.

And now he was to begin to preach. One cold January day in 1482 he was sent to conduct a mission at his old home, Ferrara. You may fancy how he felt, coming back to it after these seven years. The people came at first to hear him from curiosity; then they dropped off. His preaching was a failure.

A petty war compelled his migration to Florence. At Florence he preached. Again he was a failure; it was a bitter disappointment. He burned with thoughts that he knew were vital, and yet he could not keep the people's attention. 'My preaching,' he wrote to his

mother, 'disgusts everyone in Florence. I cannot move so much as a chicken.' The first place where his power at all came to him was in a village rather than a town, the beautiful San Geminiano, with its crown of towers, rather like a bulrush-bed, up on the hills. There, somehow, among simple folk he found his tongue, and he worked, preaching among the villages, until Lorenzo the Magnificent got him recalled to Florence. Now, Lorenzo knew of him thus. There was a most delightful and brilliant young noble, Pico della Mirandola, who came to live at Florence for the sake of the splendid society and gay arts of that lovely town, and also because, being restless-hearted and a seeker for truth, he had been accused of heresy, and so Lorenzo's protection was useful. But the pagan enjoyment of the *literati* of Florence did not satisfy this young inquirer. He wanted something better. One day he went to a Dominican meeting at Reggio. After much discourse on abstruse topics, some points of daily duty came up; then a monk, who had been singularly silent and abstracted before, rose and spoke. It was Fra Girolamo. 'That man is in earnest, too,' thought Pico; 'and he can help me.' And Pico it was that got Lorenzo to bring him to Florence.

In 1490, when the meadows of Arno were full of daffodils and tulips, he began to teach the novices in San Marco. He was very fond of the white dresses of his class—his angels, as he called them—and by-and-by others used to hang about in the convent garden, where he gave his lesson among the roses; and when the crowd got too great, they begged him to go into the church. He would much rather have kept only to his white-clad boys, but he waited for a week

considering. Then he smiled, and said abruptly: 'To-morrow I shall preach in St. Mark's Church, and I shall go on preaching in Florence for eight years.' First in St. Mark's, but afterwards, to hold the numbers, in the great bare cathedral, to a dense crowd, such as Burlamacchi described for you, amid tears and sobs of excitable people, he poured out burning words of truth and justice, calling men to repent and lead good lives. After a year he was made prior of the convent, refusing to do homage to Lorenzo, or even to come out to receive him when Lorenzo did the convent the honour to visit it. And so came about at last (1492) that bitter death-bed scene which I have quoted.

In reading of Reformation times you must learn to distinguish political reformation from doctrinal, and each from moral. In 1493, when Piero de Medici was ruler in Florence and Alexander VI. was Pope of Rome, all three were somehow needed. But it was possible to assault the established doctrine without caring about morality, as perhaps Henry VIII. did; or, as Luther did, to assault doctrine in order to get morality. But there was also another course open to those who cared most about the morality: as Luther hoped to get it by doctrinal change, so might another hope to get it by fresh political combination, and for this there was now great inducement. Piero de Medici was a wretched tyrant, who could not even rule; and then in September, 1494, down from the passes of the Alps came riding Charles VIII. of France and his army, going to fight for some claim to Naples. Now, when you consider what Piero was, and what a monster of wickedness was Pope Alexander, and what a festering mass of corruption was the papal court,

can you be surprised that to Girolamo, with his mind always fixed on the invisible working of God, this march of Charles seemed like the presence of the hosts of some Gideon or Joshua to work the Lord's will? Piero had treacherously given up some outlying forts, which laid the city at Charles's mercy. When Piero came back he found the gates shut against him, and the Florentines ready to fly at each other's throats, maddened with wrath and terror. Girolamo hurried to the Duomo, and, addressing himself entirely to the moral question, bade them see here the opportunity of new life, made them drop their weapons, give up all thought of civil war, and wait steadfastly Heaven's will. Then he went to Charles: him he warned that his army was God's instrument to reform the evils of the Church and restore freedom to Florence; and all this he did with such masterly effect that Charles entered the city without a treaty and left it again without bloodshed.

So now king and tyrant were both gone, and Florence was free. Then followed a wonderful thing, a theocracy, or rule of God, actually carried out in a great city. A government was formed on a basis of perfect freedom; only such duties and taxes as were right were asked for; all wrong things were to be put away. Forgiveness took the place of faction, religion of ambition, the street boys sang the Frate's songs to their merry tunes, the rulers ruled only for others' profit, and the ordinances of the Church were holidays of all the people. All this was the doing of one man; that most licentious and turbulent city was transformed by one man's influence and one man's voice. The street boys trooped after him to get a word, for he liked boys best of all;

while on the vicious or reluctant citizens his words rained like pelting hail-storms. Some were heard by a young Englishman then studying Greek in Florence; in him, at least, they bore much fruit, for he went home and tried to do likewise. His name was John Colet, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's. All this was wonderful, but, of course, it could not last. Stronger grew the opposition of all that hated virtue and chafed against strictness. They called themselves the 'Arrabiati' (enraged), and awaited an opportunity of mischief.

At Rome, meanwhile, there were the pope and Piero and Mariano, the popular Florentine preacher whom Girolamo had displaced; all these hated him, as did many others, whose deeds were evil; and, what was worse than all, Charles VIII., having conquered Naples, had, indeed, proposed a General Council, but seemed to be doing nothing more for the reform of the Church. Girolamo grew uneasy. Sometimes they tried bribes. The pope sent him a cardinal's hat; he refused it from the pulpit. Sometimes they threatened, but among his Florentines they could not reach him. Let him then come to Rome and answer the charge of heresy. Again he refused, and they could only wait.

In 1495 they had in Florence the most wonderful carnival and Palm Sunday that ever were. These saturnalia of naughtiness and noise were transformed by Il Frate. The children he got hold of in the strangest way: they sang his songs instead of their old abominations, and they collected alms instead of rioting; they seem to have been merry enough over it, too, and it must have been pleasant to see the trains of brown-skinned urchins, with their Italian eyes, as all

in white they trooped in laden with palm and olive boughs from the hills. With the offerings they collected were formed Monti di Pieta (loan banks) to help the poor; these were first invented in this age, and they served the uses of the English pawnbroker, only with this considerable difference: the pawnbroker's business is for his own benefit, Savonarola's was for the free benefit of the poor.

Another use he made of his town children was at the bonfire of vanities for the carnival of 1496. Charles had now made peace with the pope, and was gone back to France, not, however, restoring the forts of Florence which Piero had surrendered. No good had he brought, but all the mischief of war, and this was followed by a terrible plague, as well as by danger of a war with Pisa to get back the forts, only averted by a storm which wrecked the Emperor's ships sent to help Pisa, and brought up the corn ships for Florence just as famine became intolerable. Savonarola had that very day bidden them trust God, and this was put down to him as a miracle. All these things, however, had but a passing effect, and the fickle city was going back to its reckless riot, when once more the place swarmed with bands of boys in white, collecting from door to door all the implements of carnival. A strange enthusiasm took the excitable folk. Out they brought their masks and dresses, their false hair and trinkets, lewd pictures and statues, everything that seemed for the moment to minister to sin; vast piles of these were made and fired in the square. 'Bring out your vanities!' was the cry, and still the piles grew and the flames crackled, and precious things perished, and the children danced wildly round, and the singing only

hushed to hear the Frate's voice, and above all rose the new carved image of the Child Jesus, borne of angels, with the crown of thorns in one hand and the other raised to bless.

One of Girolamo's friends had made this image for him; for, stern as his teaching was and hard upon art, yet artists were among his followers. Michael Angelo caught from his lips some of his sublime solemnity, and Bartolommeo, another great painter, was then only little Baccio of the Gate, the mule boy, supporting his orphan brothers by his drawing, whom the prior got hold of at Prato and brought to Florence to be trained for art. Afterwards he was moved by the Frate's preaching to become a monk of San Marco, where his frescoes still face Angelico's.

So far Savonarola's success had been surprising, but could it last? More fierce grew the Arrabiati, or Malcompagni, more wary the party at Rome. What helped them much was another terrible visitation of plague, such as you read of in 'Romola,' or such as Boccaccio described a century earlier. And with this came a deadlier blow from the pope: the pope saw that he could break the preacher's influence only by closing his mouth; he excommunicated him. The bull reached the plague-stricken city. In vain the whole Signory implored remission; in vain they pointed out in a submissive and most reasonable letter, still extant, how good, how blameless, how obedient a man he was; how heavily such a censure told, not on him, but on themselves, who were at such a time of pestilence cut off from all his ministry. The letter went, but no answer came. Then the prior sent out letters to the kings of Europe protesting against the

injustice of the bull, and calling for the General Council, which he had so often hoped for. You may ask, why did he obey the bull? Remember that he was a reformer, not of doctrine, but of morals. He accepted with all his heart the dogmas of the Church, even while he thundered against the wickedness of its rulers. But then occurred this question: if its supreme ruler were indeed so wicked, and had indeed bought his promotion to the tiara, was he really and spiritually true pope? He would obey a true pope's voice, but not a sham pope's. Meanwhile the plague raged, and he could not keep away from his dying people. He sent the novices and his boys into the country. 'Be not afraid for me,' he wrote; 'the Lord will help me.' Then he resumed his pastoral work and published his book 'The Triumph of the Cross.' At last the Signory prevailed on him to preach once more—thereupon came from Rome the orders that if he preached anywhere again, all Florence should be excommunicated; and then he knew his work was done.

In 1498 a Franciscan (Franciscans were often jealous of Dominicans) was sent to Florence to preach against the prior. In an unhappy moment Savonarola's impetuous friend, Fra Domenico, heard him. The Franciscan challenged the Frate to walk through fire to prove his innocence, and in a moment headstrong Domenico had accepted in his master's place. Then there was much joy: the Arrabiati said he or his friend would flinch and be stoned by the people, or not flinching they would be burned; as for the Franciscan, it little mattered what became of him; while the populace, on the other hand, rejoiced in hope of the exciting

spectacle of death or miracle. Only the Frate was sad at heart: 'We have too great things on hand,' he said, 'for these miserable quarrels; let us but live rightly, that is the true ordeal. Charity is the ordeal, and the miracle is faith.' I think he was right.

The story of the ordeal is well known. The huge pile of faggots, oil, and gunpowder was dressed in the great square, with a narrow passage from end to end. In vain Girolamo tried to prevent it. Domenico never blenched—his faith was sure of victory. The friars came chanting in procession with him and the prior to the place; but the Franciscan was not there. This and that excuse came; other proposals were made; Domenico accepted them; then this and that person was sent for to the town-hall. Still they waited; then a storm wetted the angry mob; then more delay. At last an order from the Signory; 'No ordeal was to to take place.'

You may perhaps expect this to be Girolamo's triumph; if so, you little know the temper of a mob. They came for the show; sullen and angry, and stirred designedly by the Arrabiati, they turned against the Dominicans who were there, and scarcely could the prior be got back safe to San Marco through the crowd.

Next day was Palm Sunday. He read the lessons, and no doubt he thought of another mob who changed so quickly from 'Hosanna!' to 'Crucify!' for just then there was shouting and tumult, and all day long the people were assaulting the convent. Savonarola took a crucifix, and would have gone out to give himself up to them, but the friars would not let him. At night the place was stormed, and he and Fra Domenico were

taken as prisoners to the Signory. Fra Silvestro they tried to take, but could not find. Savonarola had time to speak a few words to the monks, which have been preserved. 'My sons,' he said, 'before God—our enemies being already in possession of the convent—I confirm to you my teaching. He is my witness in heaven that I have not lied. I did not know all Florence would thus turn against me. But God's will be done. My last word is this. Have patience, faith and prayer.' And so he went. Then Fra Silvestro, who was of weak intellect and sore afraid, crept out of his hiding-place, and when he found the prior gone, courage came to him too, and he went and gave himself up.

For a month Savonarola lingered in Florence. The pope sent three commissioners to preside at his trial. The *procès verbal* is extant, and is heartrending. He was put to the torture repeatedly—'*Multa et assidua quæstione multis diebus.*' Think of it to one of his sensitive and excitable nature! '*Multa et assidua*'—it makes one shudder. Stripped once more and brought to the pulley, 'O God,' he shrieked, 'Thou hast caught me! O Signory of Florence, bear me witness, it was from fear of torture I denied!'

'Why so?' they asked.

'Oh, lacerate me not so! I will speak the truth, *securo, securo*—surely, surely!'

'Why, then, didst thou deny?'

'Because I was mad.' Then they slackened the rope. 'Oh!' he sobbed, 'when I see the torture I lose myself. When I am in a room with a few quiet persons I speak better.' It is a most dreadful scene. Next day he was tortured again. One is thankful

when it is over, and he has walked across the great square, repeating the Creed, to a calm and manly death.

There is a contemporary picture of it in San Marco. The orderly crowd, the pyres for their burning, and the gibbets and scaffolds for their hanging—they were all three hanged and burned. Fra Silvestro's face was as one transfigured. One of the judges had spoken out for the prior: 'He is a man calculated not only to restore lost faith to the world, but to spread the knowledge with which he is so richly gifted.'

He died, but his work went on. Colet preached him in England. Michael Angelo came to mourn over his old haunts. Baccio of the Gate turned monk and painted better than ever. For three hundred years spring flowers were strewed each 23rd of May on the place where he died, and all good men and all good teaching is the better for him.

To-day the visitor walks down the whitewashed corridors of San Marco. They have rather a work-house look, save that all is so solid and so simple; a barn-like roof, deep shuttered windows, bare oak and narrow cells; but on every wall is, as it were, just one faded end of a rainbow vision of Christ or saints from Angelico's brush; then at the end you turn into one last cell. There is no fresco there, only a chair, a table and a rough bureau, a hair shirt and rosary, a book or two, and a portrait—it is Girolamo's cell and Girolamo's face. Relics, I confess, do not often touch me, but that place did. It was so unchanged, he might have been close by. All the pitiful story rushed back and caught one by the throat. I would rather go to that cell alone than in any company.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is nowadays our misfortune to hear a great deal about art. Idle people get together and talk a great deal about the ennobling and purifying influences of art; but the fact is that art, like many other things, is a good servant, but a bad mistress. Art by itself never led anyone very far. To cultivate a love for beautiful things is undoubtedly good, and it may be that the thoughts which come from loving and studying beautiful things may turn out some low, lurking thoughts from the mind—it may be they will *help* to pull a man out of the dirt; but together with a love for beautiful things may exist great selfishness, great coldness, even great vice. Too much reliance on art is apt to create in a man a serious indifference to the thoughts and feelings that are really at the bottom of life—kindness, simplicity, purity, humility. I do not think that Englishmen, as a rule, are misled by false ideas about art; yet everyone whose mind is at all sensitive to beauty of form and colour and sound will recognise that there is a temptation in them which must be resisted. But Michael Angelo was not only an artist, he was a man who felt keenly the difficulties of life, and was deeply puzzled by them. He was a serious man; and because he never allowed himself to be

blinded by his art, but kept a strong hold on realities, his life, though sad, is a noble one, and we may well give it our attention.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti was born on March 6th, 1475, the son of a poor gentleman—poor, and very proud. The family was said to be descended from and connected with the Counts of Canossa. The Canossas did not own to it; but in after-days, when Michael Angelo was a name at which the world wondered, the count was proud of the connection, and boasted of it. Immortality and respectability! Men choose the latter for themselves, but like to gild it with the former. To be Count of Canossa was well, but to be Count of Canossa and cousin to Michael Angelo was better still —to be warmed at the fire of genius, without having to suffer its inner glow.

His father lived in the Castle of Capresi, in Tuscany; but the boy was born, in the interval of a rapid night journey, at Arezzo, a place noted for its pure, thin air, and said to be favourable for the birth of great men. He was when a child put out to nurse with the wife of a stonemason, so that he grew up among the white blocks and the noise of chiselled stone. When at an early age he confided to his father that he would like to be a sculptor, the father first laughed at the idea, and then, his pride taking fire at the thought of a gentleman becoming a stonecutter, he tried to frighten the boy out of it by unkindness. The elder brothers, too, beat and bullied him for the degrading impulse.

At last, however, the determined boy got his way, and was apprenticed to Ghirlandajo, a Florentine painter. The princes of the Medici were then in power in Florence; Lorenzo the Magnificent, the head

of their house, had a palace and a garden decorated with works of art, cloisters and galleries crammed with pictures, antiques, gems, rare metal work, curious embroideries. This place he threw open with a princely greatness to all the young men frequenting the studios of Florence, and hither came Michael.

He was a quarrelsome boy. It was at Florence, in a quarrel with a fellow-student, that he received a blow on the face which, breaking the cartilage of the nose, gave him that grim, weather-beaten, almost ghastly, profile that no one ever forgets—an impression which was increased by the huge protuberance of skull over the eyes, where phrenologists say the artistic faculties lie; to which Tennyson alludes when he says, 'Over those ethereal eyes the *bar* of Michael Angelo.'

Here, too, in Ghirlandajo's studio he shows a trace of that sharp impatience, that rude intolerance of others, that, like his face, are so characteristic of him. He found a boy, a fellow-student, over a paper on which Ghirlandajo had indicated a design of head or figure. 'That is not how it ought to go,' said Michael Angelo, tracing round it a clearer, truer outline with his own pencil. Granted, as we well may, that Michael was right and Ghirlandajo was wrong, it would have shown a humbler, sweeter character to have left the master's work untouched. This same characteristic remained with him, emerging long afterwards in such speeches as when he heard someone praise the great bronze gates of San Giovanni: 'Yes,' he said, with a gesture, 'they are fit for the gates of paradise.'

When he was fourteen he carved a faun—one of those strange, mythical woodland creatures, half-goat, half-man, of which the Romans were so fond, with

careless, fresh faces, sprouting horns, that push the hair of the forehead aside, and goat's legs. They were depicted generally in some light-hearted, unstudied attitude, playing intently on the flute, or looking over their own shoulder at some pleasant sight behind them. This Lorenzo saw, and was amazed, so delicate and fanciful was the work; but bantering the young sculptor, standing breathless by his side to hear the verdict, in the graceful, easy way of a great prince: 'Look you,' he said, 'these wonderful monsters are not always young, as you would have it; they get wrinkled brows, they are unsteady on their legs, they lose their teeth,' indicating, as he spoke, the beautiful, compact row of teeth that adorned the smiling lips of the beast, and carelessly passing on.

Then occurred one of those wonderful little scenes, so rare in real life, so full of passion and pathos. As the curtains closed behind the prince the young sculptor flew upon his faun mallet in hand. Round about the jaw and brow he chased the running lines—the seams of ungentle experience—he puckered the eyes with crow's feet; last of all, he placed his chisel against the creature's upper jaw, and with one stroke smote a tooth away, giving by that single gap an indescribable look of the wear and tear of age to the face. It is said that Lorenzo was amazed, and took the young artist into his home and brought him up with his own children, until, four years afterwards, suddenly, in the midst of all his magnificence, he died.

Then Michael, having lost his patron, went out to shift for himself, for Piero, Lorenzo's successor, caring little for art, set him in mockery, as Caligula might have done, to make a statue of snow—a task peculiarly

painful to so conscious an artist. He travelled through North Italy. At Bologna every traveller had to procure for a small sum a seal of red wax, and enter the city wearing it on the thumb of his right hand; this, lost in some vague dream, Michael omitted to do, and would have been detained in prison but for the kindness of a citizen, who paid the fine for him. He stayed a year in that black, frowning city, with its grotesque towers, and, to please his host, used evening after evening to read from the Italian poets in that deep, thrilling voice of his, with its rough utterance, that was so characteristic of him.

It is said that at this time he made a Cupid, and, half in jest, allowed a dealer to mutilate and disfigure it so that it looked like a real antique, and sold as one. The trick was discovered, and the dealer had to restore the money; but Michael Angelo was invited by the purchaser, the Cardinal St. Giorgio, to Rome, where he made the Pieta or Virgin bending over the dead Christ, now in the first chapel on the right as you enter St. Peter's. This is one of his noblest works; at the top are two flying cherubs in metal, carrying a great crown of bronze over the Virgin's head. No one who has ever seen it can forget the utter lassitude of the dead limbs, the fallen eyes, the brow with the lines of agony smoothed away by death, and the hanging, helpless hands: still less the bitterness of sorrow, the hopeless absorption of grief, in the Virgin's face, as the sword goes through her heart. He was then only twenty-five years of age.

He returned from Rome to Florence, where he began by making a statue of Bacchus, not as a jovial and laughing god, but a brooding, half-inspired dreamer.

Then comes another of those wonderful stories of the man that read so like romance. In Florence there lay in the great square a shapeless mass of marble of colossal size, spoilt by many a sculptor who had tried to carve it into a statue, but failed. Michael, seeing in it a divine statue lurking concealed, so to speak, under the marble, asked to be allowed to try his hand: his request was granted, so round the mass he made a great hoarding and set to work, flying upon the marble more as if he was tearing away a veil from a figure than chiselling one out. The result was the colossal David, still in Florence, the deficiency of the material being shown by the fact that at the back of the head there stands a shapeless mass which was in the original stone, and that the right shoulder is flattened a little out of proportion.

He was by this time too great a man to escape notice. The pope, Julius II. (whose picture Raphael painted) invited him to Rome: such a wish was a command, and he went. Pope and artist were great friends at first. Julius commissioned Michael Angelo to make him designs for a magnificent mausoleum, ornamented with statues and bas-reliefs: this work was never finished as intended, but its façade stands in the Church of St. Pietro in Vinculis with seven statues, three from Michael Angelo's hand; the central figure being the celebrated statue of Moses, the only part of the original idea. For this tomb Michael Angelo had to go to the marble quarries of Carrara to order the marble himself: such was his impatience that he told a friend afterwards he could hardly restrain himself from hewing out a huge *abozzo*, or rough outline, in one of the quarries there. A bridge was erected

between the Vatican and the shed where Michael worked, and the pope was constantly with him, admiring his work, and perhaps criticising and advising. At any rate, the result was what might have been expected in the case of two imperious men of fiery tempers brought into daily contact—there was a fierce quarrel. Three times in one day Michael went to see the pope about a block of marble that had just arrived. 'His holiness was busy and could not see him,' said the lackey. The third time it aroused the wonder of a bystander. 'You don't know to whom you are refusing admittance,' he said. 'I know very well,' replied the man, 'but I am here to obey orders.'

At this Michael lost all control of himself: he went back to his lodgings, packed up, sold all he could of his possessions, and with the fastest horses he could hire rode to Florence through the night without a word. The pope got wind of his flight an hour or two after he had started, and sent a body of cavalry in pursuit, but Michael had the start of them, and passed the frontier in time. Soon to the frontier town there came no less than five couriers with letters from the pope one after another, and presented them in the little inn parlour. Still Michael refused in a sore and angry spirit. Then three times the pope wrote autograph letters to implore him to return, but Michael, sullen and revengeful, would not hear of it. It is a curious picture — the most powerful man in the world spiritually and temporally, who could make and mar kings, begging a humble sculptor to return, and being refused. At last came the reconciliation. The pope went to Bologna, and it was hinted to Michael that he

might make his peace in a dignified manner. He went there and was presented in the great hall of the palace, apologizing as he knelt before the pope.

'Instead of coming to us, thou hast waited till we came to thee,' said Julius sullenly; but Michael Angelo knelt in silence and made no answer.

Fortunately an incautious courtier, misunderstanding the situation, broke the barrier down: 'You must forgive him, your holiness,' he said; 'these kind of men are poor ignorant creatures, good for nothing except their own art.'

Upon this the pope's anger blazed out: 'It is such as you,' he said to the courtier, 'who do not understand,' and gave his hand to the sculptor.

The quarrel was made up, and Michael Angelo, by order of the pope, made a bronze statue of him for his native town of Bologna—the statue was made with extended hand. 'Am I meant to be blessing or cursing?' said Julius gruffly. 'Neither, your holiness,' said Michael Angelo, 'only warning the townspeople to be on their good behaviour; but your holiness would wish something placed in the hand?' The pope assented. 'Doubtless a book?' 'No, no—no book, but a sword: I am no man of letters.' During the progress of the work the pope sent two high dignitaries of the Church to inspect the statue. 'A beautiful cast,' said one. Michael Angelo, firing up at what he considered a derogatory word, 'cast,' called the two reverend gentlemen a pair of 'solemn blockheads,' and in a towering passion turned them out of the studio. They complained to the pope, who only smiled grimly and put the question by—he knew better than to interfere with his sculptor again. It is a curious instance of

fate that this statue was melted down afterwards and cast into a cannon called 'Giuliano.'

We talk of the destructive tendencies of the present day, we say that old historical buildings are torn down and sacrificed to vandal restorers, but what are we to say of Pope Julius, who tore down the Basilica of Constantine, the cradle of the faith, in a light-hearted way, destroying many of the great marble columns that like a forest avenue were the glory of the rich dim church? It was the jealousy of Bramante, the pope's architect, that afforded Michael the opportunity which has given him half his fame. Bramante was apparently afraid that he would be superseded by Michael as architect, so he persuaded Julius to give into Michael's hands the painting of the new Sistine Chapel, which Julius had built.

The Sistine Chapel is a chapel in the Vatican of which the walls and ceiling were purposely made of smooth flat stone without any carving or ornament, in order to be adorned with frescoes. The walls up to twelve feet all round are painted with an exquisite imitation of gold and scarlet tapestries of intricate design; above that on each side are six pictures, each by one of the greatest artists then living. The ceiling and the eastern wall were painted by Michael.

Bramante had said to himself: 'Michael is only a sculptor; if he tries his hand at painting he will disgrace himself and lose the pope's favour.' Little did he foresee the result.

The work was prodigious and difficult. Imagine painting a flat wall over forty feet broad and nearly sixty feet high, as well as a ceiling more than twice as long and the same breadth!

Julius at first wanted it painted in oils. 'Only fit for children!' said Michael angrily. He was at last induced to do it in fresco. He completed the ceiling by himself, dismissing the attendants he had engaged because of his dissatisfaction with their work. Many years after he painted on the eastern wall a picture of the Last Judgment, truly called an epic painting, which defies description. It is gloomy and frightful beyond belief; there are thousands of figures, the Judge of men in the centre, heaven at the top and almost too high to be seen clearly; at the bottom the lost are being dragged down into fire and smoke, with agony on their faces and in their writhing limbs.

This ghastly picture is redeemed by a strange touch of humour. One morning as Michael was at work a courtier strayed in and began pleasantly, as he thought, criticising the picture. Michael was at work on the figures in the right hand bottom corner among the flames of hell; as soon as the courtier's back was turned he painted an exact likeness of him among these figures; it was at once recognised, and the unfortunate man complained to the pope. 'No,' said Julius with some humour, 'I can't interfere; if it had been Purgatory, I have some authority there, but where you are I can't help you.'

The ceiling was painted with scenes from the Old Testament, introducing the human ancestors of Christ. This entailed lying on the back day after day, and splashing with the distemper on the wall above you. He was constantly interrupted. The pope was always wanting to look at the progress of the work, but Michael was his match in temper. 'If you have those veils touched,' he said, 'that instant I leave Rome,'

and the pope respected his wish. When the pope first saw the painting he complained of the uniformity of the colour, which is very gray throughout; he would have wished for more gold, at any rate on the figures. 'Ah, your holiness,' said Michael Angelo, 'such as these were simple persons who wore no gold on their garments.'

In four years full of interruptions the thing was done, and Michael had established a reputation as a painter which at that time transcended his reputation as a sculptor.

We now see that Michael Angelo is never a true painter, because he never had a true feeling for colour; his forms are magnificent: in such scenes as the creation of Adam, where God from a whirlwind touches the hand of the languid figure of the new-created man, who gazes as if dazed by the unfamiliar light and the new consciousness, he is at his best, because there no colour is needed; he has no backgrounds but formless ridges of rock and shadowy trees: all attention concentrates itself on the figures, and we feel that it is, after all, nothing but the painting of sculptured forms, or forms conceived of as forms alone.

The great pope died shortly after this, and Michael went back to Florence, where he could be sure of getting all the work he wanted. His study, as it then was, is still preserved in one of the palaces there: an austere place, more cabinet than room, with a picture or two, and a great workman-like desk for tracing great designs and swift, impetuous strokes; the clear sunlight falling as it was bound to do from the left, so that the shadow of the hand might not rest on the paper. On the wall is displayed what looks like a crutch, but

which was the rough support, now called the mahl-stick, on which the painter leans his hand for steadiness. His sword is also shown there.

Vasari thus describes this master of living stone at the age of sixty:

'I have seen Michael Angelo make more chips of marble fly about in a quarter of an hour than three of the strongest young sculptors would do in as many hours, a thing almost incredible to anyone who has not witnessed it. He went to work with such impetuosity and fury of manner that I feared almost every minute to see the block split in pieces. It seemed as if, inflamed by the great idea that inspired him, this great man attacked with a species of fury the marble in which his statue lay concealed.'

It was during this residence at Florence that Clement VII., then Cardinal Giuliano de Medici, employed him to build the sepulchral chapel or mausoleum of the Medici family in the church of San Lorenzo: this is Michael Angelo's grandest work. Lorenzo and Giuliano, respectively brother and nephew of Leo X., are represented in the Roman military habit above two sarcophagi. When a rash Florentine courtier objected to the likenesses of Lorenzo and Giuliano as not being exact enough, Michael Angelo exclaimed in his impetuous way: 'Do you suppose that fifty years hence anyone will care how the dukes looked?' Each monument has two recumbent figures, reclined on the pediment of the tomb, called Morning and Evening, Day and Night. These titles, however, are probably much too definite for these grand dreaming figures; Michael Angelo himself gave them no such names, and they seem far more

like figures that took shape from the vague broodings of a pent spirit striving to beautify a place of death; they seemed oppressed by labouring thoughts too great for utterance, thoughts which, as Wordsworth said, lie too deep for tears; the mystery of man's identity, his short and passionate life, his blind, immense future—these are what underlie those brows charged with mystery, those deep-set, wondering eyes.

It was a stirring time in Florence. The citizens had just got rid of the family that had tyrannized over them so long, and with that strangely acute sense of religious reality that Savonarola, the great preacher, the revivalist of the time, had given them just thirty years before, they had met, and in solemn conclave elected Christ King of Florence, and engraved the sacred monogram over the door of the palace, only eighteen out of eleven hundred citizens dropping the white bean of dissent into the voting urn.

The Medici all this time were gathering their forces to reconquer the town, and in 1529 they appeared before its walls to put their threats into action.

It was then that Michael became an engineer, fortifying the heights of San Miniato against them; and here the artist nature peeps out. The fortification necessitated a great destruction of buildings, the only one he spared being a convent hall where there was a great new fresco of Andrea del Sarto; and he protected, it is recorded, with great bales of wool, against the artillery, an ancient mouldering tower whose shape he had often admired.

But Florence fell, and Michael Angelo had for a time to remain in hiding, which must have been a sore trial to anyone so imperious and independent; however

in those days art was the fashion, great princes vied with one another in encouraging painters and sculptors and cunning craftsmen, and the Medici could not afford to quarrel with the first sculptor of the world. So when Michael Angelo emerged again nothing was said; it was thought that he had given a formal recognition of the powers that were by a decent retreat, and that was all that was demanded of him. When he went to Rome the new pope, Paul III., is said to have greeted him with the words, 'I have wanted you for thirty years, and now I will not be disappointed.' He was appointed architect of St. Peter's, and built the great dome. But there is little record of his life after this. His sonnets alone remain, dedicated to the widowed Princess Vittoria Colonna, whose friendship was one of the few comforts of his friendless, unhappy life. The death of his faithful servant Urbino, who was almost like a son to him, was another blow which loosened his hold on life, and an accident which befell him may be said to have hastened his end: he slipped on a scaffold and injured his leg severely; from this he never recovered. He was buried at his own desire in the Church of Santa Croce in Florence, in a place from which anyone who stands by his tomb can see through the open door the dome of the cathedral.

So ended an unhappy, austere life; but that very passionateness, that very indignation with which Michael Angelo laboured, lent a convulsive energy to his work which makes it more interesting than the work of almost any of his contemporaries, certainly far more so than that of the mild, unimpassioned Raphael, who, by some strange perversity, has been accounted the prince of painters. He was one of

those whom Dante accuses of having wilfully lived in sadness; he must have felt within himself a wild throng of ideas, thoughts of majestic beauty always struggling to find utterance; and we, with our petty selfishness, our low ambitions, our miserable temptations, dare not judge such a man by ordinary rules; but it may well make us feel humble and hopeful to find him, in almost the last sonnet he ever wrote, confessing that the things to which he had given the best of his nature were like vanities then, vanities, however, which had taught him to listen to the calling of One voice, and to watch through the darkness for the arms that were stretched out from the Cross, to draw him into the presence of the God from whom all beauty proceeds.

Carlo Borromeo

CARLO BORROMEO, SAINT, CARDINAL, ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN, AND A GREAT EARL OF ITALY.

We should be sorry for many reasons if the saints' days were struck out of the calendar. And yet we do not like the name of 'saint.' If we ever apply it to any of our acquaintances, it is as a term of abuse: it is not hard to define what we should intend to imply by it, though it would perhaps be better expressed by the word 'Pharisee'; we should mean a character needlessly particular about trifles—such a man as, if we suppose him refusing to follow the example or invitation of others to indulge in some questionable practice, may be thought to do so not so much in order to keep himself clean, as to impress upon others his own superiority in the matter of cleanness: a person, in short, who is good, possibly, but allows his goodness to make him disagreeable. And yet we know, if we stop to think a moment, that it is only in our surface-thoughts that we despise the name or the thing. We do not deliberately choose as a nick-name a title that the wisest and holiest of men have for centuries laboured to win, and felt themselves unworthy to bear.

Between the true saint and the man of the world there must always be enmity—Christianity came not to

bring peace on earth, but a sword—the man who has the world in his heart cannot agree with the man who, however humbly, wants to find out the will of God and do it; to fail in the world is not by any means a proof that God is with you, but to succeed very markedly in the world, to be hail fellow well met with everyone, to be acceptable everywhere, *is almost a proof* that a person is not a true follower of Christianity: if he were, he must sacrifice inclination to principle sometimes; he must check the rising word, put away the joke or the anecdote which may amuse for the moment, but leaves a bitter taste; if he truly throws in his choice with Christianity, it is *not* plain sailing—the cross must sometimes be heavy, and the crown of thorns uneasy.

In the year 1538, one of the closing years of Henry VIII.'s reign, Carlo Borromeo was born in the old castle of Arona in Lombardy. It lies on Lake Maggiore beyond the edge of the great flat grass plain, where the green level begins to be broken by wooded knolls, with here and there a lake, and the high peaks of the Alps closing the northern horizon.

By birth the boy belonged to the best Italian families; not only was his father, Count Gilbert Borromeo, of ancient lineage, but his mother was a Medici—one of a family that, like the Hapsburgs and Guelphs, has left a mark on the history of Europe: at Florence, where they reigned for nearly a century; in France by their alliance with the royal house; in Tuscany, where they ruled; at Rome in the persons of Clement VII. and Pius IV., both Medici, the former of whom may be said to have been ultimately responsible for the Reformation in England. The history of such

a house as the Medicis reads more like a romance than a piece of serious fact. We have mentioned this because not only was Carlo Borromeo more a Medici than a Borromeo by nature, but because he owed his prominence to his near relationship with the pope.

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In 1538, on the night of October 2nd, a strange flickering light, says the chronicler, was observed playing over the battlements of the Castle of Arona. That night a son, the second, was born to Gilbert.

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Let us understand what was happening in Europe at this time. It was, you will remember, in the closing years of Henry VIII. The Reformation had come in England—that is to say, one important country had thrown off the authority of the pope. In Germany Luther was still alive, preaching that the Bible, which was withheld by the Roman Catholics, should be in everyone's hands, and that it contained all a Christian need know. His teaching spread like fire; the world was ready for it—it had been governed by priests too long. Germany going, England gone, the pope, as in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' began to bite his nails. Accordingly, he conceived the idea of calling a council together to settle the question of Luther's teaching. It was held at Trent, in the Tyrol, now part of Austria, because that was neutral ground, belonging neither to Italy nor Germany. It began in 1545, and lasted for nearly twenty years, meeting at long intervals. The Council of Trent is important to us for this reason: that the decisions arrived at by the council make it almost impossible that the Protestant Churches and the Roman Catholic Church can ever be united, unless

the Roman Catholic Church is willing to give up the chief doctrine of that council. The Protestants maintain that the Bible contains all the teaching necessary to a man's salvation. The Council of Trent decided that this was not sufficient, but that a man must promise to be bound equally by the tradition of the Church, even where that tradition is actually contrary to the teaching of the Bible. The Roman Catholic Church maintains that this council was what is called œcumenical—that is, a council held by the Christian world (from ἡ οἰκουμένη, the inhabited world); but this is not the case. England, Sweden, Denmark, and the Protestant States of Germany, as well as the countries, such as Russia, which held to the Eastern Church, were unrepresented.

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Carlo was a boy of a quiet and studious disposition, modest and retiring by character, and of great personal beauty. He was passionately attached to music. His father, seeing which way his bent was likely to be, made up his mind that he should enter the Church; and he received as a young boy what is called the tonsure—that is, a small circular space shaved on the top of the head. This is the distinguishing mark of a Roman Catholic priest, and was often taken by quite young boys as a pledge of their future vocation.

From Sir Walter Scott's novels and other books of adventure we have an idea that the life of a castle in the Middle Ages was a delightful life of excitement and merriment. We think of the jolly troopers coming back from their expeditions, and of feasts and songs in the high-roofed halls, of knightly vows and chivalrous feelings for all that is purest and highest. The reality

must have been far different: life must have been rude and rough beyond anything that we can form an idea of; the two things that we value so much in the nineteenth century, comfort and privacy, must have been absolutely unknown. The lady of the castle had a room for herself called the bower, high in one of the towers, where she sat with her maidens and children, with a wide view over forest and cornland; and there was a sitting-room called the solar for the use of the lord of the castle and his family; but below this everyone lived a noisy, rough life, sleeping wherever they could, on floors and tables, more rarely in dormitories. The hall served as a common sitting-room, the floor covered with straw or rushes, with accumulations of bones and all sorts of filth thrown from the tables, with dogs all about, with no opportunities for quiet or reading—if, indeed, there were more than three or four books to read. There was no doubt a good deal of horse-play and rough amusements, sham fights, much hunting and drinking, and talking and jesting of a coarseness incredibly revolting to us; and Charles, according to the accounts, had a rough time of it. Even his position as the count's son did not save him from mockery and ridicule and coarse temptations; but he did not flinch. An old priest of Milan who used to come to the castle, when his relations complained of his quiet, almost womanly ways, said, 'You do not know him; he will do great things, and reform our Church for us.' And Carlo Borromeo showed in after-life that, if he lacked anything, it was not physical courage. Boys of good family were well provided for by the Church in those days, if they chose it for their vocation; and when he was twelve years old an uncle

of Carlo's resigned to him the position of Abbot of San Gratiano, near Arona. Of course, Charles was too young to perform the duties of the post; but he was old enough to tell his father that he wished the large income which came to him from the abbey to be given to the poor in the neighbourhood, and his father was wise enough to see the wish carefully carried out. Sometimes his father, when in want of ready money, would borrow a large sum from the abbot's income playfully, to pay his men-at-arms, and was pleased to find that the young abbot insisted on this being scrupulously repaid. When he was sixteen he was sent to the University of Pavia, a place where some people became learned, and a great many learnt little more than how to sin. Charles, wealthy and young, was flung into this excitable, eager world without anyone to look after him and without a word of caution. He came out of the fire unscathed, but without popularity—dull and heavy they thought him, and never likely to make much stir in the world. Then his father died, and Frederic, his elder brother, became count, and lived at Arona. Charles himself was fearfully tried by his father's death. Young as he was, all the necessary business devolved upon him; and as he tried to continue his work at Pavia, he broke down, was seized with a violent cough, and his friends thought that the end was near. This weakness of body haunted him through life, though he recovered from his illness; in his last years only did the cough leave him. He said that he had worn it out by abstemious habits, so that 'Cardinal Borromeo's remedy' became a proverb for temperance. In 1559 the pope died, and John Angelo de Medici, Charles's

uncle, was elected. He took the name of Pius IV. Knowing Charles's diligence and strong character, the pope sent for him to Rome, and at the age of two-and-twenty Charles, though still not a priest, but only in the minor orders, found himself Archbishop of Milan and a cardinal. It was not thought necessary then for a bishop to live in his cathedral town. He bought a palace in Rome, and fitted it up with great magnificence, and even took part in the pleasures of the world with a grave and stately courtesy which sat strangely on so young a man. In the middle of this splendour he lived the same careful and austere life, working diligently, and visiting the poor of the city, especially liking to go among the outcasts of the population, whom he surprised by treating them as his equals. He began, too, to preach, but found that his slowness of speech and frequent hesitation made him very unhappy. A very short time after he went to live at Rome his brother married, and within a few months died suddenly. Charles was passionately attached to his brother—so much that it was thought he would not get over the shock of his death. This increased his difficulties, for, his brother being dead, he found himself count, heir to Arona and all the estates. Upon this the pope told him that it was his duty to renounce his work in the Church, to go to live at Arona and marry, as he was now the head of the family. Whereupon Charles went in secret to a friend of his, a bishop, and was privately ordained priest. This step was irrevocable; there was no drawing back. The pope and his relations were very angry, but Charles replied that he had a right to choose his own bride, and he had chosen her. They then tried to isolate him from his friends,

and particularly from a certain priest whose influence they thought to be bad for him. But Charles with quiet humour caused a secret passage to be made from the street, which led by a sliding panel to his own room, and by this means the priest could visit him in secret.

We must not hastily conclude that the Council of Trent of which I have spoken did nothing but harm; part of its recommendations were directed to trying to make the clergy live a more unworldly life. Carlo Borromeo had a great share in this—indeed, it was chiefly owing to his representations that the pope reassembled the council in 1562; and by way of example the young man gave up his palace and magnificent retinue of servants, and began to live the most simple and diligent life, often visiting the churches of Rome by night that he might not gain a reputation for holiness. His wish was all to *be* holy, not to seem so.

All this time he was hankering after one thing—to go and live at Milan among his own people, to do his duty there; for it was the custom then for bishops to perform their work mostly by deputy, and as the pope would never let his nephew, of whom he was very fond, out of his sight, he was obliged to act as others did, sending the best man he could find.

Milan was probably, next to Rome, the most worldly city in the world at that date—as the verse says, 'They had set the world in their heart.' It was not so much that they were corrupted by vile pleasures, debased and degraded. It was a far more difficult problem than that, for when people are deeply degraded they are often conscious of their own un-

happiness and the misery of their sins; but the Milanese were lovers of art and music, of gorgeous spectacles and magnificent buildings. The very sight of Milan bears witness to this; every part of the city testifies to the enjoyment of life; the sun seems to be always shining; the cathedral, with its innumerable marble pinnacles, is more like a fairy palace than a tabernacle of God. Men in such a society are often far harder to deal with than open sinners. The publicans came to Christ before the Pharisees; Christian, with the burden on his back, was much nearer the truth than the stewards of Vanity Fair.

The knowledge of all this weighed on Cardinal Borromeo very heavily, and the more so because he could not fight the evil face to face himself, but was obliged to do it by deputy.

At last the pope gave leave reluctantly, and Carlo Borromeo set off, travelling slowly north, refusing to stay with the great nobles who were anxious to entertain him, but preferring quiet parsonages and the hospitality of simple people, praying much, asking questions, observing, and, like a wise man, holding his tongue. As Archbishop of Milan and cardinal he was the greatest man in that great place, and he entered it through triumphal arches, with people crowding the streets and cheering him, and the chief nobles of the city carrying the canopy over his head, among whom was the old Duke of Albuquerque, from that first moment his attached friend.

And remember that it was only six years since he had left Pavia a law student; he was but twenty-eight years old. He knew he might be popular if he would only let things alone. He had wealth, health, charm of

character, a great position; yet the words of his first prayer in Milan are recorded—that he might do his duty, caring for no man's praise and fearing no man's blame. On Sunday he preached his first sermon on the words, 'With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you'—'before I suffer,' he might have added, if he could only have looked into the future and seen what was in store for him.

His simple words had their effect. He warned the Milanese against themselves; and it is said that that first Sunday evening his house was beset by poor sinners who wanted to repent, but did not know where to begin. Hardly had he begun his life at Milan when he was summoned back to Rome; his uncle the pope was dying. Carlo Borromeo was with him on his death-bed, and stayed long enough in Rome to join in the election of a new pope. When the well-known chimney did not smoke, and the crowds gathered in front of St. Peter's to hear the announcement from the balcony, 'Annuntio vobis magnum gaudium: habemus Papam,' they were told that a monk, Ghislieri by name, had been elected under the title of Pius V. It was a wise choice. As soon as all was over, Carlo Borromeo went to the new pope to ask that he might return to Milan. 'Rome cannot do without you,' said the pope; but moved by his entreaties, he gave him leave to go.

The diocese of Milan was of enormous extent; it reached from Venice to Geneva, and included a part of Switzerland; there were 2,000 priests and 600,000 people. Huge as it would be now for one man to preside over, it was practically far larger then, owing to the difficulties of travelling. There was a great palace in Milan belonging to the archbishop; this he furnished

plainly enough, selling his beautiful pictures at Rome to have money for the poor. He lived a simple life, visiting the sick, never denying an audience, preaching often. The cathedral was in a fearful state; there was a thoroughfare through it, and the noise was as great at mid-day as in a crowded street: all this he set to rights. Then he travelled all over his diocese, visiting the remotest churches among the hills, to the astonishment of the priests; they had never seen a bishop before among them, much less a bishop who was also a fine gentleman. Much of this travelling had to be done on foot. Once he had to cross a mountain stream, and was carried across by a ferryman on his back. The man finding the stream too strong, got nervous, let go of the cardinal, and swam ashore, Charles, with some difficulty, getting to the shore also. The man was found, and brought before him in abject terror, expecting the worst. Charles paid him, quietly saying, 'You did what you could.' Again, one day in a village he was missed by his friends; they dispersed to look for him, and found him sitting on a doorstep, talking to a little ragged beggar boy who was curled up beside him. When he came back to Milan, at last his troubles began in earnest; his attempts to reform matters in the town made him unpopular. Philip II. of Spain, who was Duke of Milan, sent to say that his arrangements could not be interfered with by the archbishop; but Carlo Borromeo went on his way. There was a church called Della Scala, the canons of which were a body of vicious men, who determined to resist the cardinal. Charles sent to them telling them to amend their ways. They returned an insolent message, and Charles rode off to visit them with his

standard-bearer. The canons came out, threw the standard-bearer down, and fired arquebuses, not at Charles, but at the crucifix he carried, intending to frighten him. Charles, who was never deficient in physical courage, dismounted from his mule and solemnly excommunicated them. The canons were furious, and wrote to Philip; but the pope backed Cardinal Borromeo up, and they had to yield. Then came a vile attempt. There were some monks known as the Frati Umiliati, who lived the same sort of life as the canons of Della Scala. Charles warned them to amend, and they formed the design of assassinating him.

Three of these men conspired together. One of them, a priest named Farina, agreed to perpetrate the deed himself for forty crowns; this was a large sum in those days, and it was difficult to know where to obtain it. Their first idea was to murder the treasurer of the monastery, and they went so far as to take a cord into the church to strangle him while he knelt at prayer; but their courage failed them, and they determined to break into the treasury of a church at Bura. This they carried into effect and obtained the money. Farina, on receiving the sum, went away and spent it in riotous living; and it was not till he came to the end of his gold that he could make up his mind to do the deed for which he had been paid. It was October 26th, 1569. Farina, with an arquebuse concealed under his robes, went into the chapel in the archbishop's palace, to which at certain hours the public were admitted. He was not in the dress of a priest, and managed to find a place not more than five or six feet from the cardinal, who was at the altar. When the choir were

singing the antiphon—the very moment is recorded: 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid—' he pulled his arquebuse out of his cloak, aimed steadily, and fired. It was loaded with ball and a large piece of lead. At the report the choir stopped singing; it was seen that the cardinal was wounded. There was a rush to the altar steps; but he rose from his knees and motioned them back to their places. Farina took advantage of the confusion to escape. Charles afterwards told his friends that he imagined he had received his death-blow; but he remained kneeling till the service was over, and then walked back to his apartments. It was found that the ball had struck him on his embroidered cope on the spine, had left a black mark, but had fallen to the ground, where it was afterwards found. The lead had, however, penetrated and inflicted a deep bruise, of which the scar was still visible when he died many years after.

The effect upon the people of Milan was magical: it changed all the popular feeling against the archbishop to sympathy and warm admiration. Philip II. wrote to the Duke of Albuquerque, telling him to set aside his own edicts and to obey the cardinal's wishes in every point. The officials of the city called on the cardinal next day. Charles received them courteously and begged them not to make any search for the would-be assassin, as he was in God's hands. The pope, however, would not let the matter drop; he sent the Bishop of Lodi to Milan to investigate the matter, armed with full powers. It became known that the plot had originated among the Frati Umiliati, and they were ordered to quit their monastery, which was given up to other uses. Farina, who had enlisted

in a regiment of the Duke of Savoy's, was arrested and put to death; and if it had not been for Charles's intercession the same fate would have befallen the other two conspirators.

The same year Milan was visited by a famine. Charles spent all his available money in providing relief; yet, having sold furniture, clothes, and books—his precious works of art had gone long before—found himself at the end of his resources, and was forced to beg of the citizens, who came forward and gave money bountifully. Charles thus supported more than 2,000 people for seven months. At last came an abundant harvest. Charles's health, now that the long strain of anxiety and ceaseless work was over, began to give way; his friends begged him to see a doctor, to take more care of himself. He laughingly said that he was not so important a person as that implied. In the spring of 1572, however, he was seized by cough and fever, and was confined to the house, and a piece of news that suddenly reached him when in this feeble condition filled him with grief and consternation. This was the death of Pius V., which occurred on May 1st. Who was to be his successor? Who was to replace the honest, self-denying man who had worked so humbly and well? The cardinal rose from his bed, against the orders of his doctors, preached a funeral sermon in the cathedral, and then set off to Rome, travelling—he was too weak to ride—in a litter. The pure country air seemed to revive him, and a ludicrous thing happened. There was led in his train a mule covered with bottles and boxes containing the strangest boluses and cordials, medicines distilled from all manner of absurd substances, and drugs of which the

only thing that was demanded was that their constituents should be innocuous and disgusting. This mule stumbled and fell into a stream they were crossing; the bottles were broken on the stones, the pill-boxes floated away. Charles laughed heartily, and said he accepted it as a sign that he wanted no more remedies. When he reached Rome three days were spent in deliberation, and finally Cardinal Buoncompagno was chosen pope under the style of Gregory XIII. This result was received by Charles as almost too good to be true. Gregory was a faithful friend of his, and he had not supposed that he could possibly be elected. Perhaps Charles's known friendship for Buoncompagno had some influence on the election, though it never occurred to him to suspect anything of the kind. The first thing that Charles did after the accession of the new pope was to resign all his various offices into the pope's hands, keeping only his bishopric. The pope demurred, but felt bound to consent.

And now on his return to Milan fresh troubles began. Probably his enemies knew what a stanch friend he had lost in the late pope, and thought that he would not be so well supported now. A certain Don Luis de Requesens was appointed governor. He was a friend of the cardinal's, who hoped that together they would be able to improve the condition of Milan; but, unfortunately, he was still fonder of popularity, and having got into his head that the archbishop was unpopular, he set to work to annoy him in every way. He forbade religious meetings unless a magistrate was present; he seized Charles's Castle of Arona on the plea that it was too near the frontier, and he at last deputed a squadron of cavalry to guard the archbishop's house,

with the idea of keeping him a prisoner. Unfortunately for this precaution, the guards had not the same suspicion of the cardinal, and instead of stopping him at the door, dismounted and knelt on the pavement till he passed. Even Don Luis himself seems to have been impressed, for two years afterwards, on his death-bed, he wrote to Carlo Borromeo an affectionate letter entreating his forgiveness.

But we are drawing near the end. In 1575 the great jubilee was held at Rome. Carlo Borromeo travelled there with a few attendants, incognito, living on the miserable fare that he could get in the peasants' houses and small villages. When he came back to Milan a fearful piece of news came upon him: that the plague had broken out at Mantua and Venice. It was a horrible malady that came from the East, mysterious in its symptoms and origin even now, but doubly so then. Perhaps from our better acquaintance with sanitary principles, the precise form of plague seems to have disappeared in the West. Prince John of Austria, passing through Milan from his victory at Lepanto, stopped in the city. It was lovely summer weather, and the people turned out to do him honour. The whole town was the scene of rejoicing. Suddenly the plague broke out fiercely in two quarters of the city. John of Austria fled before it, leaving the town before daybreak. Don Antonio de Gusman, the newly-appointed governor, who had just entered Lombardy on his way to Milan, went straight back to Spain; everyone who could afford it fled the city, and dispersed to upland farms and country places, where they expected to be saved by isolation from human contact and purer air. Charles alone hurried back on hearing the news from

Lodi, where he had been to attend the bishop's death-bed. He met many coming away from the city, but no one going to it. There was good excuse for fear: three times in the century had Milan been visited by plague, and the last time more than half the inhabitants had died. Charles set quietly to work, called together those of the authorities that had not deserted their posts, repaired the old ruined hospital of San Gregorio, outside the walls, and having seen to their bodies like a prudent man, began to minister to their souls. Night and day he was to be seen threading the streets on endless sad errands. His doctors told him he could not stand it, he would break down. 'So be it,' said Charles, and worked harder than ever. The most ghastly scenes enacted themselves in the city. Living voices were heard calling out of heaps of unburied putrescent dead; great fires burned in the streets; men walked hurriedly and gloomily along, and started with horror to hear the shrieks of agony in some house they passed. Charles's spirits never declined; he was the most cheerful of all his band of helpers. Delicate and sensitive as his nerves were by nature to anything distressing or offensive, he seemed to be sustained by a living energy. The only thing that made him angry was if any of his assistants braved infection in a foolhardy way, or neglected any wise precaution. Then famine fell on the city, and after that the winter. The factories stopped working; there were no clothes to be had. Charles hunted up every stitch of clothing he possessed, cut up all his furs and robes, and gave them away. One day he found some large bales of cloth, and asked what they were. The cloth to lay the floor of the cathedral for the processions, he was told.

In three days it was all turned into capes and cloaks for the poorest people.

At last, after seven months, the plague died out as mysteriously as it had come. Charles preached on the text, 'Now doth the city sit solitary that was full of people.' He spoke of penance and discipline and sorrow for sin; but he, if anyone, had the right to speak. Very few people knew that from this time to the end of his life he slept on the bare boards of his room, never tasted meat or went near a fire, however cold the weather was. We believe now that he was mistaken in these practices—mistaken in thinking them in themselves pleasing to God; but the fact remains that such self-discipline is an infirmity of noble minds, and that few people are capable of such severities who are not capable of greater things still in the service of God. We may not think such things necessary now, but we cannot fail to admire men who carried out cheerfully for years rules we should find it irksome to keep for a single day.

One more struggle he was to have with his enemies. On the first Sunday in Lent, a day above all others sacred to peace and silent repentance, Milan was thronged by people coming in to attend the cathedral services. Charles spent nearly the whole day in church without touching food, administering the Sacrament, reading, preaching, talking to anyone who wanted help or advice. Don Antonio, the governor, determined to push provocation to the uttermost; he held a tournament in the great square, and at last, hearing that Charles was preaching, sent a party of trumpeters into the porch to drown his voice. This time the whole feeling of the public was with the cardinal; the

indignation against Don Antonio was universal, and the wretched man died a few weeks afterwards, Charles visiting him on his death-bed and forgiving him freely, almost the only friend that Don Antonio had left to him.

In 1584 Charles seemed to those about him to be curiously cheerful and light-hearted, though it was known that he was suffering from a painful disease in the leg. One day a priest advised him to leave off his cardinal's hat, which he wore in addition to his cloth cap, and which made the July heat almost insupportable. 'Before very long,' said Charles, with a smile that they remembered afterwards. In October he had an attack of fever—at this time he was at Arona, his birth-place — and he surprised all his friends by suddenly announcing to them that he must go to Milan. He got worse every hour, and finally reached Milan at two in the morning. The next day he was a little better, and they told him they hoped his life would be spared; but he had no wish to stay, and only said, *Fiat voluntas tua.* Then, after the fashion of those days, by his own wish he was clothed in sackcloth and laid upon ashes to symbolize his final repentance. At eight o'clock in the evening he roused himself from a horrible stupor in which, with intervals of pain, he had been sunk for hours; and the watchers heard the voice they never expected to hear again—'Ecce venio' he said, and passed. When the news was made known through the city, by the swinging of the great bell of the cathedral, there was consternation and grief everywhere. Charles was only in the forty-seventh year of his age, and it was thought that many years were yet before him. He did not see his reward; we cannot

see it; he gave up houses and lands, and everything else that the world finds sweet, for Christ's sake, and received little but pain and persecution instead. But he has the inheritance of the saints in light; he has the promise of his Lord; and such a one, who all his life had tried to imitate his Lord, was doubtless well satisfied to wake up after His likeness.

Franciscus de Fénelon

FRANCISCUS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE DE FÉNELON. ARCHIEPISCOPUS ET DUX CAMERACENSIS.

THERE are certain people—more commonly, it is true, to be met with in books than in real life—who seem to have had diffused over their whole being a mysterious charm. Such people are apt to become the favourites of the great, the chosen associates of princes, and sooner or later to lose, by living too long in the warm light of success, if not their charm, yet the strength of character and the purity of principle which might have made their influence effectual and their lives great. Such was the Duke of Buckingham, such was Cardinal Wolsey, such would have been Thomas-à-Becket if he had not broken with his earlier life. When, as in the case of the last mentioned, such a man has also resolution and firm adherence to principle, even at the risk of offending a former friend, he is well worthy of our admiration; but when, as in the case of the man whose life we are going to recount to-day, he combines with the charm that won the love and admiration of princes and courtiers, of children and simple people alike, a straightforward honour that no temptations could divert and no threats overpower, a humility and a simplicity that no greatness could ever

spoil, we feel that we are in the presence of one of those human beings out of the reach, it may seem, of our imitation, but who make us believe that man is indeed made after the image of God.

About Fénelon's success there is nothing that irritates: he did not seek it, he even avoided it, but it followed him naturally; about his gracious courtesy there is nothing unreal, about his goodness there is nothing that repels. It is not necessary to slur over his faults: the difficulty is to discover them. He came of the old French nobility, and his pedigree is particularly rich in the names of soldiers and bishops. Fénelon, as he is commonly called, though his real name is de Salignac, was the son of Count Pons de Salignac, and was born in 1651, two years, that is, after the execution of Charles I., at the castle of Fénelon in Perigord. His mother was his father's second wife, and the count was old when the little boy was born; he was a delicate child, and as often happens in such a case, his half-brothers being much older than himself, and having gone into the world, he was kept at home and much petted by his father, who seems to have almost adored him. He went at twelve years of age to a college at Cahors and soon after to Paris, when his father died and his uncle the Marquis de Fénelon took the charge of him. He was naturally destined to enter the church: the state of his health forbade his ever looking forward to being a soldier; but at the age of fifteen he began to attract attention for his personal charm and precocious cleverness, so that the old marquis began to be afraid he would be spoilt. But there was no real fear of this; Fénelon's was one of those evenly-balanced natures, that expand naturally

in the sunshine of prosperity, and develop neither insolence nor selfishness.

When he decided to go into the Church, he moved to the College of St. Sulpice, and conceived the ambition of entering upon missionary work in Canada. Fénelon's uncle, the Bishop of Sarlat, was strongly opposed to this, and wrote to Tronson, the president of the college, to use his influence to persuade the young man to stay at home, to which the president replied :

' I have always endeavoured to dissuade your nephew, and have urged him to do nothing in a hurry; but finding that his mind was equally set and his intentions equally unselfish, I could do no more, both because persuasion seemed useless and because I did not feel justified in doing violence to his strong feelings. His strong persistent inclination, the firmness of his resolution and the purity of his intentions, have made me feel that they deserved attention.'

Fénelon went to see his uncle, the bishop, who told him that he was simply not strong enough for mission work, and that it was his duty to obey, and work for religion in France.

Fénelon, though deeply disappointed, followed his uncle's directions and returned to St. Sulpice, where he received holy orders. Attached to the college was a parish where the students could become acquainted with practical work. The curé was a certain M. Languet, a man of wonderfully simple and devoted character, who lived in one room, furnished only with a rough bed and two straw chairs, that he might be in no respect different from those among whom he worked, while he was said to distribute alms amounting to nearly

£40,000 a year. When Fénelon had worked for a time here, after two ineffectual attempts to induce his uncle to revoke his decision, he was made head of a little brotherhood called the New Catholics, to the interests of which he quietly devoted himself. The Archbishop of Paris at this time was an ambitious, worldly man, called De Harlay, who lived magnificently, and liked young men of rank, good looks, and brilliant powers, all of which Fénelon possessed. De Harlay wanted Fénelon to spend a good deal of time with him, but Fénelon preferred his own work in retirement, and the only man of whom he saw much was the celebrated Bossuet. Bossuet was Bishop of Meaux, and was perhaps the greatest preacher of that or of any age. His sermons took him an immense time to prepare, and he is said to have consented to preach on one occasion and afterwards refused, though it was on a day three months off, on the ground that there was not sufficient time to prepare a sermon.

De Harlay was jealous of Bossuet; and Fénelon's evident preference for Bossuet's society before his own led him gradually to withdraw his favour from the young priest. 'It seems,' he said once in public to Fénelon, 'it seems, M. l'Abbé, that you wish to be forgotten, and you shall be.' He refused to give him any appointment, and till 1681 Fénelon went unprovided for, and dependent on the marquis for everything, till the Bishop of Sarlat gave him a little priory at Carenac, on the Dordogne, which brought him an income of a few hundred pounds a year. Fénelon writes an amusing letter to his cousin about his going down to Carenac to take possession. He describes his reception by the farmers of the neighbourhood, and

the firing of a salvo of musketry by the troops, 'at which,' says Fénelon, 'my fiery steed, filled with ardour, tried to plunge into the river; but I preferred dismounting.' The local orator made an harangue. 'He compared me,' says Fénelon, 'to the sun; then soon after I was the moon, and in course of time all the brightest planets had the honour of being likened to me. Thence we got on to the elements and meteors, and ended happily somewhere in the creation of the world. By this time the sun had set, and in order to preserve the parallel between it and myself I went to my room and to bed.'

It was at this time that he wrote a little book on 'Education for Girls' for his friend the Duchess of Beauvilliers, which would be otherwise unimportant except for the fact that it led to the event which brought Fénelon into general notice — his appointment as tutor to the little Duke of Burgundy, eldest son of the Dauphin, and grandson of Louis XIV., then on the throne of France. But in the interval he was sent by the king on a kind of mission to the Huguenots, who had been thrown into a state of sedition by the revoking of the Edict of Nantes. He conducted this with such skill that the king appointed him Bishop of Poitiers; but his enemy De Harlay stepped in and persuaded the king to change his mind, and in 1689 he was made preceptor to the little duke, heir to the crown of France.

The dauphin, who was a stupid man of no liveliness or ability, had been educated by Bossuet; but it was generally felt that his education had not been a success and that a change was desirable. Besides Fénelon, the Duke of Beauvilliers, Fénelon's most intimate

friend, was appointed to educate the little duke. Fénelon was now thirty-eight, and as a great curiosity was felt about the man in whose hands so important a task had been placed, it may be as well to quote the description given of him by a contemporary.

'M. de Fénelon,' he says, 'was a tall, thin man, well made, pale, with an aquiline nose, and eyes whence fire and genius streamed as from a torrent, and a countenance the like of which I have never seen in any man, and which once seen could never be forgotten. It united seriousness and gaiety, gravity and courtesy, the man of learning, the ecclesiastic and the grand seigneur, the prevailing characteristics, as in everything about him, being refinement, intellect, grace, modesty, and, above all, noblesse. It was difficult to take one's eyes off him. His manners altogether corresponded to his appearance; his perfect ease was infectious, and his conversation was stamped with the grace and good taste that are only acquired by habitual intercourse with the best society and the great world. He possessed a natural eloquence, graceful and finished, and a most insinuating yet noble and appropriate courtesy; an easy, clear, agreeable utterance; a wonderful power of explaining the hardest matters in a lucid, distinct way. Add to all this, that he was a man who never sought to appear cleverer than those with whom he conversed, who brought himself to their level, putting them at their ease, and attracting them so that one could neither leave him nor mistrust him, nor help seeking him again. It was this rare gift which bound all his friends so closely to him all his life.'

This was the man into whose hands was entrusted the charge of the little Duke of Burgundy. We will

see what the same historian has to say of the pupil. 'The duke,' says St. Simon, 'was born with a character which made one tremble. He was so passionate that he would break the clocks when they struck the hour which summoned him to some unwelcome duty, and fly into the wildest rage with the rain which hindered some pleasure. Resistance made him perfectly furious. Moreover, a strong inclination attracted him to whatever was forbidden to body or mind. His satirical power was the more biting that it was clever and pungent, and he seized promptly on the ridiculous side of things. All this was sharpened by an elasticity, mental and bodily, which became impetuosity, and which made it impossible for him in early days to learn anything without doing two things at once. He gave himself up to all that pleased him with violent passion, and with an amount of haughty pride past description; but on the other hand, as soon as the storm of passion was over, reason would return and get the upper hand. He would see his faults and acknowledge them sometimes, so regretfully as almost to renew the storm. His mind was lively, quick, penetrating, resolute to meet difficulties. The marvel is that in so short a time devotion and grace should have made an altogether new being of him.'

Certainly at seven years of age the little duke promised ill. The same historian adds that he was intensely obstinate, fond of good eating, hunting, music, and games at which it was dangerous to play with him, as he could not endure to be beaten. He was disposed to be cruel, and looked upon the rest of the world as an inferior race with which he had nothing in common. Even his brothers, who were supposed to be brought up

on precisely the same footing as himself, he considered as merely a sort of link between him and the ordinary human race.

The question was, what system of teaching was Fénelon to pursue? He chose the wisest course. Cardinal de Bausset says: 'He pursued only one system, which was to have none.' He devoted himself to gaining the love and respect of the boy, and met difficulties as they arose with infinite tact and gentleness, varying his treatment as the occasion demanded.

For instance, Fénelon wrote the following little paper to amuse the little duke when he was in one of his good moods, and at the same time to warn him against his faults.

'What can have happened to Melanthe? Nothing from without; everything from within. He has all to his mind; everybody seeks to please him. What then is the matter? He is bilious. When he went to bed last night he was the joy of the whole earth. This morning one is ashamed of him—he must be hidden away. When he got up some shoe-string offended him, so the whole day will be stormy, and everybody will suffer. He frightens people—it is deplorable! He cries like a child, he roars like a lion. An evil, sullen cloud blackens his mind, as the ink out of his desk blackens his fingers. Don't talk to him about the things he liked best a minute ago; just because he liked them then he cannot abide them now. The amusements he longed for bore him and must be given up. He contradicts, pities himself, annoys others. He is angry if they will not be put out. Sometimes he fights with empty space, like a mad bull tearing at

the winds with its horns; and if he can find no excuse for attacking others, he turns against himself, blames himself, thinks himself good for nothing, loses heart, and is indignant if anybody tries to comfort him. He wants to be alone, and cannot bear solitude. He returns to society, and is cross with it. People do not talk, and such an affectation of silence irritates him. They speak low, and he fancies they are talking of him; they speak loud, and he thinks them noisy and unfeeling because he is sad; they are grave, and he thinks they are reproaching him; they smile, and he thinks they are laughing at him. What can be done? Nothing but to be as firm and patient as he is unbearable, and to wait quietly in hopes that to-morrow he will be as good as he was yesterday. These strange tempers go as they come. When they seize him, it is like a machine with a broken spring—his reason seems upside down. If you urge him, he will maintain at mid-day that it is night. Sometimes he cannot help being amused at the vehemence of his own absurdity, and in spite of his vexation he smiles at the extravagant things that he has uttered. But how is one to foresee these storms and to avert the tempest? There is no way. No almanac foretells this bad weather.

'At any rate, perhaps he will spare certain people to whom he owes more than the rest, or whom he seems to love better. Not at all; his whims spare no one —they seize on whatever comes across them, and expend themselves on the first comer. If once he is put out, he will abuse everybody. He does not care for anybody—nobody cares for him; he is persecuted, betrayed—he owes nothing to anybody whatever. But

wait a moment, and the whole scene is changed! He wants everyone, he loves and is loved, he flatters and enchants the very people who could not endure him. He confesses how much he was to blame, laughs at his absurdities, caricatures himself. After such a comedy played at his own cost, you would imagine that, at any rate, he would not become demoniac again. But, alas! you are mistaken; he will do it again to-night, and ridicule himself to-morrow without amendment.'

The 'Dialogues of the Dead,' which Fénelon wrote for the prince, were meant to teach history and insight into character at the same time. In the celebrated dialogue between King Louis XI. and Philippe de Comines, the historian, he represents Louis as blaming De Comines severely for having told so many things which he himself would have wished concealed. 'But were they not true?' says De Comines. 'Yes,' says Louis. 'Could I have been silent about them?' 'You need not have said anything about them,' says Louis. 'You need not have done them,' says De Comines. 'If I had given a far worse account I should have been believed; kings who wish to be well spoken of have only one resource—to act well.'

Besides these, Fénelon also wrote a number of fables and legends to amuse the duke, with the same moral. Such is the story of 'Bacchus and the Faun.' Bacchus is being taught under an oak, round the trunk of which peers a little faun, who laughs at the mistakes and mispronunciation of the God. 'How dare you laugh at the son of Jupiter?' says Bacchus at length, growing angry. 'How dare the son of Jupiter make a mistake?' says the faun.

But the little duke began to reward the pains taken with him. At ten he had read some Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Cicero; at eleven he had translated Cæsar's Commentaries and had begun Tacitus. He drew well, was passionately fond of music—which he learnt scientifically—and liked pictures and poetry; but his great liveliness made it rather difficult for him to learn. He liked to carry everything before him by the quickness of his perception rather than plod painfully and know a subject perfectly.

The most difficult thing about him was his extraordinary liability to attacks of furious temper. When one of these evil moods was on him everyone about him relapsed into silence. Nobody spoke to him if they could help it; attendants waited on him with averted eyes, as though reluctant to witness his degradation through passion. He was treated with a sort of humiliating compassion such as might be shown to a madman. There is said to be a slip of paper extant, written and signed by the duke when he was eight years old, after one of these passion fits:

'I promise, on the faith of a prince, to M. l'Abbé de Fénelon, that I will do at once whatever he bids me, and will obey him instantly in whatever he forbids; and if I break my word, I will submit to every possible punishment and dishonour. Given at Versailles, November 29, 1689.

'(Signed) Louis.'

And:

'Louis, who promises anew to keep my promise better, September 20. I beg M. de Fénelon to let me try again.'

One particular occasion is worth recording. Fénelon was obliged to blame the duke one day, with unusual severity, for some breach of rule, whereupon the duke impertinently said: 'No, monsieur; I know who I am, and what you are.' Fénelon said no more, but maintained for the rest of the day a total silence towards the duke, who was, however, too indignant to apologize. The next morning, as soon as the prince was dressed, M. de Fénelon came into the room and said, in the gravest and most ceremonious way: 'I do not know, sir, whether you remember what you said to me yesterday, that you knew who you are and what I am, but it is my duty to teach you your ignorance of both. You fancy yourself a greater personage than I —some of your servants may have told you so; but since you oblige me to do it, I must tell you without hesitation that I am greater than you. You must see that there can be no question of birth in the matter, which adds nothing to your personal merit. You can have no doubt but that I am your superior in understanding and knowledge; you know nothing except what I have taught you, and that is a mere shadow compared with what you yet have to learn. As to authority, you have none over me, whereas I, on the contrary, have full authority over you, as the king and your father have often told you. Perhaps you imagine that I think myself fortunate in holding the office I fill about yourself, but there again you are mistaken. I undertook it only to please the king, and in no way for the irksome privilege of being your tutor; and to convince you of this I am now going to take you to his Majesty and beg him to appoint someone else, whose care of you will, I hope, be more successful than mine.

Now the little duke really loved Fénelon better than anyone else in the world. He saw little of his father but Fénelon had been constantly with him, and by his sweet character and affection had quite won the boy's heart; besides, the little duke was already keenly sensitive to the opinions of others, small as he was; and he was dreadfully distressed to imagine what the Court would think of a prince who was so hopelessly intractable that a man so universally beloved as Fénelon had to give him up. He broke out into entreaties, with sobs and tears: 'Oh, monsieur, I am so sorry for what I said yesterday. . . . If you tell the king he will not care for me any more. . . . And what will people think if you leave me? I promise ever so much that you will never have cause to complain of me again, if only you will not go.'

Fénelon would promise nothing, and for a whole day he allowed the duke to undergo the tortures of uncertainty. At last Madame de Maintenon interceded, and Fénelon consented to stay. He never had to complain again: Louis kept his word.

Probably nothing could have overcome the natural tendencies to evil, wrestling within the little duke, but such wise and quiet religious training. From the time of his first communion to the end of his life the duke never failed to communicate once a fortnight.

There had always, however, been in Louis XIV.'s mind a suspicious feeling about Fénelon's religious belief, and, on the suggestion of the Archbishop of Paris, who still disliked Fénelon, he announced that Bossuet should examine the little prince and see if he did not need a more liberal teacher; but Bossuet was astonished at the progress the duke had made, remem-

bering how very little he had managed to teach his father, and thus the malice of De Harlay was thwarted.

The office of preceptor, though it brought Fénelon great credit, was far from being a profitable one—the Priory of Carenac had misfortunes and paid him next to nothing—and making it a rule never to ask for any favours for himself, family or friends, he was for five years very poor indeed. A cousin, Madame de Laval, lent him plate and money, which he gradually repaid: this was necessary, because, in his position, he had to keep up a certain amount of state. At last Louis XIV. found it out and gave him the Abbey of St. Valéry; and he was elected a member of the French Academy in 1693, which shows that he had already made a mark in literature. He became a trusted friend of Madame de Maintenon, and several confidential letters still exist where she presses him to tell her of her faults, and he replies fully and carefully, without flattery or praise, pointing out her temptations to pride and self-interest.

Early in 1695 the king nominated Fénelon to the Archbishopric of Cambrai. He at first refused, saying that he could not feel any pleasure in an appointment which removed him from his preceptorship of the prince; whereupon the king replied that he did not intend that this should be the effect of the appointment; he meant him to live at court just the same. Fénelon then said that in that case he could not accept the appointment, as it would be against his conscience. We must remember that it was so common a thing in those days for a man to hold a bishopric, and not to live there or do any of the work of the place, but

appoint a deputy, that his scruples were looked upon very much as those of a man would be nowadays who might be left a large estate by will, and refuse to accept it because he thought he could not do his duty to the tenants there; it was regarded as merely a matter of business. However, the king got over the difficulty; a bishop was bound by law to reside at his cathedral town nine months in the year; 'The other three months,' said the king, 'you must spend with us at court, and the remaining nine months that you are at Cambrai you must send directions about the prince's education, which shall be obeyed just as if you were here.' Fénelon consented, and then resigned the Abbey of S. Valéry, at which the king was still more surprised—and said that it was not necessary. However, Fénelon again insisted. At the end of the same year, 1695, the Archbishop of Paris died suddenly, and it was hoped by many that Fénelon would have succeeded him; the post lay between himself and a certain De Noailles, and the latter was finally appointed. But Fénelon would undoubtedly have been made archbishop had it not been for a curious suspicion about him that had been creeping into the king's mind.

A certain sect called Quietists were just now exciting a good deal of notice in Europe. They answered to a certain extent to what we call Quakers now, only they were far more extravagant in their doctrines. Their founder, a priest called Molinos, was a good and pious man; but, as not unfrequently happens, the people who take up a movement, the admirers and followers of a great man, adopt his system far more violently than he intended, insist on teaching things with his authority of which he would never have approved, or

even sometimes thrust the leader into the background, and manage matters for themselves. Starting a movement is often like undertaking to drive an engine when you only know how to turn the steam on, and not either how to turn it off or apply the brakes.

There was a fantastic monk called La Combe, who died in a madhouse, and a certain nun called Madame Guyon, who were doing this to Molinos' doctrines. Molinos said that the devout believer ought to compose his soul and keep it waiting and expectant for the grace of God to fill it, as sailors spread a sail to catch the tropical rain. Certainly, Mme. Guyon said; and went on to add that all forms of prayer or of sacraments were unnecessary, and that the time usually given to them ought to be used in keeping up this expecting attention—which was not quite what Molinos meant, though he undoubtedly did make too little of forms and times of prayer. Molinos said that the soul thus waiting on God was superior to all baser thoughts and wishes; his followers said that the most evil imaginations might visit the soul, and yet would not stain it as long as they did not touch the general purpose.

Madame Guyon's name was originally De la Mothe, and it is possible that there may have been some kind of relationship between her and Fénelon, who bore the same name. Anyhow, Fénelon was suspected of favouring her perversion of Molinos' doctrines; and, as the pope had condemned Molinos in 1687—seven years before—it was a serious suspicion.

Fénelon, no doubt, did think and teach that all the formal religion in the world, such as the saying of set prayers, the attending religious worship, even receiving the sacrament, is not of the smallest use to a man

unless he takes part in it with a pure and reverent heart; and that unless the thoughts are turned constantly and quietly to God, the religious life is impossible. But he was no friend to any kind of extravagance, and never had the least sympathy for these wild imaginations. He had, however, powerful enemies. Bossuet was not only jealous of his influence with the princes, but no doubt really believed—at least at first—that Fénelon's religious faith was not as strict as it ought to have been. Madame de Guyon was arrested and brought before the Archbishop of Paris, who, by examining her and imprisoning her, turned her into a martyr. Fénelon was urged to publish a letter to say that he condemned her works, but it was pointed out to him by the Duke of Beauvilliers that this was a clever trap to catch him; his enemies would then be able to say, Why should the archbishop take the trouble to do this if he is innocent? he evidently has been a friend of this poor woman, and now that the matter has become serious he has acted thus out of worldly motives. So Fénelon held his tongue. Madame de Guyon now disappears; she was a prisoner till 1701 in the Bastille, and was then released, worn out and broken down, and died at Blois in 1717.

But Bossuet had not done with Fénelon. In 1696 he published another book, which contained a scarcely disguised attack on him; and it was to answer this that Fénelon wrote a book at the advice of his friends of 'Spiritual Maxims,' or, to give it its full title, 'Maximes des Saints sur la Vie Intérieure,' which, to the intense surprise of its author, and to the still greater surprise of readers of the book to-day, caused a perfect storm of feeling to break out.

In February, 1697, Fénelon had to suffer another misfortune. His palace at Cambrai was burned to the ground, with an utter destruction of everything it contained. A friend who hurried to court to tell Fénelon of this found him sitting talking in his room very placidly, and began to break the bad news gently. 'Oh, thank you,' said Fénelon, 'I have heard the news from Cambrai. And after all, it is better that my house should be burnt than the house of some peasants who would have lost everything;' and he went back to the subject of his conversation.

Fénelon journeyed to Cambrai to make arrangements for the rebuilding of his house, and on his return found Paris in an uproar about the book. He went to see Madame de Maintenon, and found her reading it. 'Here is a chapter, my lord,' she said to him, 'which I have read nine times, and I cannot understand it yet.'

'Madam,' said the archbishop, 'if you read it a hundred times you will not understand it any better; all mystical writings are obscure, and the court is not the best place in which to learn to understand them.'

'Probably that is why such dreadful things are said about your book,' said Madame de Maintenon; 'but when I recollect that you wrote it, I feel reassured in spite of the fuss.'

Bossuet was the opponent from whom Fénelon had most to fear, if he had feared anything; for Bossuet had fighting blood, and now that direct attacks on Fénelon failed, he had recourse to indirect attacks. He circulated (it seems) stories about him, and repeated what he said were conversations he had had with him; but here he overshot the mark.

'The bishop knows I never said anything of the

kind,' said Fénelon; 'and even if I did, the substance of the conversations, as he reports them, shows that they were private, and that he has no right to tell them to others.'

Fénelon at last, from ceaseless worry, fell ill of a fever. 'Nothing but rest can do me any good, and that God denies me,' he wrote.

At last Louis wrote to the pope asking him to condemn the book. Fénelon thereupon wrote to the king to ask permission to go to Rome, as he was to be accused there. Louis wrote in anger to refuse leave, and ordered Fénelon to go to Cambrai, and not to leave it till further orders. The young Duke of Burgundy went in tears to his grandfather to beg him to reverse this; but only succeeded in making the king more angry and suspicious.

Pope Innocent XII. was not a strong man, and anxious not to offend the King of France; and Louis was very strong indeed, and did not care whom he offended so long as he got his way. Fénelon sent a connection of his, the Abbé de Chanterac, to Rome, who was very kindly received by the pope, who was himself strongly disposed in Fénelon's favour.

In 1697 the formal wedding of the Duke of Burgundy took place, as was the custom of those days, though he was quite a child, and Fénelon was not even invited. In 1698 the king struck the names of all Fénelon's friends off the court appointments not only without a reward for past services, but without a word of warning or of thanks. Fénelon's name he did not dare to remove till the book had been condemned.

This high-handed proceeding made the pope very angry. De Chanterac came to tell him, and found he had

just heard of it, and he threw up his hands as a man does when unwilling to hear something, so entirely was he convinced that the archbishop was above suspicion. The only difficulty was that the pope was so old, and his memory so bad, that it was impossible altogether to rely on what he said. How great the difficulties were that Fénelon had to cope with even to get a fair hearing may be judged when we say that it was only by sending special couriers that he could hope to get a packet safely to Rome without its being opened; the spies of his enemies were on the look-out for anything that went from him by the ordinary posts.

Meanwhile, a committee of learned men, appointed by the pope, had been considering the 'Maximes.' They held no less than sixty-four sittings, and in the end the votes, five on each side, were equal, the more respected names being in Fénelon's favour. There is an old law of the Church that anyone who can divide the votes is acquitted; to be condemned it is necessary to have a majority against you. The only thing that Fénelon's enemies could do was to get the pope to refer the matter to the cardinals, to which course he unwillingly consented. Meanwhile, in France Bossuet was busy; he got some professors of the Sorbonne to condemn the book, and at last, in 1699, the king sent for the list of his grandson's household, and with his own hand struck out Fénelon's name from his appointment. He also wrote a most angry, dictatorial letter to Rome, insisting that the book should be condemned 'It will not do for us,' said one of the cardinals, 'to fire our guns at a prince; we must yield somewhat to his wishes.'

The pope did his very best to deliver Fénelon, and at

last the decision was made. Twenty-three of the statements in the book were publicly censured; the decree was accepted by all the cardinals, signed with the greatest indignation by the pope, and posted up in all the public places in Rome. As a rule a book thus condemned was ordered to be burnt; but the cardinals would not allow this, and, in fact, did not condemn Fénelon's doctrine, but said that it was unfortunately worded so as to cause uneasiness. The king was not satisfied with this; but the pope refused to do more, saying, privately, that he considered Fénelon a most pious, holy man; and his agitation and distress were so great at the whole business that his health was seriously affected.

The bad news came to Fénelon just as he was going into the cathedral to preach on the day before the Annunciation. The only sign of feeling he gave was to put his sermon away and speak on the duty of submitting to lawful authority. The congregation guessed what had happened, and were full of sympathy for him.

A few days after Fénelon published a letter to the clergy of his diocese:

'Our holy father the pope has condemned the book entitled "Explication des Maximes des Saints" in a brief which is spread abroad everywhere, and which you have already seen.

'We give our adhesion to this brief, dear brethren, as regards the text of the book and the twenty-three points, simply, absolutely and without a shadow of reserve, and we forbid the faithful of the diocese to read or retain the book.

'God grant that we may never be spoken of save as a pastor who strove to be more docile than the least sheep of the flock, and whose submission knew no limit.

'Dear brethren, may the grace of God be with you all. Amen.

'FRANÇOIS, Archbishop and Duke of Cambrai.'

This Fénelon sent to the pope, and received in answer a gracious letter; then he let the subject drop. He did not try to explain it away; he did not apologize or show that he was afraid or ashamed of the condemnation; he simply let the matter alone; he never said a word about the king or Bossuet, or any of his enemies. A gentleman dining with Fénelon once spoke of Bossuet with great admiration, and afterwards was afraid that he might have given pain. This was mentioned to the archbishop, who said with great emotion: 'What *can* he think of me if he shrinks from mentioning before me a man whose genius is an honour to his age and country and the whole Church!'

We now come to another storm in Fénelon's life, also caused by the publication of a book. Long ago, when he was living with the duke, he wrote a little book called 'Télémaque'—Telemachus, son of Ulysses, who, as the princely heir of a famous father, might be considered a suitable central figure for an allegory that was to contain teaching meant for a young prince some day to succeed to a throne. But Fénelon never even meant to publish the book; he lent it in MS. to some friends to read, and a man who copied it for him, having been clever enough to see that it would attract attention, took another copy for himself. This he took to a firm

of publishers, who accepted it and began to print it. Fénelon discovered what was going on, and put the matter into the hands of the police, who broke up the type, imprisoned the printers and burnt all the proofs; but the publisher, who had kept the MS., sold it to a Dutch printer, who published it at once (in 1699), and everyone read it eagerly.

It was a most unfortunate time for the book to come out; at any other it would have been seen to be what it really is—a rather dull story told in very good French; but the quarrel about the 'Maximes' was at its height, and this book was supposed to be a satire upon France, the government and the king. Whether Fénelon would have wished to publish a satire upon the king and government just at that very time they did not stop to inquire; the demand for 'Télémaque' was immense—edition followed edition; and it was in vain for Fénelon himself to point out that to write and publish such a book at such a time would be to prove himself both knave and fool. His enemies insisted that it was a satire, and held the cap firmly on their own heads; his friends went on admiring it, saying that it was the most beautiful book ever written in the French or any other language; and at this distance of time it is hard to decide which view is the most unreasonable.

Now, as a contrast to all this fighting and calling of names, let us turn for a little to Fénelon's quiet home life at Cambrai.

Cambrai is on the borders of France and Flanders, and at this period was a very central place, with armies constantly passing to and fro. His relations with the soldiers are sufficiently testified to by the fact that military honours were continually offered him. He was

loved and trusted, too, by the people and priests of his diocese, to the work of which he devoted himself. His enemies said that he was possessed by 'la passion de plaire,' but it is far more like the truth to say that he possessed the faculty of delighting others; he was so courteous and simple-minded that he treated all alike, and gave his whole mind and attention to the person with whom he was conversing. He never seemed conscious of his own rank, or dignity, or fame. His house was always open for hospitality to anyone passing through Cambrai. His palace was often full of invalided officers, who sometimes stayed for months till they were well again. After the battle of Malplaquet he even turned the students out of his college to make room for the wounded; he frequently visited the hospital, and was for ever sending in not only medicines, but all kinds of delicate dishes and wines from his house for the sick. He liked to stop in his walks to chat with the soldiers of the garrison, which made him the idol of the troops. In the morning he worked at business with secretaries, then he had service in the chapel. '*Et il y était prompt*,' says the Marquis De Fénelon. He lunched with his guests, and though eating little sat long at table talking; he then went to his own rooms, leaving his guests to amuse themselves, which was part of the delightful freedom of the house. In the afternoon he visited in the hospital, or paid calls, or went for a country walk which he loved to prolong, generally with a secretary or some priest. In the evening he dined with his guests, and went to bed before midnight. An old priest who went to Cambrai to see him, and was asked to transfer his luggage from the Lion Inn to the palace, has left a most precise

description of him. He was dressed in a violet cassock and gown (*simarre*) with crimson cords; he had a green silk cord on his hat, and white gloves, with no cane or cloak. At dinner the archbishop made the priest sit on his right hand. There were fourteen people present, and the dinner was excellent—soups, entrées, game, magnificent fruit, a great deal of plate, everything fine and costly, but without display; many liveried servants waited noiselessly and carefully.

Fénelon was very considerate to his servants; he used to speak very strongly about treating them roughly or unkindly. 'Why should we add to the trials of their position,' he used to say, 'by want of civility, poor people? Sometimes, of course, I scold them, because my temper is hasty, but next moment I am sorry, and make up for it by some kind of apology which soothes them at the expense of my own self-love.' Sometimes his friends would tell him he spoilt his servants by over-indulgence and made them careless. 'Oh, I grant it,' he would say; 'I am not as well served as I ought to be. What then? I had rather be over kind than too severe.'

'The archbishop,' says the old priest, 'took the trouble to help me with his own hands to everything that was choicest on the table, and every time I thanked him with the greatest ceremony, hat in hand, as each time he, too, did not fail to take off his hat to me, and also did me the honour to drink my health.'

'The conversation,' he goes on to say, 'was very easy and pleasant, with no stiffness, everyone taking his part, only without any jesting or impertinence.'

Most bishops of that time made their clergy dine at a separate table, but this was not the case at Cambrai.

Fénelon himself hardly ate or drank anything—a few spoonfuls of pudding and a glass of wine; and he showed signs of abstemiousness in his thinness and clear complexion.

After dinner they adjourned, as was then customary, to the state bedroom, which was used as a sitting-room, and there talked. Fénelon had a little table by him, where he wrote or signed papers, and gave directions to his chaplains. Then the dean came in, and after coffee Fénelon went to call on the governor. The moment he was gone, the old priest, whose curiosity was insatiable, went over the house, and describes the corridor to the chapel where Fénelon liked to walk as he talked, the great reception-room, with its velvet arm-chairs and tapestries, the portraits, even Fénelon's bed-room—a little bare room, furnished with grey woollen coverlets and hung with engravings. The garden was a square lawn enclosed in alleys of trees. At ten in the evening, after supper, a chaplain read prayers in the bedroom, and they afterwards retired to bed. This house was unfortunately destroyed in the Revolution.

Fénelon took a great interest in his college for men who were being educated for the priesthood; besides lecturing there, he tried to make friends with all the students, and paid the expenses of the more promising, whom he sent to Paris for further training.

He often preached in the churches of the town. He did not write his sermons, but sketched out a plan with notes, and though hardly an orator, spoke with such ease and charm, that his name has been coupled with two other great Frenchmen in this respect: 'To think like Pascal, write like Bossuet, speak like Fénelon,' was held to be the perfection of gifts.

Amidst these labours Fénelon carried on an enormous correspondence, principally with people who asked his advice in religious difficulties. All these quiet years he kept up his interest in the young Duke of Burgundy, though never allowed to see him. But in 1702, the duke was sent by the king to the army in Flanders, and thus was to pass through Cambrai. The king, however, with a sort of clumsy malice, forbade him to dine or sleep there—even to alight from his horse. The young duke wrote to beg Fénelon to be at the post-house at the time mentioned, and the meeting took place after four years' separation.

The crowd was deeply touched to see the transport of joy with which the boy met the archbishop. He embraced him again and again, and talked with a warmth which not even the presence of numerous bystanders could restrain. 'I know what I owe to you, and you know what I am to you,' he said on parting—a very different sentiment from that previously recorded. The king was, however, strictly obeyed, and the royal party only changed horses.

The young duke, good and promising as he now was, was in danger of becoming unpopular and giving offence by the austerity of his life and habits: he spent long hours in work, and offended the king by refusing to be present at court balls and other festivities. Fénelon writes to him and advises him to be more like other people in these respects. They did not meet again till 1708—again at the inn at Cambrai—but this time he was allowed to dine at the post-house, where the archbishop went to meet him. The prince said out loud that he could never forget the obligations he was under to Fénelon, and hardly spoke

to or looked at anyone else while there. The campaign of 1708 was an unfortunate one, and the young prince had much to try him, and wrote to Fénelon frequently, whose answers are preserved, and are delightfully outspoken and affectionate. He reproves the prince for being too exclusive, and tells him that the public has the right of easy access to its princes. He also warns him to be more cautious in his expression of opinion, and not so severe in his behaviour and manner.

In 1709 the country got more deeply involved in war. Fénelon's hospitality to officers, care of sick soldiers, and even his offers of provisions, became more and more open-handed. He was held in the greatest respect by all the men as well as the officers. His land was always respected; and we find the Duke of Marlborough assigning a special guard to Fénelon in order that he might remove some stores into Cambrai.

He had another peculiar interest in the war. His nephew, the young Marquis of Fénelon, was an officer, and being severely wounded, had to undergo a painful operation on his leg. The archbishop's frequent letters to him all this time are delightful, and ought to be read in detail; so, too, his letters to another little nephew at school and college. They flow so easily from the pen, they are so full of little trifles of news such as would interest one who was away; they are so tender, and affectionate, and outspoken in their affection, without being in the least degree mawkish or sentimental; and then, too—the surest test of all—they are full of advice, and yet are never tedious, because the advice is not general, moralizing, or wrapped up in religious phraseology, but shrewd, clever, pointed, both with regard to the present diffi-

culties of his correspondent as well as the difficulties natural to his position—to the prince as to how to be familiar and kind without losing dignity—to his nephew how to be patient under long-continued pain, and then, when the illness was over, and convalescence began, how not to get into invalid ways and avoid society. Then there is advice as to the payment of surgeons and nurses—it should be too much rather than too little—though the young marquis was not well off: he himself would make up the deficiency; advice, too, to his numerous friends and little relatives, for many of whom he had some pet name.

In 1711, the Dauphin, still the same dull and heavy man, died suddenly of smallpox, and the little duke became Dauphin. No one even pretended to be much grieved. The king lay in bed longer than usual the next morning. Such was the fear of infection that the burial was hurried over without even ordinary decency.

Fénelon wrote to the young Dauphin that he was to try his best to be useful to the king, and play his part well to the world. The king's heart was easily won, and a few months saw the prince easy, majestic, cheerful, agreeable, receiving homage and repaying it with graceful gratitude. He was, in reality, only carrying out the old lessons that Fénelon had taught him, more by example than by any uttered precept, and day after day Fénelon knelt with love in his heart for the prince. It was like a song to him to say: 'Give the king Thy judgments, O God, and Thy righteousness unto the king's son!'

Suddenly, as if to show the world that it is not to trust in human instruments, however divine or

beautiful they seem, the hope of the nation was struck down. The young princess fell ill of a mysterious disease, till now unknown, and died in great suffering. They told her there was hope just before the end, and God would answer her husband's prayer and restore her to health. 'No,' she said; 'He will lay this sorrow on him, for He chastens those whom He loves.' Rough, horrible remedies were tried, only increasing her suffering, but she died on the 12th February, 1712. The next day the Dauphin, who had been with his wife all through, received the sacrament and drove to see the king, but fainted in the carriage. On the morning of the 18th he was dead, a sudden paroxysm having come on, before the king or the people suspected that there was any danger. The same mysterious illness carried off their eldest little son, the Duke of Brittany, and his baby brother was only saved by being shielded from medical treatment. The king's grief was terrible, but Fénelon's was still keener. A letter he wrote to the prince to comfort him during the illness of the princess never reached him—in fact, Fénelon must have been writing it just at the hour at which the prince died.

The day after the Dauphin's death the king sent for the prince's despatch-box; but the Duke of Beauvilliers seems to have secured some of Fénelon's papers that he thought might have vexed the king, and it appears that the prince himself seems to have destroyed everything that might have brought Fénelon into disfavour with his grandfather.

The last accounts that we have of Fénelon's life come from the pen of a Scotchman called Ramsay, who for a time lived at Cambrai. Long after Ramsay desired

to take his degree at Oxford, but it was opposed on the ground of his being a Catholic. 'A Catholic, but the friend of the great Fénelon,' said Dr. King, and the opposition was withdrawn. In 1712 Fénelon's old friend, the Duc de Chevreuse, died. 'I cannot grow accustomed to my loss,' he writes, who had so often consoled others. In 1714 the Duc de Beauvilliers also died. To a man so affectionate as Fénelon, it was a terrible thing to begin to outlive friends. But at his age it was a comfort to him that he could not outlive them long. Indeed, the end came sooner than was expected. All through 1713 and the following year his health had caused anxiety to his family, though he speaks of himself as 'good and obedient, setting a good example to my children;' and adds that, like a child, he takes his milk regularly. Still he interested himself in public events, and his attitude towards his ungrateful king is one of quiet dignity. 'No one,' he writes, 'ever felt a livelier gratitude for the king's favours, a deeper respect or more inviolable attachment to his person, or more ardent zeal for his service. . . . I daily pray to God for his Majesty's precious life; I would willingly sacrifice my own for him.'

On October 14th, 1714, he wrote to urge the appointment of a coadjutor to help him in his work. None was ever appointed, as the closing scene of his life was now not far off. He had lost the best horses out of his stable, and had nothing left but unsteady young ones, which 'shied and were all but useless,' as he himself says in a letter. Just before Christmas his carriage was upset, and though neither he nor anyone else was hurt, the shock to his nerves was great, and he returned to Cambrai much shaken.

On New Year's Day, 1715, acute fever set in, and his last short illness began. During the week that he was ill he would listen to nothing but the Bible. Over and over again St. Paul's words were read to him. It was the passage which contains the verses: 'For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.'

The doctors could do nothing for him. Doctors at that period had no idea of any remedies except bleeding and the like, which probably hastened the end. He unhappily suffered a great deal of pain. 'I am on the cross with Christ,' he said. 'Three times He prayed the same prayer,' he added, thinking of the Garden of Gethsemane; then as the pain attacked his utterance, the bystanders continued: 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'

All those who loved him stood round his bed on that last night, and asked his blessing in the intervals when he was free from pain, and the occasional delirium that fever and weakness caused. About a quarter to five on the morning of January 7th he became unconscious, and in another half-hour all was over. The cup had passed away from Fénelon, and he could see the things which are eternal.

He was buried beneath the high altar of his cathedral at Cambrai; and when that cathedral was destroyed by the people in the Revolution, his coffin and his remains were respected and replaced in a vault, whence

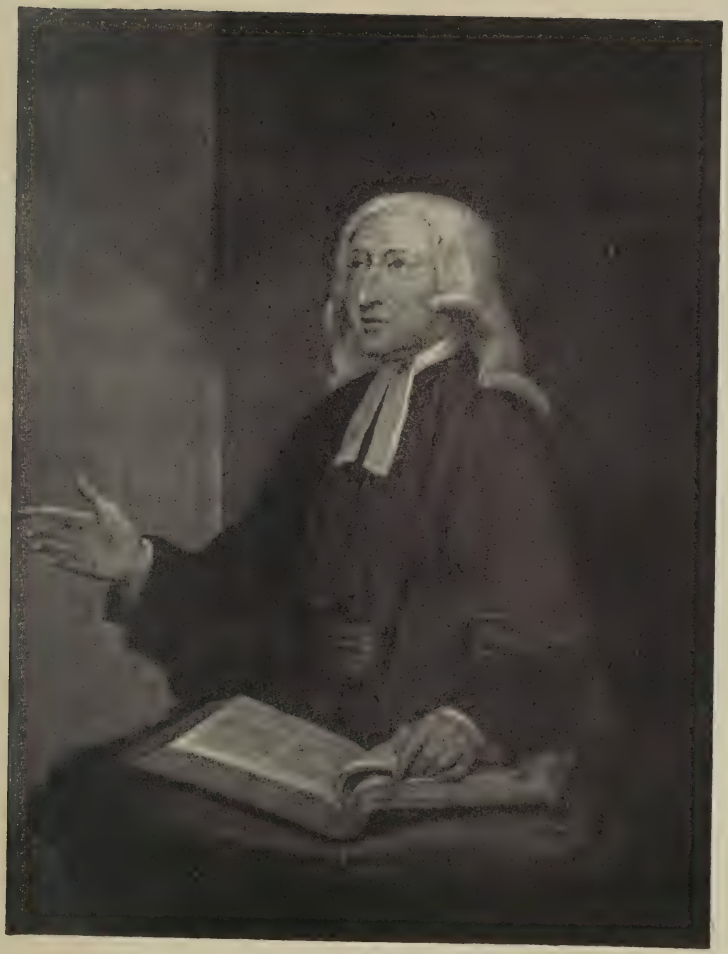
they were removed in 1800, for their better preservation, to a temporary resting-place in the chapel of a monastery. It was Napoleon's intention to erect a 'monument or mausoleum. . . to receive the ashes of the immortal Fénelon;' but it was never carried out, and when the new cathedral was built in 1825 the remains were transferred to it, and there stands his monument. But in the love and veneration of the Church of Christ he has a monument more lasting than brass, and higher than the pyramids of kings.

That the Church can claim Fénelon among her saints is a notable fact. A common complaint that the world makes is that the gentleman is too often merged in the Christian; that the art of serene and noble living is neglected in the absorbing interests of morality and conduct; that in the imperative duty of being instant in season and out of season, the delicate tact of the man of the world, the graceful consideration for the feelings of others, is apt to be overlooked. But Fénelon is a standing proof that this need not be the case. He was a man who prized his faith in Christ above everything that the world could give him, who never sacrificed the least of his principles to ambition or worldliness, and yet was from first to last the ideal of a courtier and a gentleman, amiable and perfectly simple-minded, welcome in all society, and showing all through that though the apostles had neither silver nor gold, and though their Master and his had nowhere to lay His head, yet that it is possible to have the apostolic spirit while you spend a princely revenue, and to be the true and devoted servant of a homeless Lord, while you lay your head in the palaces of the Church, and wear soft raiment in the houses of kings.

JOHN WESLEY.

OUR Lord said that He had not come to bring peace on earth, but a sword; but in this He was not declaring the purpose of His teaching, but foreseeing the consequence of it. In their first sense the words may be taken to apply to heathen attempts to crush out Christianity. At first such a strife was almost necessary; but it is a sad and mysterious thing that the words should come to be applied to the differences that exist between His own followers, and that the preachers of the gospel of peace should still find so much time to quarrel with one another.

The large majority of people in England belong to the Established Church, but there are nearly five millions of what are called Methodists, Dissenters or Nonconformists. Of these the Wesleyans—so-called after the name of John Wesley, their founder—form by far the largest sub-division, and it will be interesting if we try to see what reasons they had for leaving the Church and founding a sect of their own; for though we cannot but regret that so many people should of their own accord have separated themselves from the Church of the country, the life and character of the man who founded this society, and by whose name they are called, are sure to be worth studying. When



JOHN WESLEY (*W. A. Mansell phot.*)

Wesley died there were 76,000 members of his society; there are now said to be no less than 18,000,000 people all over the world (of the 90,000,000 English-speaking races) receiving Methodist instruction. Their income raised in the United Kingdom alone last year was not far short of half a million. Mr. Tyerman says that 'Methodism is the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ,' and goes on to speak of it in a way that reduces the original foundation of that church to insignificance; but then Mr. Tyerman is a Methodist.

The Wesleys are a remarkable family. When Charles, John's younger brother, was born there was a certain Mr. Garrett Wesley, a distant cousin living in Ireland, who offered to adopt him for his son, and actually did pay his school bills; but for some reason this arrangement fell through, and Mr. Wesley left his estates to another cousin, Mr. Colley, who took the name of Wesley and was made Lord Mornington. His son, who changed his name to Wellesley, was the Lord Mornington whose music we still hear. Two of his sons, it is hardly necessary to say, were the Marquis Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington. Besides these collateral relations, Charles Wesley's son, that is John Wesley's nephew, was the celebrated musician, Samuel Wesley, and his son again was Samuel Sebastian Wesley, organist of Gloucester, composer of the well-known anthems, 'The Wilderness' and 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,' of such hymns as 'The Church's one Foundation,' and much more of the best ecclesiastical music. So they may be considered a noteworthy stock.

John Wesley's father was a remarkable man. At

the age of seventeen he walked from Blandford, in Wiltshire, where his father had a living, to Oxford, where he picked up an education, and was finally presented to the living of Epworth, in Lincolnshire. His wife Susannah, John Wesley's mother, must have been even more remarkable. It is only another instance of notable men having generally notable mothers. Susannah is said to have reduced home training to a science; she certainly had plenty of material to work upon, as John Wesley was one of nineteen children, whom she brought up by the strictest rules, like the children in the monastery of St. Edmund—'confortavit pueros baculo.'

John Wesley was a consequential child of deliberate and argumentative habits. There are a few childish stories which prove this related of him; but the only adventure of a serious kind that he met with was the destruction of Epworth Rectory by fire, when he was left behind, forgotten in the burning house. He was rescued from a bedroom window just before the roof fell in—'a brand plucked from the burning,' as he said of himself long after. When he was ten he went to Charterhouse School, then in London. It is recorded of him, though the story is not of certain authority, that he did not so much care for the society of his equals, but liked to hold forth to a knot of smaller boys. One of the masters spoke to him about this, to which John Wesley replied that he preferred to rule in hell rather than to serve in heaven. He did not distinguish himself particularly at school, and went up to Christ Church in 1720. His father told him to call upon the famous Dr. Sacheverell, then in London, who had great influence at Christ Church, and was one

of the most prominent men of the day: he had been impeached by the Government in 1709 — against the wish of the Queen, clergy and nation—for preaching before the Lord Mayor a sermon about punishing Dissenters and defending the Church.

The boy went to see him, and what followed shows his imperious spirit. 'When I was introduced,' said Wesley, 'I found him alone, as tall as a maypole and as fine as an archbishop. I was a very little fellow, not taller' (pointing to a very gentlemanlike but very dwarfish clergyman who was in the company) 'than Mr. Kennedy there. He said: "You are too young to go to the university; you cannot know Latin or Greek yet. Go back to school." I looked at him as Goliath looked at David, and despised him in my heart. I thought: "If I do not know Greek or Latin better than you, I ought to go back to school indeed." I left him, and neither entreaties nor commands could have brought me back to him.'

Five years Wesley spent at Christ Church. He was famous for his skill in logic, by which he silenced anyone who ventured to dispute with him. He was a popular man, witty and refined. He wrote poetry in private. 'Yet I had not all this while,' as he wrote long after, 'so much as a notion of inward holiness; nay, went on habitually, and for the most part contentedly, in some or other known sin, though with some intermission and short struggles, especially before and after the Holy Communion, which I was obliged to receive thrice a year.' His principal troubles arose from his very feeble health and his poverty: he was almost constantly in debt. But gradually serious thoughts prevailed; he began to watch against sin, and

to pray. At last he determined to be ordained. He preached the first of his many thousand sermons in September, 1726; and in the same year he was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College. His room is still pointed out, and a vine planted by him creeps round the window. He said that this election was very useful to him, for the greatest difficulty he had to struggle with was the conversation of his old friends at Christ Church, which snuffed out all his good resolutions; while at Lincoln he knew not one single person and could form his own acquaintance. He studied widely during this time, and read, besides classics, philosophy, Hebrew, Arabic, and optics, and even composed poetry; and in religious opinion was what we should call a very high churchman, inclining to fasting, the strict observance of saints' days, confession, penance, and other similar practices. Indeed, not long after this time he refused to admit to the Communion a man because he had not been baptized by a minister episcopally ordained. This was zeal, but ignorant zeal, because, though baptism is better administered by a priest, yet in cases of necessity baptism may be validly administered by any man, woman, or child.

The word 'Methodist' sprang into existence at Oxford, when John Wesley was away at his first curacy, preaching to a flock 'dull as asses and impervious as stones,' as his sister Mehetabel said. Charles Wesley and two or three undergraduate friends formed a society, to read together and to talk over their difficulties, and to do if possible a little religious work. Such a course sincerely pursued would be difficult even now, when differences of religion are tolerated if not respected. *Some* ridicule it

would meet with, we may be sure, and it would want great sincerity to carry through. But it was ten times more difficult then, when the general tone of society was far more irreligious, and grossly outspoken. They were nicknamed Methodists from the methodical way in which they divided up their time. When John Wesley came back from his first curacy he found this society existing and joined them.

How strict their discipline was the following will show. John Wesley found that he spoke every night at twelve or one, and came to the conclusion that it was from lying in bed longer that he needed ; so he set his alarum at seven instead of being called at eight. Still he woke. The alarum was altered to six, to five, to four, and at last his wakefulness ceased. 'By the grace of God,' he wrote late in life, 'I have risen at four ever since, and, taking the year round, don't lie awake a quarter of an hour in a month.' He went on the principle that whatever measured the strength of his body over his spirit, that thing, however innocent, was sin.

In 1735 old Mr. Wesley died, and John went to London, and there met some of the chief colonists of Georgia, who asked him to go out as a chaplain. Georgia was then a primitive, rather patriarchal colony, with a life of the kind that is represented in Thackeray's 'Esmond.' This experiment was not a success. He no doubt did some good work in Savannah, but he also quarrelled with a good many people, and an obscure love affair in which John Wesley was rejected for another man does not add a heroic, though perhaps it adds a human interest, to the episode.

All his want of success at Savannah, his vexed and worldly state, Wesley attributed to his not yet being a

converted servant of Christ. The doctrine of conversion plays so large a part among Methodists still that it will be as well to explain in a few sentences what it is. They hold that, besides the definite faith in God that all Christians claim to have, and besides the general attempt to regulate life on Christian principles, there must come a time in the life of everyone who grows in grace when he becomes conscious of his own sinfulness and his urgent need for forgiveness. This, they affirm, is generally a sudden crisis, attended with strong emotion and even violent agitation and physical misery. The converted man is the man who comes out of this state, sometimes in a moment, by realizing that he is forgiven if he will only accept Christ's atonement for sin. The new birth takes place; he is filled with happiness and a great consciousness of release; assurance becomes his that he is indeed one of God's elect. The stages are typified in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' by Christian's consciousness of the burden on his back, and the burden breaking from its place and rolling away to trouble him no more at the foot of the Cross. We cannot, of course, go into the question as to whether this is a necessary step in a true Christian's life; but that it is an actual experience in the lives of many people, not all Methodists, is an undoubted fact.

Wesley formed the acquaintance of a certain Peter Böhler, member of a strange sect called Moravians, the records of whose doings and sayings are among the most curious even of religious records. They had long conversations together. 'My brother,' said Böhler to Wesley once, 'my brother, all that philosophy of yours must be purged away.' Böhler afterwards spoke of Wesley as a man who was trying to find light but

could not. 'Our mode of believing in the Saviour,' he wrote, 'is so easy to Englishmen that they cannot reconcile themselves to it.'

Soon the crisis came for both the brothers. Charles Wesley found peace with God; John Wesley, in trouble of mind, searched the Scriptures, and found there scarcely any record of any but instantaneous conversions—scarcely any, in fact, he said, so long as St. Paul's, who was three days in expectation of light.

All this time he was in great distress of mind. His faith was real, and he knew it; he may be compared to a houseless man standing in the dark, wet with rain, and hearing song and merriment behind a shuttered window; he saw that happiness was there, but could not share in it. But the change was soon to come. One evening he went to a meeting of a religious society, where someone read a book of Luther's; suddenly his heart warmed; he passed in a moment from darkness to light. We may pass over such a phenomenon as being the result of mere excitability of temperament, of nervous agitation; but we must remember that all through the rest of a long eventful career Wesley himself looked back to that hour as the gate of life; the impression was never obliterated. Nor is that all; just as the Apostles appear before our Lord's passion as a company of doubtful, timid men, with worldly hopes and low ambitions, and after Pentecost as the ardent messengers of Christ, with courage that triumphed over death and persecution, so it is undoubtedly true that from that time Wesley became a different man. He lost a certain petulance and littleness that he had before; he seemed to have a more tranquil, a larger spirit; he was like a man with a

hidden treasure, who knows that however ill things may go with him, he has something in the background that makes him independent of the world.

For a time the Methodists were closely connected with the Moravians, of whom I have spoken; but as the Moravians got gradually more and more fantastic and extravagant in their works and ways, it became clear that a separation was unavoidable; and at last Wesley, with about seventy Moravians, withdrew to what was called the Foundry at Moorfields, which was for a long time their headquarters. This was a place close to what is now Finsbury Square by Windmill Hill; it was formerly the place where cannons were cast, but a fearful explosion that killed several people and inflicted great damage, which took place when recasting some French cannon taken by Marlborough, caused the work to be transferred to Woolwich. The Foundry had a frontage on the road of about 120 feet; it was a ruinous old tiled building, containing two large rooms, one of which was made into a chapel to hold 1,500 people, of the roughest description; only a few seats and a pulpit made of deal boards. Besides this there was a room for meetings, and a few rooms where Wesley lived, and where his mother afterwards died. It cost them £800 to buy and refit.

But before this he had begun the work which he afterwards continued for about fifty years with such marvellous success—his preaching tours. At Bristol, in 1739, he preached for the first time in the open air, and describes his sensations as being very strange and disagreeable; he had been, he said, all his life so tenacious of discipline and order, that he would have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not

been done in a church. It would be a great mistake to think that he had left the Church at this time; he was a priest of the Church of England, and on his tours made a rule of asking to preach in the church first. If this was refused him, he preached where he could—on a tombstone, or in a room, or on a balcony, or even on a table in the street. Still, he was and remained a devoted Churchman to the last. Fifty years after, when Methodism was a huge flourishing society, he said: 'If ever the Methodists in general were to leave the Church, I must leave them.'

At Bath, on this first tour, he met the celebrated Beau Nash, and the story of their encounter, where Wesley showed an unspiritual power of retort not inferior to Dr. Johnson, is a fine proof of the quality which we all of us so much admire in a man, and which is best expressed by the not very dignified word 'game.'

Beau Nash was a man of a high spirit, bad in every sense of the word; he had run through a fortune and lived by gambling. At Bath, then the most fashionable town in England, he held a kind of mock court, was master of the ceremonies, and issued rules and proclamations to which even royal visitors had to bow; he travelled in a coach with a team of six greys, with outriders armed with French horns, and wore a huge white hat. When Nash heard that Wesley was to preach, he said he should not, and drove to the place of meeting, and making his appearance soon after the beginning of the sermon, in his large hat, asked Wesley by what authority he preached. 'By the authority of Jesus Christ,' said Wesley, adding that he had been legally ordained. 'But this is a conventicle,' said

Nash, 'and contrary to Act of Parliament. 'No,' said Wesley; 'conventicles are seditious meetings, and here is no sedition; therefore it is not contrary to the Act.' 'I say it is,' said Nash; 'and besides, your preaching frightens people out of their wits.' 'Sir!' said Wesley; 'have you ever heard me preach?' 'No.' 'How then can you judge of what you never heard?' 'By common report,' said Nash. 'Common report,' said Wesley; 'give me leave to ask you, sir, is not your name Nash?' 'It is,' he answered. 'Sir,' said Wesley, 'I dare not judge of you by common report!' Nash was reduced to asking the bystanders what they wanted. 'To hear Mr. Wesley,' was the answer. So with such dignity as he could muster, Nash withdrew.

It will now be as well to give some little account of Wesley's life as a preacher. As his work increased, the importance and dignity of it grew upon him. 'I look upon all the world as my parish,' he said. One day in Bristol he spoke to 4,000 people in a square at seven o'clock in the morning; then he preached at Clifton in a church at eleven; at three he addressed 3,000 at Hannam Mount, and at seven o'clock in the evening 7,000 at Rose Green. 'Oh, how has God renewed my strength,' he entered in his diary, 'who used to be so faint and weary with preaching twice in one day!' The largest crowds ever addressed were 20,000 on Kennington Common, and probably more than that number in Cornwall. He made it his business to travel through England and Wales, riding as a rule about fifty miles a day. He rode, a contemporary account says, a strong black horse—a great favourite of his—only occasionally employing posting horses, and generally riding alone, or accompanied only by his

servant, Michael Fenwick. He carried his simple baggage on the crupper of the saddle, with a cloak strapped on in front. He rode quickly at a steady pace, generally with a book open on the package in front of him, sometimes raising it in his hand. When not reading he would often be jotting down notes, slackening his pace to a walk; or he thought over his sermons without notes or book, and got to be a wonderful adept at this kind of composition—one of the hardest possible accomplishments, both to avoid distraction and to concentrate the thoughts.

He was a man of middle stature, of a very handsome face, with marked features, rather imperious in bearing, but with a placid, sweet-tempered look that increased with his years, his temper being naturally very wilful and obstinate. Though he was very temperate and ascetic, his face was full and plump, of a fresh colour; his hair, which was long and soft, and in later life of a pure white, hung over his shoulders. He wore the ordinary shovel hat of a clergyman, and preached in cassock and bands, without a gown, in which cassock he also rode, girding it up over his knees. He was wonderfully impervious to cold and wet, attributing this to his disuse of wine; he walked quick, with a long stride, and as he preached looked about him in a manner that was at once commanding and attractive.

We find him on February 16th, 1747, starting to go from London to Newcastle. The north wind was blowing so hard and keen that when he got to Hatfield he could scarcely use his hands or feet, and a little farther on he encountered such a storm of hail and snow that it made sight useless and breathing almost impossible. Next day he could scarcely keep his horse

on its feet. The wind rose higher and higher, until he was nearly thrown off the saddle. On Stamford Heath, which was a great pathless white waste, the snow lay in mountainous drifts, which sometimes rose to his chin: at last he could ride no further, and so walked. The north-east wind was piercing, and Wesley was distracted by toothache, but at five in the afternoon he reached Newark, and so onwards. But such journeys as these were among the lightest of his afflictions. 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind!' he might have said with Cymbeline, 'thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude.' He and his hearers were mobbed, insulted, pelted with filth, and even stones—not once, nor twice, had Wesley his face laid open by a stone, and wiped away the blood as he preached. At Gwennap, in Cornwall, a magistrate, with some police-constables, rode into the middle of the congregation and seized Wesley, shouting: 'I take you to serve his Majesty,' it being in the power of the magistrates to 'press' men, as it was called, for the army or navy. It was, however, illegal to seize a clergyman, and after having taken Wesley, who followed without resistance, nearly a mile, he was glad to let him go. The next day at Falmouth the mob rushed into the street where Wesley was lodging, shouting: 'Bring out the Canorum!'—a cant name for a Methodist. They forced the outer door, and set their shoulders to the inner door—away flew the hinges, but Wesley rushed out, and turning to the mob one by one, said: 'To which of you have I done any wrong? To you?—or you?' All were speechless. At last Wesley got into the street: 'Neighbours! countrymen!' he said, 'do you desire to hear me speak?' 'Yes; yes!' the mob shouted. dis-

armed by his cheerful courage. 'He shall speak; no one shall hinder him.'

At Shaftesbury a constable said: 'Sir, the mayor discharges you from preaching in this borough any more.' To which Wesley replied: 'While King George gives me leave to preach, I shall not ask leave from the Mayor of Shaftesbury.' At Epworth, his own home, the new clergyman refused him leave to preach, and he preached on his father's tomb. When he was coming away, crossing the Trent in a ferry-boat, in a fearful storm of wind the horses got restive, and running to one side of the boat, plunged into the stream. Wesley, slipping from his place, got pinned down at the bottom with a large iron bar, and could not stir for some time.

His was the life of a true apostle, and his reward was the gathering in of souls to the fold. But it was a hard, almost a horrible life, calculated to try every faculty of a man's physical and moral nature. 'No wonder the devil does not like field-preaching,' said Wesley, once talking about it. 'No more do I. I love a commodious room, a soft cushion; but where is my zeal if I do not trample these under foot to save one soul? Leisure and I have taken leave of each other; I propose to be busy as long as I live.'

Year after year this went on. It is calculated that he cannot have travelled less than 225,000 miles, chiefly on horseback, and that he delivered considerably over 50,000 discourses, which, at the rate of two a day would take no less than seventy years. 'Suppose you knew,' said a lady once to Wesley, 'that you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?' 'How, madam?' he

replied; 'why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the society in the evening. I should then repair to (my) friend Martin's, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory.'

He had, like all effective popular preachers, a knack of homely humorous illustration. He was walking once with a zealous Methodist, who was in great trouble, and saying he did not know what to do; and as they walked they passed a stone fence, over which a cow was looking. 'Do you know,' said Wesley, 'why that cow looks over that wall?' 'No,' replied the friend in trouble. 'I will tell you,' answered Wesley: 'because she cannot look through it, and that is what you must do with your troubles—look over and above them.'

On one occasion his servant, Michael Fenwick, a grumbling fellow, complained to Wesley that though he served him faithfully and travelled so many miles with him, his name was never mentioned in the published journals. Wesley said nothing at the time, but the next time that Michael Fenwick saw a copy of the journal, he read: 'I left Epworth with great satisfaction, and, about one, preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick.' One episode in his life—a painful one—must be touched upon. When he was forty-eight he sprained his foot in London while walking along the street, and was taken to the

house of a widow named Vazeille, in Threadneedle Street. She appears to have been a nervous, fanciful, and acrimonious woman, of no particular education, beauty or elegance, with a small fortune of her own. Wesley proposed marriage to her, and was accepted. But it was a miserable match, and all he got by it was that he was forced to resign his fellowship at Lincoln College, Oxford. All his friends and relations were thunderstruck at the news. Charles said on hearing it: 'I groaned all the day, and several following ones; I could eat no pleasant food, nor preach, nor rest neither by night nor day.' He would not touch a farthing of his wife's money. She became the victim of the most unreasonable jealousy and suspicion of her husband—used to open his letters, and even supplied false particulars about him for some anonymous pamphlets; and at last, after thirty years of ceaseless annoyance, she left him and went to live in a house of her own at Newcastle. 'Non eam reliqui, non dimisi, non revocabo,' noted Wesley in his journal; and when she died he wrote, October 12th, 1781: 'I was informed my wife died on Monday, October 8th. This evening she was buried. I was not informed of it till a day or two after.' She left her husband nothing but a ring.

The new society was organized with the greatest care. It was divided into classes, each of which consisted of about a dozen persons, with a leader. When anyone became a Methodist he was apportioned to some class; these met at least once a week. All this time they were Church people, attending church and receiving the sacrament, and more a society for mutual help in leading a good life than anything else. The preachers, too, were provided for. A school was

founded at Kingswood, near Bristol, for Methodist children. A yearly conference of ministers was started, Wesley himself being the first president, and holding the post for forty-seven years. He was no doubt one of those men born to rule, not only in virtue of an imperious temper, but by reason of a certain cultivated habit of gentleness, which prevailed where no authority could. Once he desired a travelling companion of his to take a packet of letters to the post at Bristol, being himself much pressed for time. Bradford refused. Wesley was urgent that he should take it, but he persisted in refusing. 'Then you and I must part,' said Wesley. Bradford agreed; they slept over it. Next morning they met. 'Well, must we part?' said Wesley. 'Please yourself,' said Bradford. 'Will you ask my pardon?' said Wesley. 'No, sir.' 'You won't?' 'No, sir.' 'Then I will ask yours,' said Wesley. Bradford broke down and fairly cried, and was from that moment a most devoted friend.

The following is a characteristic letter, selected from many of the same kind, to one of his preachers:

'MY DEAR BROTHER,—Always take advice or reproof as a favour: it is the surest mark of love. I advised you once and you took it as an affront; nevertheless, I will do it once more. Scream no more at the peril of your soul. Speak as earnestly as you can, but do not scream. Speak with all your heart, but with moderate voice. Be a follower of me. I often speak loud, often vehemently, but I never scream—I never strain myself: I dare not. Perhaps one reason why that good man Thomas Walsh—yea, and John Manners, too—were in such grievous darkness before

they died was because they shortened their own lives by over-exertion. Oh, John, pray for an advisable and tractable temper! By nature you are very far from it. Your last letter was written in a very wrong spirit. If you cannot take advice from others, surely you might take it from your affectionate brother,

'JOHN WESLEY.'

Years passed on in these incessant labours. All the time, besides his preaching, he published book after book on all conceivable subjects, from collections of hymns of his own writing to Hebrew, even Latin grammars, for the use of his preachers; tracts on every kind of subject, practical, medical, theological; collections of extracts from books of divinity. His literary work by itself would be thought to be the result of a long and busy life.

But the long life was drawing to a close. In his eighty-seventh year he continued travelling, writing and preaching, till he took cold after preaching in Lambeth. On February 18th he preached at Chelsea on 'The king's business requireth haste,' but was obliged to pause once or twice. The last time he spoke was at Leatherhead, five days after; the next day he was too ill to leave his room, and became very weak—too weak to work. Several times he said with great emphasis, 'Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.' During the next few days he gradually sank, from time to time recognising with affection those that stood by him. He died with the word 'Farewell!' on his lips.

John Wesley lived and died the life of a hero and a saint; if he went wrong, it was through too great imperiousness and independence of character. 'I will

not leave the Church, but upon occasion I will vary from it,' are the memorable words that he wrote in a letter to his mother, and give the key to the fact that he caused one of the most serious divisions that have occurred in the Church in modern times. He would go with the Church and follow her traditions as far as he approved, but he reserved to himself the right of differing. Such an attitude cannot be called obedience, and yet we must confess that there was grave cause for discontent. The Church was failing in her duty. 'The hungry sheep look up and are not fed'; great positions in the Church were turned into political appointments; the brother of a Whig lord was considered to have a better claim to a bishopric than a man who had spent sixty years in trying to save souls for Christ. In the country parishes the clergymen were often not resident, paying curates a miserable stipend to read the services and do such duties as had to be done, while the rector lived at Bath or in Italy, and spent the money drawn from the tithe of fifty farmers. There were good men, no doubt, everywhere; but the average was not high; and never was there a time when the shepherds of the flock had less right to say with their Lord, 'Of those that Thou gavest me have I lost none.'

Lord Macaulay says of John Wesley that he was a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have rendered him eminent in literature, whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu, and who devoted all his powers, in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered the highest good of his species.

That eulogy is in no way exaggerated. It may be

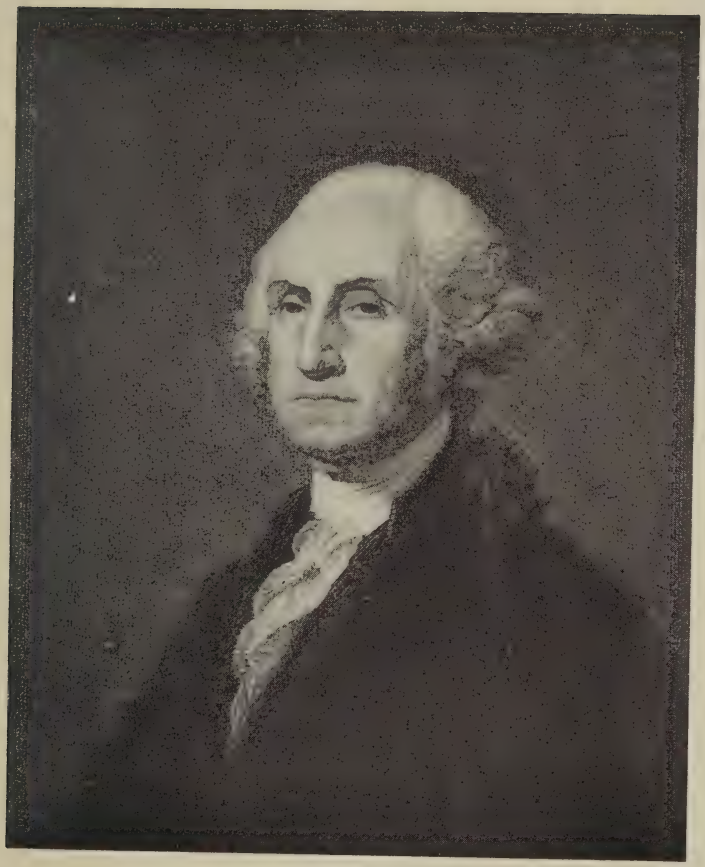
said that he encouraged the spirit of independence too largely, so that as soon as his guiding hand dropped the reins, the animosity and impatience of authority which he had controlled proved too strong; and it is a grievous charge against a minister of the Church of England to have given his name to the largest and most acrimonious schism that has ever arisen within her. But that is the concern of theologians; we may well afford to leave such questions unanswered, and fix our thoughts more intently upon the marvellous perseverance, passion and faithfulness which are the characteristics of John Wesley's work; for we gain far more from trying to see and admire what is great and generous in action than from trying to detect what is faulty and intolerant and low. John Wesley's was a kingly nature; there are other kings in this world than those who wear crowns and are called by titles of honour. 'Do you think, sir,' said a minister once, who had been blaming Wesley's methods of work to George Whitefield, the great preacher, 'Do you think when *we* get to heaven we shall see Mr. Wesley?' 'No, sir, I fear not,' said Whitefield very gravely, 'for he will be so near the throne, and we shall be at such a distance, we shall hardly get sight of him.'

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THERE is a spot on the Potomac River in Virginia where all the ships that pass toll their bells. So that across those broad waters and the pleasant lands beyond there is perpetual music like far-off village chimes.

It is a touch of sentiment—the more striking from its contrast to the unemotional spirit of the Americans which the traveller has breathed in his progress through New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia. It is as though one caught an unexpected tremor in the tones of some shrewd and prosperous man of the world as the conversation turned for the moment from business to his boyish days and his father and his early home.

The scene of this marked concession to the feelings is the reach of the Potomac where, on its high southern bank, stands Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. The house remains as he left it—a comfortable country house, as much English as American, of the eighteenth century. And those tolling bells are a true expression of American feeling, for still, day by day, parties of American excursionists, with such gravity and reverence of tone as is possible to their vivacious race, visit Mount Vernon as a sort of pilgrimage. Each room in



GEORGE WASHINGTON

that house is consigned to the care of the ladies of one state, so that each state has its own particular room, labelled with its name above the door, and guarded with reverent care; all the old-fashioned, simple furniture in its proper place, as on the day when Washington thanked his attendants for their kindness and bade them leave him to die in silence.

This house, which is now so sacred to Americans, was built by Lawrence Washington, George Washington's elder brother, and its name records a passage in his life. There was in the old colonial days a close connection between America and the West Indies, and when Admiral Vernon, in 1740, carrying the war with Spain into those islands, needed reinforcements, it was from Virginia that a regiment was raised, and in it Lawrence Washington obtained a captain's commission. When the campaign was over he was sufficiently enamoured of his new profession to contemplate a journey to England to obtain a commission in the king's army. The plan was set aside by two things—his father's death, and his own engagement to Anne Fairfax, a relation of the Lord Fairfax, who was George Washington's great friend. By his father's death Lawrence became the owner of the family estate, then called Hunting Creek. When he gave up his dreams of military glory, and settled with his wife on the plantation, and built his new house, Lawrence renamed it Mount Vernon, in honour of the admiral under whom he had served.

Lawrence Washington had but a short tenancy of Mount Vernon. In 1752, after trying in vain to find relief in the climate of Barbadoes, he died of consumption. From that time George Washington, who

was but twenty years of age, was the master of the property—first as guardian of his niece, and on her death, which took place soon after, as his brother's residuary legatee.

It is not inappropriate that the memory of Washington should be so closely associated with Mount Vernon, for Mount Vernon was throughout the centre of Washington's interest and affections—the home from which he reluctantly went forth to the cares and burdens of war and statesmanship, with which through them all he kept up regular communications, to which, when he gladly laid them down, he thankfully retired.

The basis of Washington's nature, the foundation on which all his virtues and acquirements were built, was that of an English country gentleman. Husband, landlord, farmer, sportsman, and good neighbour—these parts come first and most naturally to him, though to them were added no less effectively the qualities of soldier, general, and statesman.

> 'He who though thus endued as with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence,
> Is yet a soul whose master bias leans
> To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes.'

George Washington was born in the year 1732. Of his father, who died in 1743, we know little, except that he married twice, and was a kindly husband and father, and a landlord and planter of repute. By his first wife, Jane Butler, he had a daughter and three sons, among whom was Lawrence, of whom we have spoken. His second wife was Mary Ball, who bore him four sons and two daughters, and of this family George was the eldest. From his mother we can trace many of

the good qualities which marked the character of Washington. Virginian ladies of that age had little education, and few opportunities for any sort of broader culture. But she was a woman of strong character, good sense, and genuine piety. She managed her estate and her family with wisdom and a firm hand. She was strong in principle rather than imagination, and when her son was already rising to eminence, she only said: 'George had been a good boy, and she was sure he would do his duty.' To the end of her long life Washington regarded her with reverent affection and profound devotion.

Of his own boyhood there are many stories, but few certain facts; but they all leave the impression of a strong and daring nature, kept well in hand by self-control and a high standard of duty. He was athletic, fond of sport and of games, and an excellent rider. There is a story of how he broke in a vicious colt much valued by his mother, and how it burst a blood-vessel in the tussle with its rider and fell dead. But one has to beware of the anecdote-seeking biographer. There is the story of his throwing a dollar across the broad Rappahannock River; but then, as the knowing Yankee of to-day remarks, 'a dollar went further in those days,' and perhaps credulity did so too.

But besides the outward athletic nature, there was a character within which we see developing from the first. The glimpses we get of that inner world, the signs of a strong sense of duty, of strong passions resolutely controlled, of order, method, industry, all give proof that he took to heart the maxim which we find written in firm round hand in his school copy-book: 'Labour to keep alive in your breast that little

spark of Divine fire called conscience.' It is, indeed, because that motto was so much the keynote of his life that the story of his life is worth recalling here. It is the story not of pre-eminent genius, of massive intellect, or of a high-strung, imaginative nature; it is one more record of the power of righteousness, of the pre-eminence of moral force, one more illustration of Matthew Arnold's favourite aphorism: 'Conduct is three-fourths of life.' Here is a country gentleman—an English country gentleman, we might without serious inaccuracy say—with no wider horizon than that of his plantation and its duties, who because he could be trusted absolutely to do the right with single eye to the public good and with no ulterior motive of private gain or personal pleasure, rose to be the commander, the first statesman, the founder of a nation, the object of an enthusiastic admiration which a century of reflection and criticism has only served to strengthen and increase.

Washington's school-days were not long continued. At fifteen there was talk of his entering the navy, and it is said that a midshipman's berth was actually obtained for him in one of his Majesty's ships then lying in the Potomac. But his mother's dread of the perils of the sea, increased by a letter from her brother in England, put an end to the plan, and George went back to school for another year to learn the theory of surveying. The practice of it was offered him soon after through his friend Lord Fairfax, who had made his home with his kinsmen, the Fairfaxes of Belvoir, already, as we have seen, connected by marriage with their neighbours of Mount Vernon. Lord Fairfax owned lands beyond the Blue Ridge which needed

surveying, that their exact boundaries might be defined and 'squatting' put a stop to.

This piece of business was committed to George Washington, and he and a young Fairfax started for the backwoods in March, 1748. The expedition was full of interest and adventure, and contributed other elements to Washington's education besides the practical knowledge of surveying. They learned hardness and endurance; they camped out amid wild storms; they swam their horses across swollen streams; they shot deer and wild birds; they learnt self-reliance amid danger, and gained knowledge of men and woodcraft among Indians and backwoodsmen; and the silence of the great forests contributed those broad characteristics for which George Washington was known in later years—as a man who spoke little and thought much, and carried with him a grave sense of the immensity of life and the presence of God.

The surveying expedition had immediate results for Washington. His fame as an accurate surveyor obtained for him an appointment from the State, and a little later his knowledge of the Indians and the backwoods recommended him for the command of an expedition sent out to arrange terms with the French and their Indian allies as to disputed territory on the Ohio River, where the French had been building forts.

This was followed by actual war. Washington had gone in command of a party of colonists, but now a contingent of the king's troops was equipped under General Braddock, and in this expedition Washington was offered a commission. Had Washington, with his knowledge of the country and of Indian methods of warfare, been in chief command, the fate of the cam-

paign might have been different. Braddock knew little of those methods, and prepared to adopt the regulation tactics of civilized countries in which he had been trained. When some of the colonials ventured to suggest that it was unadvisable to advance through their wild forests in heavy marching order, with guns and baggage and with troops in closed ranks, they were told with a sneer that Indians might be formidable to raw American militia, but that they could make no impression on disciplined troops.

They marched accordingly, officers and men alike haughtily contemptuous of the grave looks and forebodings of their more experienced colonial allies—and they marched to their doom. One day, without any warning, like a bolt out of the blue, the sound of firing was heard in front, quickly followed by the hasty retreat of the vanguard. From the wood all round burst forth the Indian war-whoop; but still no enemy was seen. Once more Washington begged General Braddock to break up his serried ranks, which formed so fatally easy a mark to the scattered skirmishers of the woods. But the General was still obstinate. The result was inevitable. There were the bewildered, panic-stricken troops huddled together, firing vainly at an enemy they could not see, and themselves being decimated by the deadly muskets of the concealed Indians. There was only one body of troops which stood steady—these were the 'raw American militia'; and only one man who rode about among the 'dastards' of the regular army, as he called them, with calm recklessness—and that was Washington. And yet he was one of the few survivors of that disastrous fight. Braddock himself fell in this fatal battle, and Washington

acted as chaplain when his body was laid in the grave. Wise in counsel, dauntless in action, calm and watchful in the retreat, Washington's was the only reputation that came out of that ill-starred expedition untarnished.

How narrow was his escape may be seen from the letter which he wrote to his mother: 'The Virginian troops showed a great deal of bravery, and were nearly all killed; for I believe out of three companies that were scarcely thirty men are left alive. By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation, for I had four bullets through my coat and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side.'

There is a tradition connected with this battle which records the wonder of his escape. Years afterwards an aged Indian chief came a long journey to meet him, saying that he had a great wish to see the man who was protected by the Great Spirit and could not be slain in battle. And he then related how in this same fight (of Monongahela) he had specially singled out Washington —always prominent from his height—and fired his rifle at him, bidding his young men to do the same; but all without any effect, until they were convinced that his life was specially guarded by heaven and ceased to aim at him.

Washington himself might seem to have shared this opinion, for while in other affairs prudence was his constant characteristic, in danger he was apt to be reckless. It is said that George II. read in 1754 a despatch from the Governor of Virginia, in which occurred a description of a skirmish by Major Washington, ending with the sentence: 'I heard the bullets

whistle—believe me, there is something charming in the sound.' 'He would not say so,' remarked the king, 'if he had been used to hear many.' And the king's remark was confirmed by Washington himself in after years, for being questioned as to the truth of the story, he said, 'If I said so it was when I was very young.'

General Braddock's ill-starred expedition was in 1755. For three or four years afterwards Washington was employed in war and negotiations with the Indians. In 1759 he married Mrs. Custis, a young widow with two children, a boy of six and a girl of four. Washington never had any children of his own, but these two seem to have had as large a share of his love as if he had been their father.

In 1758 he had been elected a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia. He was already a man of such prominence that he was elected while absent with his troops, with no canvassing of his own.

Washington's first appearance in the Assembly gave an indication of his character. He was essentially a man of action, not of fluent speech. He could speak, and speak well, when there was urgent need for speech, but at other times the silence of the backwoods seemed to chain his lips. On his entrance into the House of Burgesses, the Speaker rose to welcome him in the name of the Assembly, and to give public expression to the appreciation of his gallantry and distinguished military services. Washington was no doubt taken off his guard. He rose to reply, hesitated, stammered, and stopped—not a word would come. Perhaps it was the most effective kind of response he could have made; and such was the feeling of those present which the Speaker expressed by saying: 'Sit

down, Mr. Washington. Your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess.'

The years which followed, in spite of his political duties, were years of comparative quiet—a lull before the storms which were to come, and which were to call to the helm the one man who was proved able to steer the ship.

In this lull we catch glimpses of the peaceful Mount Vernon home, where at all times his heart remained.

It is apt to be resented on the other side of the Atlantic when we say that Washington was more of an Englishman than an American. But anything more unlike the modern American life than that country life of Virginia, in the old colonial days, it would be hard to find. The planters were, of course, slave-owners, and they lived among their people as an aristocratic class, keeping open house with simple mutual hospitality. Washington, in all things thorough, orderly, and minutely careful of details, was the pattern of a squire who farms his own lands: rising early, often before daybreak; taking a frugal breakfast at seven in summer and eight in winter; in the saddle all day, superintending his tobacco fields; fond of hunting, open-hearted to his neighbours, genuine and earnest in his religious faith and practice—above all, devoted to his own home circle. London was still the centre, both of business and of fashion, for these colonists. They looked forward to news from the great world. The king's officers had great prestige among them. Nearly all supplies were ordered from London. Twice a year Washington sent to his agent in London a list of things wanted for house and farm. These lists are

an indication both of the dependence of America on England, and of Washington's orderly and pains-taking habits. They include ploughs, hoes, spades, and agricultural implements of all sorts, drugs, groceries, tools, clothes both for his family and his negroes, books, ornaments, furniture, linen, and even toys. We find such entries as the following: 'For Master Custis, six years old, one pair handsome silver shoe and knee-buckles, ten shillings worth of toys, and six little books for children beginning to read; for Miss Custis, four years old, two caps, two pairs of ruffles, two tuckers, bibs and aprons if fashionable;' and, finally, 'a fashionably-dressed baby, ten shillings, and other toys to the same amount.'

It is a bright picture of simple, happy, well-ordered life, with sunny skies and minds at ease. But the clouds were gathering, and the days of fun and frolic were drawing to an end. There were portents of trouble even in the little Virginian circle. George William Fairfax, Washington's friend, had gone back to England. There were no more happy gatherings at Belvoir—the house itself had been burnt to the ground.

These were but outward accidents. Worse than these was a steadily growing root of evil. High questions of state policy were beginning to fill men's minds and darken their brows. There were gatherings of political friends at Mount Vernon and earnest conferences. There was a crisis drawing near—a crisis which was to try the metal of which these men were made. And out of that fire one of them at least was to come forth transformed—no longer a mere thrifty planter and hunting squire, but a leader of men, and the founder of a nation.

When we ask ourselves what was the cause of this great crisis, it is hard at first sight to realize its significance. The cause seems small in proportion to the result. The British Government had passed a law requiring that the American colonies should place a stamp on every newspaper, almanac, marriage certificate, will, deed, and other legal document. The stamps were to be sold by officers of the Crown, and the proceeds were to go to the British Government towards the cost of the army and other purposes of the Home Government. The measure was hotly resented by the colonies as an innovation and an invasion of their rights. Patrick Henry and Washington, and other members of the Virginian House of Burgesses, pointed out that there was a Legislative Body in Virginia, and that this body ought to impose taxes on the people of Virginia, and not the English Parliament, in which they had no voice or representation.

The feeling was so strong that the British Government withdrew from the dangerous ground they had taken up. And great was the rejoicing in America when the odious Stamp Act was repealed.

But the Home Government had not really learned wisdom. With singular weakness they withdrew at one moment, in the face of agitation, and at the next introduced the very principle which had aroused such fierce opposition in another and not less objectionable form. They enforced a tax on tea, paper, glass, and painter's colours.

The agitation at once broke out again with new violence. Leagues were formed by which the American colonists bound themselves not to buy goods from

England until the measure was repealed. In the language of to-day all English commerce was 'boycotted.' Great self-denial was voluntarily enforced on themselves by the colonists to carry out this policy. But it proved insufficient, and the wise saw that the quarrel must end in war.

To us probably all this seems somewhat small a cause to produce such great results. A quarrel about an Act of Parliament, about tea, and paper, and glass, and painter's colours—about a few pounds more or less of taxation—why should such things have revolutionized a whole country and brought on a new era in history?

We must look closer; there must be more in it than this. These well-to-do, prosperous Virginian gentlemen, with their large share in the prosperity and tranquillity of the State, with nothing to gain and everything to lose by political commotions—these are not the stuff out of which revolutionists are made. They were the class who from their wider horizon could most vividly realize the glory and dignity of being members of a great empire. It was they who had most links with England, and whose pulses throbbed at the sight of British troops and British men-of-war, with all the great traditions of English history behind. Yet it was essentially with them—not with the populace—that the quarrel began. We may go further than this, and say that it was rather in spite of the people than by means of them that the cause of the colonies was maintained. In the civil administration it was the magistrates, the wealthy planters, the great merchants; in the army it was the officers, not the rank and file, who were resolute and determined. And again and again the upper class

had to contend with lukewarmness in the ranks below, and to strengthen the faltering resolution of the people. 'I earnestly recommend to you,' wrote Washington to Colonel Baylor, 'to be circumspect in your choice of officers. Take none but gentlemen'—an indication that he knew where true enthusiasm in the cause was to be found.

What was it, then, in this controversy about taxation, which appealed to the intelligent as it could not appeal to the illiterate, and which appealed to them so strongly as to make them ready to leave their homes and their plantations, and give up all for the principles at stake? It was the true spirit of patriotism. They knew and felt that something more than individual prosperity is wanted to make a worthy life. They knew that the individual can never find his true life and dignity and happiness but as a member of an organism; that it is as little possible for the branch of a tree to cut itself off from the stem, and seek so to blossom and bear fruit, as for the individual to be content with his private gain, caring nothing for the freedom and dignity of his political surroundings, and in this way to work for a worthy career. They knew with Aristotle that private wealth and ease may be enough to secure τὸ ζῆν, but a free and worthy citizenship is essential to τὸ εὖ ζῆν.

It was the men of ideas to whom alone this ideal of a free state and a worthy citizenship was sufficiently real to be worth the sacrifice of material interests. To the unthinking mob they might, and did seem to be, visionaries catching at a phantom. But this was the meaning of the strong words spoken, and the firm stand maintained on the Stamp Act and other ques-

tions of taxation. If their own legislative bodies were to be mere make-believes, while the British Parliament, in which they had no voice, was to vote away their goods without consulting them or leaving them any power of appeal, it was plain that they were slaves, treated like a conquered country to be kept down, or like children unworthy of trust. The life of free citizens was denied them, and the denial was felt to be a moral wrong to each individual—a moral mutilation, which would leave them with a life stripped of its dignity and its worth.

So once again, as in all the greatest struggles of history, it was a war for an idea. The moral motive proved stronger than any mere material one. And it was because these testing acids of trouble revealed in Washington's nature, deep down beneath that simple agricultural exterior, the true metal of high ideals, the little spark of divine fire burning bright, because they showed him to be a man capable of kindling in others enthusiasm for the ideals which to his own clear spiritual vision made life worth living, that he who may hitherto have seemed a person of mere dull and conventional propriety rises to greatness, and is worth remembering among the world's saints and heroes.

On September 5th, 1774, fifty-five delegates from eleven colonies met in Smith's Tavern, Philadelphia, and at the invitation of the carpenters of that city adjourned to their hall. The difference with the mother country drew the rival colonies nearer to each other. When a question arose as to their numerical claims to representation, Patrick Henry expressed the feeling of the moment. 'I am not a Virginian,' he said; 'I am an American.' Not only the jealousy of

rival states gave way before the common impulse; religious divisions lost something of their acerbity. When the difficulty of sectarian enmities was mentioned as an objection to opening the Congress with prayer, Samuel Adams, a venerable figure in the Assembly, with white locks flowing on his shoulders, rose and said: 'Gentlemen, shall it be said that it is possible that there can be any religious differences which can prevent men from crying to that God who alone can save them? Puritan as I am, I move that the Reverend Dr. Duche, minister of Christ Church in this city, be asked to open this Congress with prayer.' John Adams, writing to his wife, said: 'Never can I forget that scene; there were twenty Quakers standing by my side, and we were all bathed in tears. When the Psalm for the day was read, it seemed as if heaven itself was pleading for the oppressed. O Lord, fight thou against them that fight against me. Lord, who is like unto thee, to defend the poor and needy? Avenge thou my cause, my King and my God!'

The Congress sat for fifty-one days. But all that time Washington seems to have spoken little. We have no record of orations by him. Yet everywhere, in Congress, in committee, in personal intercourse, he was felt to be a power. Patrick Henry has recorded the impression which he made. Describing the *personnel* of that great gathering, he says: 'If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor.' Though we have no speeches of his, we gather what his mind was from a letter which he wrote at this time to a friend of his, an officer in the British army. 'Give me leave to add,' he says, 'that it is not the wish or

intent of that government (Massachusetts), or any other upon this continent separately or collectively, to set up for independence; but this you may at the same time rely on, that none of them will ever submit to the loss of those valuable rights and privileges which are essential to the happiness of every free state, and without which life, liberty, and property are rendered totally insecure.'

The important act of the Congress was that it appointed Washington commander-in-chief. Everyone knew that he was the one man who could command: and he himself knew that it must come to this. But yet it was with absolute sincerity that he shrank from the tremendous responsibility. 'I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in this room,' he said, 'that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity that I do not think myself equal to the command I am honoured with. No pecuniary consideration would tempt me to accept this position. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those I doubt not you will discharge. I ask no more.'

It is beyond the scope of this paper to give a history of the seven years of war which followed. Washington had more than the open enemy to conquer. He had to contend with difficulties at home. The militia of the States was enlisted only for a short term—too short for an effective training. There was lack of almost all that goes to make efficient troops—want of discipline, want of cohesion, want of military tradition and *esprit de corps*. Worse even than these great wants was the hesitation and distrust of Congress. They dealt out supplies with such niggard hand that again and again Washington found himself with troops in

rags, half starved, ill equipped, and on the point of mutinying. But in spite of all the varied obstacles, he turned despair into hope, and hope into attainment, until his motley rabble of an army stood firm against the veteran troops of Britain, and Lord Cornwallis surrendered at discretion after the taking of Yorktown on October 19, 1781. This was the victory which ended the war, and finally established the independence of the American colonies. Washington issued orders for a general thanksgiving to God throughout the army. 'The commander-in-chief earnestly recommends that the troops not on duty should universally attend, with that seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence demand of us.'

There were also rejoicings of a less solemn kind, and at a great ball given at Fredericksburg the central figure was Washington's mother, now seventy-four years of age. She came into the room leaning on the arm of her son, and received the compliments of her son's friend, Lafayette, and his French officers, with quiet dignity. But in the midst of all these public honours she spoke little of the great achievements of the commander-in-chief. She only noticed the lines of care on his face and recalled the early days. He was still the son who 'had always been a good boy and might be trusted to do his duty.'

Though the storm was over, there were still rocks and quicksands through which the ship of state had to be steered before the now independent Republic could enter the calm haven of settled constitutional rule. There were factions and cabals. There was a secret design to make the army supreme and Washington

king, and a letter was addressed to him in cautious terms to sound his feelings. To this Washington replied: 'I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which, to me, seems big with the greatest mischief that can befall any country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. . . . Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or anyone else, a sentiment of the like nature.'

There was widespread discontent in the army, however, which showed itself in fresh mutterings. Congress throughout had looked upon the army with some suspicion and distrust, and had treated it with scant justice, and there were large unpaid arrears of wages. Washington saw the danger of an army set free from fear of the enemy, in which such feelings of resentment and discontent were smouldering, and he at once convened a meeting, that he might bring to bear all the weight of influence which he could command in the interests of patience and forbearance. It was a critical moment, and Washington, never a very fluent speaker, hardly trusting himself to speak, had written what he had to say. He had read only a sentence, when he stopped, took out his spectacles, and said as he put them on: 'Gentlemen, you will pardon me for putting on my glasses. I have grown gray in your service, and I now find myself growing blind.'

It was a simple thing to say, and said in the simplest

way, but it touched the men, and did more than a fine speech to win the army to right views.

When the dangers arising out of the discontent of the army were set at rest, Washington turned his attention to the strengthening of the central government and the establishment of confidence in it on the part of the scattered states. He wrote a letter to each state on the need for closer union and mutual trust.

And then, his work accomplished, he prepared to disband his army and to lay down his commission. He met his brother officers for the last time in Fraunce's Tavern, New York, before he was ferried across to the New Jersey shore. There was a farewell toast to be drunk, but it was drunk with few words. Washington for one found his voice would hardly obey orders. He only said: 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox stood next him, and he held out his hand. Knox, who was twenty years his junior, was an old and loved friend. The tears stood in Washington's eyes as he drew him to him, and, in silence, kissed him. In silence he greeted them one by one. There was tenderness behind that somewhat stately exterior. He passed out through the line of soldiers to his barge, and, as he put off, waved his hat. Congress was sitting at Philadelphia. There Washington formally resigned his commission, and passed on to the old home and private life at Mount Vernon.

There are few finer things in biography than the serene contentment, the calm dignity, the utter absence of all ambitious self-seeking, with which the man who had formed armies and led them to victory against

tremendous odds, the man who had united scattered and mutually distrustful states and built them up into a nation, quietly retired to the simple life of the country gentleman from which he had been called to this great work. He wrote to Lafayette, in words which are grand from their simplicity: 'At length, my dear marquis, I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac; and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with tranquil enjoyments. . . . I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk and tread the paths of private life with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order for my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers.'

Plato has said that the best rulers are those who rule unwillingly. Washington satisfies this canon of excellence. There is no doubt that he was perfectly sincere in this deliberate choice of the quiet life. 'Let those follow the pursuits of ambition and fame who have a keener relish for them, or who may have more years in store for the enjoyment.' So he wrote, though he was but fifty-seven years of age. But such, it turned out, was not to be 'the order for his march.' He was soon recalled, by the unanimous vote of all the states, from the seclusion of his own vine and fig-tree to be the first occupant of the president's chair, and he accepted the nation's call, though with a heavy heart.

His last act before leaving for New York was to visit his aged mother, then eighty-two, and in the last year

of her life. 'We can picture' (I quote from the words of the venerable Bishop of Minnesota) 'that tender farewell to one to whom he owed, under God, that beautiful faith which shed glory on his life.

'The journey to New York was one continued ovation. His Virginian neighbours and friends gave him a God-speed and benediction. Baltimore outdid itself in generous hospitality. Philadelphia crowned him with laurels; the bells rang out joyous peals, cannon thundered, and the people with one voice shouted "Long live the President!" Marvellous as was the enthusiasm of other cities, the people of Trenton, who remembered the cruelties of the Hessians in 1776 and their deliverance by Washington, outdid them all. On a triumphal arch was written: "Dec. 26, 1776. The Hero who defended the mothers will defend the daughters." At Elizabeth a committee of Congress met him, and Cæsar never had so beautiful a flotilla as that of the sea-captains and pilots who bore him to New York on April 23rd. A week was spent in festivity.

'It is April 30th. In all the churches of New York there have been prayers for the new government and its chosen head. The streets swarm with people as the hour of noon approaches. Every house-top and porch and window near to Federal Hall is packed with a dense mass. The president has been presented to the two Houses of Congress. The procession is formed. Washington followed the senators and representatives to the balcony. Around and behind him are his staff and distinguished patriots of the Revolution. Every eye is fixed on the stately, majestic man —a little over six feet in height, his form perfect in out-

line and figure, a florid complexion, dark blue eyes deeply set, his rich brown hair now tinged with gray, firm jaws and broad nostrils, lighted by a benignant expression. Such was the father of his country.

'The brave soldier trembles with emotion as the Chancellor of the State of New York reads the oath. The hand of Washington is on the Bible. Was it a providence that they rested on the words, "His hands were made strong by the mighty God of Israel?" The secretary would have raised the sacred book to the president's lips. Washington said solemnly: "I swear, so help me God!" and then bowed reverently and kissed the Book.'

With a full heart and trembling lips he delivered his inaugural address, and then turning to his friends he said: 'We will go to St. Paul's church for prayers.'

Such was the opening chapter of the history of the United States Constitution and the inauguration of its first presidentship. We cannot follow that history through all the troubles of its young and untried existence.

At the end of the first four years' term of office Washington was re-elected; but when he had served the second term, nothing could persuade him to accept office again. At last he retired to the rest and peace of Mount Vernon, which he had all along desired so much and had now so richly earned.

But the rest on this side of the grave was not to be for long. He retired in March, 1797. In December, 1799, he was suddenly taken ill from exposure to wet, and in two days he passed away, almost with the century. 'There remaineth a rest for the people of God.'

There was nothing theatrical about the last scenes. He died as he had lived—the same strong, simple, conscientious man. He gave his last business orders, and apolcgized again and again to doctors and attendants for the trouble he was giving them; and when he heard their sobs, he said quietly: 'Oh, don't, don't! I am dying; but, thank God, I am not afraid to die!'

It is hard to find more appropriate words to sum up the character of Washington than those of Wordsworth. Few men in history realize so fully his ideal of the Happy Warrior:

'Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all.

'Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause—
This is the Happy Warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

HENRY MARTYN.

Why is it easy for us to think of goodness as necessarily uninteresting? Partly because it is only too common in books to depict good people as serene and gentle, to whom it is no trouble to do what is right; while we ourselves, on the other hand, are conscious of a hard struggle—the natural character within us takes us off our feet and bears us down, like a strong current, the moment we cease to fight. These strong, pure-minded, unselfish natures, whose faith is so fiery, whose hopes are so high, what have they in common with us? We can never be like that, we think; and so we muddle on as we have always done. But it is not really so. If we look into the lives of these saintly personages, we shall find that there was a time when they, too, were weak and fretful, and disinclined to put themselves out or take trouble for others; if, afterwards, their faith was of a kind that removed mountains and quenched the violence of fire, it had been a very poor thing once. But they were willing to make the choice, to trust God, to believe that His mighty promises had some meaning for themselves, and were not merely made for people with grave faces and bright eyes, and haloes round their heads. 'Every man is capable of everything,' says the proverb. 'But we

shall not succeed,' we say, shrinking back into ourselves. Did not Christ say, we add, that 'whosoever puts his hand to the plough and turns back is not fit for the kingdom of God?' But was there nothing further in Christ's mind, do you think? Failure is grievous; but the man who never puts his hand to the plough at all, to what kingdom does he belong?

Henry Martyn was born at Truro, in Cornwall, in 1781. His father had been a miner, but was a man of no ordinary vigour both of mind and body. The system then in use in mines was that the men employed should work for four hours at a time, then rest for four; and John Martyn devoted his leisure to learning reading and writing, and being naturally a good mathematician, he applied for a clerkship in Truro in a house of business, in which he finally became chief clerk. Henry was one of a large family, all of whom died somewhat prematurely. In 1788 he went to Truro school, and was there not happy; he did not care about games, and he very much disliked his work. His master, Dr. Cardew, wrote of him that his progress was not rapid compared with other boys—not that their abilities were superior, but they made a better use of their time; 'Henry Martyn,' he adds, 'was of a lively and cheerful temper, and, as I have been told by those who sat near him, appeared to be the idlest among them, being frequently known to go up to his lesson with little or no preparation—as if he had learned it by intuition.'

When a little boy, Henry Martyn was a good deal bullied, partly because he was so extremely mild and inoffensive in appearance, uniting this with a very irritable temper—a combination of characteristics which

seems to be always hardly used by others; but as he grew older things got better, and he made some very warm friendships, which lasted through life. Besides this, his work improved, but not very fast; and certainly no one even guessed at the extraordinary success which was in store for him at Cambridge. He left school in June, 1797, and by way of preparation for the University, instead of working hard at mathematics, as he should have done, he used to spend the morning in shooting, and the evening in reading books, of travel particularly, in which he took a great delight.

Truro is a small town of about 10,000 people, lying at the head of a long estuary that comes winding up among the hills from Falmouth harbour. The neighbourhood is very hilly, and among low wooded hills, many of them in those days wild moorlands and heathery wastes, lies the little gray town. Now, the express shoots out of a tunnel on to a huge wooden viaduct that seems strangely insecure, hanging on its spidery timbers, and spanning the valley high above the smoke of the city; while the huge block of the new cathedral rises abruptly from the slate roofs, and gives the place an interest that it lacked before. When the tide goes down, the estuary, which looks more like a lake than a creek, leaves immense mudflats bare, with a shallow channel winding in and out among them, navigable only by small vessels. Here and there is a patch of sea-weed, all oozy and draggled with mud, or a huge float of timber that has subsided into the slime, and lies in a perfect thicket of tangled weed. The hills rise steeply from the edges of the salt marsh, and are tenanted only by lonely and scattered

farms. But the creek is full of life: far out from the shore you can see the curlew pacing on the mud, every now and then emitting a melancholy whistle; gulls, sandpipers, duck of all kinds, wheel and settle, crying and calling, by the little runlets and the stagnant pools; herons from neighbouring streams oar themselves across in clumsy stateliness: the whole place has a singular charm of its own.

This creek was Henry Martyn's favourite haunt—to lie in wait for the shy curlew in a thicket by the water's edge, or to flush a snipe out of a stream that trickled from some marsh high among the hills, and clattered through its rushes and over its pebbles, to lose itself in the ever-growing mudflat.

However, this lazy life came to an end. Henry went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1797, where he settled down to work, though not so hard as his father wished. 'I was kept a good deal in idleness by some of my new acquaintances,' he writes; but at the end of the year he got a first class in the college examination, which encouraged him to fresh exertions. He was taught at this time a lesson which he never forgot with regard to curbing his temper, still most irritable when provoked. Cotterill, a friend of his at St. John's, irritated him one morning beyond the verge of endurance: lying on the table was a clasp-knife with which he had been cutting some string. Henry Martyn caught this up and flung it at Cotterill; he ducked to avoid it, and the point stuck in the door, where it stood quivering. We may gather from this that Christian meekness was not yet conspicuous among our hero's characteristics. In 1799, he was not so successful as he had hoped, and he returned home and vented his

disappointment by making himself, as he confesses, extremely disagreeable both to his sister and his father, if he was in any way thwarted or provoked; but his father, who seems to have been a wonderfully quiet, affectionate man, bore this all with the greatest patience, making allowance for his son's natural irritability and disappointment. Henry Martyn, however, continued to behave with the same unreasonable harshness till the very end of the vacation, when he left Cornwall without a word of regret. He never again saw his father, who died suddenly in the following January; and the recollection of the way in which he had repaid his father's unvarying kindness cut the young man to the heart. 'If only,' he thought to himself, 'I could see him for ever so short a time, to assure him that I loved him and had never ceased to love him, however otherwise I had made it appear!' This seems to have been the first event that turned his mind to serious things: and he speaks of having been struck with surprise in the college chapel at the degree of joy expressed in the Magnificat at the coming of Christ, which he had never noticed before. His tripos was, however, approaching, and he had to buckle to his work; he bemoans himself in a letter to his sister, saying that weavers and ploughmen as they labour may have their thoughts disengaged and meditate as they will, but that mathematics demand such an abstraction of mind as forbids him to give a thought to many subjects of interest to him, to say nothing of religion, of which he was beginning to feel the want.

There was living at this time in King's College, and working at Trinity Church, a man who had more influence on the religion of his day than any one man has exercised in the religious world since. This

was the Rev. Charles Simeon; he had made his way to respect and love through a storm of persecution and ridicule. He had been caricatured and satirized, his friends had deserted him and turned their backs on him; but like his namesake of Cyrene, he rejoiced to be compelled to bear his Saviour's cross. Henry Martyn, being in earnest about religious things, was naturally drawn to Simeon, whose only wish was to help anyone that he could, for which purpose he held a kind of conversazione every Sunday evening at King's, where his undergraduate friends sat on forms round the room, but were rewarded by each being allowed in turn to ask Simeon a question, which he answered in the best manner that he could. It does not sound very inviting, but you must remember that the men who attended these gatherings were very much in earnest; and in those days it was not so easy to get help in religious things either from books or people as it is now.

At last Martyn had to go in for his tripos; and it must be remembered that a great deal turned on it for a young man without fortune or interest; if he could get a high place, he might then, and then only, hope to succeed in the world. He found himself in great agitation on the first morning when he entered the Senate House, but tranquillized his mind by quoting to himself the verse, 'Seekest thou great things for thyself?—seek them not, saith the Lord.' When the list came out in January, 1801, he was at the head of it; he was Senior Wrangler of the year, the highest honour which it is in the power of the University to bestow. 'I obtained,' he said—and how few can say that!—'my highest wishes—but I was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow.'

In March, 1802, he was elected Fellow of his college, a position which—if he did not marry and if he took orders—secured him an income for life, rooms at Cambridge if he desired them, and the right of succeeding to a college living; if he had wished to stay in his native land he was sure of leisure, money and success. It was a great temptation, but Henry Martyn was not content; in the diary of a tour which he took in Wales he writes that he was uneasy on considering how slothful he had been in doing the Lord's work—a frame of mind very different from the complacency which an ordinary man might justifiably have felt in his place. He had a sharp conflict with himself; his health was never strong, and he had the greatest wish to lead a social and literary life at home; and no one could have blamed him if he had yielded to the wish. It was a moment of extreme anguish to him when he decided to leave his family and friends—to whom he was devotedly attached—and go to work for Christ among the heathen; the difficulties of the work seemed to overwhelm him. 'The thought,' he writes, 'that I must be unceasingly employed in the same kind of work among poor ignorant people is what my proud spirit revolts at. To be obliged to submit to a thousand uncomfortable things that must happen to me as a minister and missionary is what the flesh cannot endure. At these times I feel neither love to God nor love to man—pride and discontent and unwillingness for every duty make me miserable.' But he persevered, and was ordained in 1803, and notes in his diary: 'I am convinced that Christian experience is not a delusion; whether mine is so or not will be seen at the last day.'

He began by being curate to his old friend Mr

Simeon, and also took charge of a little parish called Lolworth. After his first sermon here a curious incident occurred, which made a deep impression on his mind. An old man whom he had observed in the congregation waited for him, and when he mounted his horse to ride back to Cambridge, asked leave to walk by him, and warned him solemnly to reflect that if any of the souls in the parish, the care of which he had undertaken, perished owing to his negligence, their blood would be required at his hand. Such thoughts and the burden of his new employment weighed very heavily on his spirits: he disliked to preach; he complained that he felt 'as a stone speaking to stones'; he said that he could not read as he liked for his own interest or enjoyment; he had to be always thinking about his next sermon; he prayed and tried to do his duty, but could not feel the strength he wanted. In 1804 a fresh calamity happened. His father had left him and his sister a small estate, which he lost owing to the failure of a merchant, and this misfortune left his sister dependent on him. He was haunted, besides, by a dreadful misgiving. The Christian was told to 'overcome the world,' and he began to doubt whether all his attempts after holiness had not been rather trying to run away from the world, as from an enemy too strong for him. At the same time, he was more tempted than ever to a life of leisure. 'Since I have known God,' he writes, 'painting, poetry, and music have had charms unknown to me before.'

But he did not yield; hour after hour and day after day, often in extreme fatigue and exhaustion, he worked, visited hospitals, almshouses, and poor homes, trying to do what good he could. He became, too,

very strict with himself. 'A despicable indulgence in lying in bed,' he wrote one day in his diary, 'gave me such a view of the softness of my character that I resolved, on my knees, to live a life of more self-denial. The tone and vigour of my mind rose rapidly: all those duties from which I usually shrink seemed recreations.'

You must remember that in those days India was governed by a company of directors, called the East India Company. Some time before he had sent in his name as an applicant for a chaplaincy. The company paid chaplains at their various stations, and this seemed the most desirable way of entering upon missionary work. He now received an intimation that he would be appointed before long, and went down to Cornwall to say farewell to his home; he had, besides his family ties, formed a strong attachment to a young lady of a well-known Cornish family, and perhaps allowed himself to dream of marriage and a quiet useful life in England. But he had never spoken out; and now—the hardest struggle of all—he resolved to turn his back upon all such hopes. This appeared long after from his diary, and to a man whose affections were of the deepest and strongest it was the bitterest cup of all. In Cornwall he preached to crowded congregations; in one place where his fame had preceded him so many people came to hear him that there was no room in the church, though the aisles were crowded with people standing, and many were obliged to go away. He preached almost prophetically on 'Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ.'

At last the day came; and he turned his back, like

Abraham of old, on his kindred and his country, to seek for the city whose builder and maker is God.

He went back to Cambridge to make his last arrangements in dreadful agony of mind, only now and then able to find peace in the thoughts of the great object he had set before him. 'The flesh dreads crucifixion,' he said, 'but can I fear pain when Christ was so agonized for me?'

The parting with Cambridge was very hard. The sight of the moon rising over the venerable wall of his college and sending its light through the painted windows of the hall drew his heart away. At last he went to London, where, being forced to wait a couple of months, he applied himself to learning Hindustanee. On July 8th he went to Portsmouth, and his overwrought mind and weak body almost failed him; for at an inn where he stayed a night he fainted away and fell into a fit of convulsions—a painful intimation of how hard the fight had been. But at Portsmouth he was much comforted by a letter from his friends at Cambridge, who sent him a silver compass as the companion of his wanderings.

On the 17th he sailed in the *Union* East Indiaman, in company with a considerable fleet under command of Captain Byng. They anchored in Falmouth Harbour, and he saw his native hills and the Truro Creek once more. This was unexpected by him; he had hoped that they would have sailed past. But the pain of parting was prolonged, as they were detained there by contrary winds nearly three weeks, so that he was able to revisit his friends. The signal to sail was so unexpected that had it not been for an accident that befel the *Union* in clearing out of the harbour he would

have missed his ship. The next day they were still in sight of Cornwall. It was a Sunday, and he was called upon to preach, and preached on the words: 'But now they desire a better country.' 'On repeating the text,' he said, 'a second time I could scarcely refrain from bursting into tears, for St. Michael's Mount and St. Hilary's spire and trees were just receding from the view.' After visiting the haven of Cork the fleet finally set sail, consisting of several Indiamen, fifty transports, and five men-of-war. Henry Martyn was inexpressibly wretched; he was broken down in health and miserable in mind; he could not sleep, and was languid and feverish.

Used as we are to quick voyages in large and comfortable steamers, the tedium of a sailing voyage in those days seems almost insupportable. Seven weeks had passed, and they were still in the latitude of the Lizard, the ship running under bare poles, the sea very high and covered with a drenching drizzle. He did not reach Madeira till September. He was unlucky in the officers. The captain objected to his style of preaching, and said that the men should not attend if so much of hell was preached; the officers left the saloon more than once during the service. But he made friends with many of the sailors and the soldiers on board. The line was crossed on October 30th, the *Union* only avoiding by a few hundred yards a very dangerous reef of rocks which proved fatal to three of the convoy. After leaving San Salvador many of the crew were seized by dysentery, and Martyn himself was attacked by that painful and weakening disease, but to his surprise soon recovered. Among the victims was the captain, whom Henry Martyn attended in his

last moments. On January 3rd they reached the Cape, which was the destination of the soldiers, and where fighting was going on not only in the neighbourhood, but actually in view of the ship. Here he said good-bye with great sadness to his friends among the soldiers, but shortly afterwards followed them on shore to minister, so far as he was able, to the wounded and dying, and while thus engaged was nearly shot by a drunken sentry. After a considerable stay at the Cape they again started, and on April 19th came in sight of Ceylon. On the 22nd they anchored at Madras. During the remainder of the voyage to Calcutta Martyn suffered indescribably from illness and sadness. He used to rise in the morning, as he expressed it, feeling himself left without a motive. He looked forward to an idle, worthless life spent in India to no purpose. Exertion seemed to him like death—indeed, absolutely impossible. The newness of everything, the climate which is particularly trying to people of weak constitution, the immensity of the work, all served to discourage and deter him. The sight which roused him from these reflections was the great Pagoda of Juggernaut, visible on the seashore. The thought of the horrible rites, the thousand deaths with which the worship of that god was annually celebrated, filled him with fresh ardour in the cause of Christ.

At Calcutta he was received by the Rev. David Brown, who had a house at Aldeen, and there he gave up to Henry Martyn a deserted pagoda, which stood near the house, by the river. His friends begged him to stay and work at Calcutta, but the sight of the service in an idol temple, the sound of cymbals and

drums beating out of a dark wood, the lights and prostrations before a black image in a pagoda, and finally a suttee, which he reached too late to prevent, kept him firm in his determination to throw himself into the midst of the heathen. And, besides, his sermons were much misunderstood at Calcutta. He was thought to be too severe and unhopeful in his teaching; he was attacked and even preached against in his presence. At last he was appointed to Dinapore, and sailed up the Ganges in a large travelling boat called a budgerow. These vessels are like house-boats, being as much as fourteen feet wide and drawing five feet of water, and seventeen to twenty miles a day is the greatest distance they can be towed up stream. It is strange to think that the navigation of a river can be attended with such dangers, but the north-west winds, which come on with great suddenness and blow very violently, raise such waves in the large Indian rivers as sometimes almost instantaneously to sink whole fleets of trading-boats. The budgerow was driven on to a shoal and sprang a leak, and the night was spent in baling; but, fortunately, the storm abated as quickly as it began. Provisions became scarce, but Henry Martyn was pleased to find that his old accomplishments had not deserted him, and he shot wild fowl in the evening with great success. His old taste for sport comes strongly out all through. He speaks of an evening walk, about which he writes: 'October 25th.—I came to the eastern bank. The opposite side was very romantic, adorned with a stately range of very high forest trees, whose deep dark shade seemed impenetrable to the light. I enjoyed great solemnity of feeling in the view of the world as a mere

wilderness through which we pass to a better country. On my return saw a wild boar of a very large size galloping parallel to the river. I had not a gun with me, or I might have killed him, as he was within reach of a fusil ball. In my cabin found great delight in "Hart's Hymns" at night.' He began, however, to find that being alone with natives depressed him.

At last he writes: 'November 25th—Reached Patna this afternoon; walked about the scene of my future ministry with a spirit almost overwhelmed at the sight of the immense multitudes—the numbers at the water-side prodigious.'

At Dinapore, where he arrived next day, he found great difficulty in learning the various dialects. He heard, though the statement seems unlikely, that the language changed every four miles, and that a book in the dialect of one district would be unintelligible to people living half a mile away, so he set to work to study Sanskrit, the foundation of all the dialects. It will give some idea of the nature of his work as chaplain at Dinapore when it is said that on one occasion he rode seventy miles to perform a marriage. In the month of March the thermometer stood at 92° in the shade. But his greatest difficulties were with the natives, whom he endeavoured to convert. One Brahmin told him that he could not believe in a religion that had no difficulties in it—only one day of devotion a week, prayer just when or where you please, eating with or without washing—a life of general carelessness. Another consented to copy out the ten commandments, but for the reason that they did not tell him to do anything but only what not to do. That is the real difficulty in preaching to Brahmins. It is not

pressing a law upon savages who have hitherto lived without law, but trying to persuade people to give up practices and beliefs, ceremonies and prayers, which are not only far more ancient, but infinitely more minute and elaborate than the Christian prayers; and it is not easy for Europeans who eat the flesh of animals, shoot birds for pleasure, raise large standing armies, and believe in capital punishment, to preach a religion of mercy and humanity to people who consider that they have committed a crime in killing a fly.

The first sign of distrust was the desertion of his schools by the children; when, however, they came back, which they did gradually, Henry Martyn had learnt caution. He had written a little Hindustanee book on the parables, but this he was afraid to give them; so he selected an old Hindu book, a religious treatise on the appearance of the Hindu god Vishnu, 'which I thought, if it did no good, could do no harm, as it was quite impossible for the children to understand it.' He settled down, also, to translating the Bible into Persian, a thing which was much needed; and with regular occupation and ordinary duties the days seemed to glide imperceptibly away in what he began to call 'his delightful solitude.'

But it seemed as if Henry Martyn was to learn never to look for happiness in this world. No sooner had tranquillity begun to return than he heard of the death of his eldest sister—and before the existence of the telegraph, such losses were often aggravated by the thought of all the time that had intervened since the actual occurrence. One hardly knows which to pity most—the one who laboured on, unconscious of his loss, or the mourners at home, who received, mail after

mail, Henry Martyn's affectionate, cheerful letters to his sister, which she was never to see, and thought of the weary months that must elapse before the strange irony would cease.

Henry Martyn was also at this time much perplexed by the behaviour of a Mahometan convert to Christianity named Sabat, who came to Dinapore. This man had been a soldier, and the struggle he had to conform his fierce, violent character to the Christian standard of life was very affecting. He used to compare himself to a sheep in a rich pasture, but unable to eat because of a lion that stood behind him. 'My heart,' he said, 'is like a looking-glass, which reflects everything, and has no impress of its own; it is only fit to be given back to the Creator of all things to be moulded anew.' Yet, as this strange man prayed, the tears would run down his cheeks. The first Sunday after his arrival he went to church, but thinking that due respect was not paid him, he left the building before service and went back home, where Mr. Martyn found him, on his return, covered with shame and contrition. Mr. Martyn often read the Mahometan Scriptures, the Koran, with Sabat, and as he drank no wine, it was rumoured that he had turned Mahometan. At the same time Sabat, who had been helping him to revise the New Testament in Hindustanee, got it into his head that the other secretary whom Henry Martyn employed would get some credit for having shared in the work, so, in a fit of insane jealousy, he refused to have anything more to do with it, and the whole burden fell on Henry Martyn's shoulders. In addition to this, a new colonel arrived to command the garrison, and his relations with the officers,

which had hitherto been very satisfactory, altered. A young Englishman came to him one day professing doubt on certain important matters of religion, and Mr. Martyn talked to him freely and affectionately. The young man, whose difficulties were all a pretence, went about the place repeating what he had said, with additions of his own, and making fun of the whole thing. The Roman Catholic priests, too, in cassocks, with shaven heads, ridiculed Henry Martyn's appearance—he had sensibly adopted for convenience the ordinary civilian dress. 'Look at the English clergyman,' they said, 'booted and spurred, and ready for a hunt!'

At last Henry Martyn brought to a completion an extraordinary monument of industry and ability—the translation of the New Testament into Hindustanee. When we consider how short a time he had studied the language, it seems the product of more than human zeal. The day he sent off the last sheet he wrote: 'Such a week of labour I believe I never passed, not excepting even the last week before going into the Senate House. I have read and corrected the MS. copies of my Testament so often that my eyes ache. The heat is terrible, often at 98°. The nights insupportable.'

In the middle of the hot weather he was transferred to Cawnpore; he travelled night and day four hundred miles, and was so much overdone that he fainted away on arriving. He had omitted to take enough provisions, and describes the last day of his journey as perfectly unbearable. 'I lay in my palanquin,' he says, 'faint with a headache, neither awake nor asleep, between dead and alive—the wind blowing

flames. We were six hours coming the last twelve miles.' He preached to the garrison soon after his arrival. 'A thousand soldiers,' he says, 'in a hollow square; the heat so great that, though the sun had not risen, many soldiers fainted in their places.' He had to go soon after his arrival to Lucknow to marry a European couple, and was three weeks away. 'I had a guard,' he says, 'of four troopers, armed with matchlocks and spears. I thought of Nehemiah, but was far too inferior to him in courage and faith not to regard the fierce countenances of my satellites with great satisfaction.' On another occasion he preached to a congregation of nearly six hundred beggars, who received his sermon with applause, but when he began to speak of idolatry, hissed him.

In the middle of these labours another blow fell on him—his younger sister died. His health now utterly broke down, and he had to stop in the middle of a sermon to his Indian congregation, saying he was too weak to speak, upon which hundreds of voices were heard invoking for him long life and health. He determined to return for a few months to England to try and recover his health; and after an absence of four years, he was restored to his friends at Calcutta, but in such an invalid condition that his return caused almost as much sorrow as joy. He had settled to return by Arabia—as he was now familiar with the Arabic language—so that he might, if possible, call souls to Christ. He took his passage in the *Alimoody* to Bombay, and left with deep sorrow the shores which he was never to revisit.

From Bombay he sailed to Bashire. The heat was so great as to make it unsafe to travel, but he deter-

mined to go on, and assumed the Persian dress—red boots, large blue trousers, a shirt, a chintz coat, and a large conical hat of black sheepskin; and, as a special mark of honour, he rode a pony with a large bell round its neck. The party started by moonlight. At first it was not unpleasantly hot, but when they reached their camping-ground and the sun rose, they found the thermometer had reached 112°. Henry Martyn was forced to wrap himself up in all the clothes he could get in order that the moisture of the body might not evaporate so fast; but the thermometer then rose to 126°, 14° above fever heat; 'and then,' said he, 'I thought I should have lost my senses!' The next night, before the sun rose, he had a little booth built of boughs, in which he records with gratitude the heat was never above 114°: 'and wrapping myself up in a large wet towel, was able to doze a little. At sunset, rising to go out, a scorpion fell out of my clothes; I did not know what it was, but Captain ——— gave the alarm and killed it.' 'The next morning we arrived at the foot of the mountains,' he writes, 'at a place where we seemed to have discovered one of nature's ulcers. A strong suffocating smell of naphtha announced something more than ordinary foul in the neighbourhood. We saw a river—what flowed in it, it seemed difficult to say, whether it were water or green oil; it scarcely moved, and the stones which it laved it left of a grayish colour, as if its foul touch had given them the leprosy.' Two nights after they reached the mountains, where the cold was so piercing that, in spite of heaping on clothes, they shivered piteously. 'At Carzeroon there seemed to be a fire in my head—my skin like a cinder. The next night sleepiness—my old enemy—again over-

took me; I was in perpetual danger of falling off my horse, till at last I pushed on to a considerable distance beyond the caravan, planted my back against a wall, and slept I know not how long, till the good muleteers came up and gently waked me.' At last they reached Shiraz.

At Shiraz Martyn was happier; he was well entertained, and day after day Mahometans of all kinds came to argue and discuss religion with him. He never denied himself to anyone. 'Lying amidst clusters of grapes by the side of a clear stream, under the shade of an orange-tree,' as he said, 'I have passed many a tranquil hour.'

At last the Mahometans agreed to a public discussion, and on a certain Monday Henry Martyn went to dine with the Professor of Mahometan Law about eight in the evening. They entered a park, passed along several avenues, and finally reached a fine court with a pond in it, and a platform by the pond, eight feet high, covered with carpets. The professor seated Henry Martyn on his left, and the discussion began, the professor speaking first. The Mahometans believe to a certain extent in Christ; they believe that He was a Divine prophet, whose teaching prepared the way for the coming of Mahomet. At first the professor maintained the miracles of Mahomet, but was forced to admit that the evidence for them was not very strong. He then spoke of the Koran, and said that no one but a prophet of God could have written certain sentences which he quoted. Henry Martyn quoted sentences from the Bible. 'Why are they inferior?' he asked. 'Oh,' said the professor with a smile, 'to see why, you must understand rhetoric.' The company soon began to

thin, and presently supper was brought in at midnight. The discussion itself had been fruitless, but it attracted public attention to Henry Martyn, and eventually did good, as it became known that he was translating the Scriptures into Persian; and great people began to call on him. A military duke, chief of an enormous tribe, came to see him. 'I suppose,' he said, on going away, 'you consider us all infidels?' 'Yes,' said Henry Martyn, 'every one of you.' The duke was much pleased with Henry Martyn's frankness, and declared he respected him for it. One visit led to another, and Henry Martyn had gradually the delight of explaining the Christian faith to all the most important people in the city. In the midst of these labours he found time to pay a visit to the immense ruins of Persepolis. His guides could not imagine why he wanted to go there, and kept on telling him that it was uninhabited. As soon as they got there, they all lay down and fell asleep. One of them said to him, 'A nice place, sir; good air, and a fine garden of trees. You may carry brandy and drink at leisure.' At last they thought he must have some magical incantations to perform there in secret.

Early in 1812 he finished the Persian New Testament, a work that had caused him immense trouble. He determined to go in person to present it to the king, who was then at Tabriz, where also the English ambassador, Sir Gore Ouseley, resided. It took eight weeks to get there. Early in June he arrived at Teheran, and then went on alone, going first to the king's camp to see the vizier, or prime minister, so as to obtain an introduction to the king. At his audience with the vizier, Martyn laid down his book before him

and was immediately surrounded by a number of Mahometans, who asked him all kinds of offensive questions about his religion, and treated him with the utmost contempt and anger. He with difficulty saved his precious book from being trampled upon. One of the Mahometans said, 'What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for this blasphemy?' He walked away alone and miserable to his tent; and in the evening the vizier sent a message to him to say he need not attempt to see the king unless he could get a letter of introduction from the ambassador. Luckily Martyn found an Englishman, with whom he set off to go back to Tabriz; but by riding imprudently in the sun they were both attacked by sunstroke and ague, and suffered agonies for three days. They pushed on, but the ague fit kept returning with violence, and Henry Martyn says that he never had felt so miserably ill in his life; he rode on in a kind of dream, hardly knowing where he was or what he was doing. At last they got back to Tabriz, but Henry Martyn was so much prostrated by fever that for two months he could not rise from his bed. He writes calmly that he does not expect to leave Tabriz alive, and almost began to sigh for death. He was thus prevented from presenting his book to the king, but the ambassador, who took him into his house and nursed him most tenderly through his illness, promised that he would himself present it. At last Martyn recovered. 'It has pleased God,' he says, 'to restore me to life and health again.' He determined to press on homewards. It was nearly thirteen hundred miles to Constantinople, most of which journey had to be performed on horseback. His stay in Persia had been on the whole very painful, but further curiosity had

been excited about the New Testament, and he was able to feel that his efforts had not been quite thrown away.

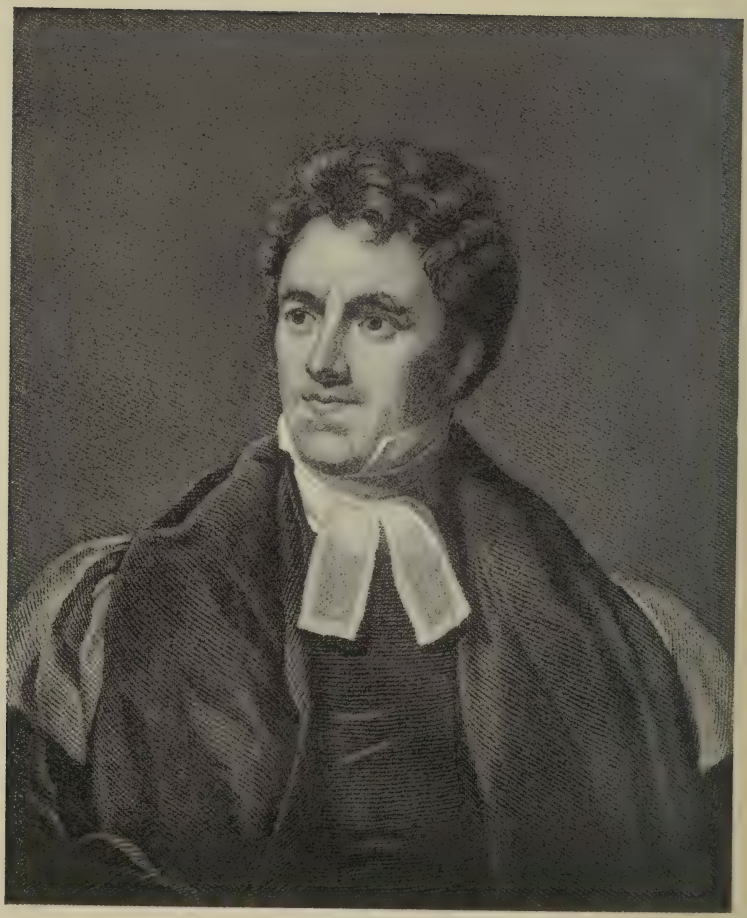
He started again in good spirits, feeling all the delights of restored health. He carried with him letters from the ambassador to the governors of the principal towns they were to pass. He speaks of the thrill of delight it gave him when riding one day out of a valley into a plain he saw far ahead of him, in the setting sun, an immense white mountain rising solemnly, high above the lower hill ranges — Ararat. He was received courteously everywhere, and given what was called the stable-room—that is, a room opening into the stable, which is thus kept warm in winter. By Henry Martyn, with his rather delicate nature, the privilege was not so highly valued, as the stench was usually quite insupportable. However, it was such an evidence of good-will that he was obliged to accept it gladly. He found better quarters in a huge Armenian monastery, where he was well entertained. At Kars he received a guard of ten men, owing to the dangerous condition of the country, and got safely to Erzeroom; but after leaving this town the ague came on again with renewed violence, owing to his having caught cold. They were detained on October 6th at a little village among the hills, as there were no horses to be got; and Martyn wrote in his diary: 'October 6th. —No horses to be had; I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God, in solitude my company, my friend, and comforter. Oh, when shall appear the new heaven and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, where none of those corruptions which add to the miseries of mortality shall be seen or heard of any more?'

It was his last entry. It is known that he reached Tokat, and there on the 16th of the same month the poor shattered frame had rest. He was only thirty-two years of age, and in the midst of strangers, in an unknown land, he, who had all his life sought for and depended upon the human love of those dear to him, fought his last fight with pain and disease and death.

Let us think for a moment what his work had been. In his short life he had won the highest honour that his university could bestow, and had put behind his back all the temptations that visited him to lead a leisurely life at home, in order to carry the message of Christ to the heathen. He had translated the Service of the Church of England and the whole of the New Testament into Hindustanee, the Psalms of David and the New Testament into Persian, and that in the middle of labours which many a man would have found in themselves overwhelming. And these labours, too, have been permanent. They are said to be the origin, as well as the basis, of all similar work that has been done. And he had no earthly reward. Like one of the saddest of God's servants, he might have said: 'Because I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile'; but not a word of complaint broke from him—rather, he said to himself, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

The life that thus closed so prematurely contains the record of such sufferings as rarely fall to human lot. From the day when he resolved to give himself to his work for Christ few months can have passed without pain of body or mind. It seems to be mysteriously appointed by God that there should be lives of patient suffering, which, though they produce no visible results,

except, perhaps, the results of example to a small circle, cannot be thrown away. Long sleepless nights of pain, turning from side to side, waiting for the early gray light to widen in the chinks of the closed shutters, while others are sleeping the sleep of ease and health, are very hard to bear. Often and often the sufferer has to face the dreadful question, Why does God lay this heavy burden on me? Is it good for me? Is it good for anyone? Does it not even hinder the little work I might do for Christ? But Henry Martyn never doubted thus. He accepted his suffering as a sign that God deemed him worthy to be made pure, since no baser metal is deemed worthy of the furnace's innermost heat. But suffering did not exhaust Henry Martyn's capacity, and what no one can help admiring with all their hearts is the way in which this quiet man worked steadily on—translating, writing, preaching, praying, however feeble the bodily frame was, whatever sadness devoured the soul. Bishop Patteson was a splendid labourer for Christ; but he was sustained by an overflowing physical energy and cheerfulness, which found laziness an impossibility and inaction hateful. But Henry Martyn's is a more gallant spirit still. Struggling with a crowd of adversaries, fighting his way inch by inch towards the goal he had set before himself, like Mr. Standfast in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' he might say: 'I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too' . . . 'and for him, too, the stringed instruments sounded, as he went in at the beautiful gate of the city.'



DR. ARNOLD

DR. ARNOLD.

In the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' when Christian came to the Interpreter's house, the Interpreter 'had him into a private room, and bid his man open a door, the which, when he had done, Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hang up against the wall; and this was the fashion of it. It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back. It stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over his head.

'Then said Christian: What meaneth this?

'Interpreter. The man whose picture this is, is one of a thousand: he can beget children, and nurse them himself when they are born.'

Such, also, is the picture of Dr. Arnold, a man who was pre-eminent for seriousness, truthfulness, and unworldliness; a man who, as headmaster of a great public school, had hundreds of lives committed to his care, to shape them as he could; a man whose watchwords were responsibility and liberty, who, by his fearlessness and simplicity, left a mark upon the education not of one school only, but of the country, of the civilized world; a man of a thousand, a man who did

indeed, in the truest sense, beget children and nurse them after they were born.

Thomas Arnold was born on June 13th, in the year 1795, in the Isle of Wight. When he was six years old his father died of spasm of the heart; when he was twelve, he went to Winchester. There he was a boy of a shy and retiring character, remarkable for a certain stiffness and formality which was the very reverse of his later joyousness and simplicity, studious and reserved, but with many friends to whom he was throughout life devoted. As a boy and a young man it is interesting to know that he was remarkable for a difficulty in early rising, which was almost a constitutional infirmity; and though in after-life he completely overcame it by habit, he often said that in this instance he never found the truth of the usual rule—that all things are made easy by custom. He possessed, however, great energy, and one of his early school-fellows said of him that Arnold was 'stiff in his opinions, and utterly immovable by force or fraud, when he had made up his mind, whether right or wrong.' As a child he was passionately attached to ballad poetry, and it is recorded that he used to sail rival fleets in his father's garden and act the battles of Homeric heroes. Like many other clever children, too, he wrote dramas and poems.

His memory was always strangely minute. When long afterwards, in a lecture at Oxford, he quoted Priestley's lectures on history, it was from his recollection of the book which he had read when eight years old. He was also noted for strong local attachment He transplanted slips of a great willow that stood in his father's grounds to all his successive homes. At sixteen

he went to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and in 1815 he was elected to a fellowship at Oriel. His chief recreation at Oxford was skirmishing across country, where he crossed fences and jumped ditches with two or three friends, being capable of going long distances and bearing great fatigue, though not muscularly strong. His chief friends were Keble, author of the *Christian Year;* Coleridge, afterwards a Judge; and Whately, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

During his last years at Oxford he was terribly troubled by conscientious doubts on certain religious questions, the severest, as he afterwards said, of earthly trials; he faced them and fought them down by devoting himself to practical religious duties. But all through his life the story of the Apostle Thomas, to whose doubts our Lord was so merciful, was especially dear to him. Indeed, as one of his friends said of him, 'One had rather have Arnold's doubts than another man's certainties.'

In 1818 he was ordained deacon, and in 1819 settled at Laleham, near Staines, and took private pupils, acting as unpaid curate of the parish. He married in 1820. From this time his indolence, restlessness, and occasional weariness of duty seemed to disappear.

'No one could know him even a little,' said one of his most intimate friends about this time, 'and not be struck by his absolute *wrestling* with evil; so that, like St. Paul, he seemed to be battling with the wicked one, and yet with the feeling of God's help on his side, scorning as well as hating.'

'I believe,' he said once, 'that I am naturally one of the most ambitious men alive; and the three great

objects of ambition which alone deserve the name are to be the prime minister of a great kingdom, the governor of a great empire, or the writer of works which should live in every age and country.' From Laleham, he said in a letter: 'I should like to be "aut Cæsar aut nullus," and as it is pretty well settled that I shall not be Cæsar, I am quite content to live in peace as "nullus."'

Here, at Laleham, his love turned to Nature as before. He loved the great plain of Middlesex; the lonely walks along the quiet banks of the Thames; the retired garden with the 'Campus Martius,' as he used to call it, the scene of so many games; the wilderness of trees behind his house. With his pupils he was like a boy; he bathed, walked, ran, sailed, rowed with them, enjoying everything. Sometimes he was discouraged at their slow progress in work. 'It is very often,' he said, 'like kicking a football up-hill: you kick it onwards twenty yards, and it rolls back nineteen; still you have gained one yard, and thus in a good many kicks you make some progress. Sometimes, however, the football rolls down twenty-five yards to your kick of twenty, and that is a losing game.'

In 1827 the headmastership of Rugby became vacant. He sent in his testimonials late, not hoping for success. However, among them was one from the Provost of Oriel (Dr. Hawkins), predicting that if Mr. Arnold were elected he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England. The impression produced by this was so great that he was elected; and in August, 1828, he entered upon his new work.

Hard things were being said about public schools at that time. Good men had declared that they were the

seats and nurseries of vice. Arnold himself, in an early sermon, spoke of the causes which could make a place that ought to be a temple of God into little better than a den of thieves. Anyone has only to read 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' to see how different, at any rate on the surface, things were. It is a picture of young barbarians all at play; and, though it is hard to say whether the difference is deeper, yet it would strike anyone at first sight that life in a public school fifty years ago was, at all events, rough and coarse to a degree which it is hard for us to realize. It is to be hoped that this outward alteration means a corresponding change within; but there seems reason to fear that human nature does not alter very fast or very materially. There is less bullying no doubt; less roasting and torturing and mere brutish delight in watching the infliction of pain on the small and weak. But do we not select our victims still, and torture them still—those weak ones of the flock, on whose nature that strange and evil influence that dogs the footsteps of good has set its mark, warping and distorting, making them clumsy or sensitive or timid or fanciful, and marking them out as a vehicle for our satire?

There is no doubt that the wave of good which has passed over English public schools in the last sixty years may be traced primarily to Arnold and Rugby. I do not mean that he actually caused it; few revolutions are caused by a single individual; but in all the time is ripe. The same thoughts are gathering in everyone's minds, and suddenly a spark flies, and the fire leaps from point to point. The genius, the leader, the reformer, is the man who says the word or lives the life that sets the spark to the fuel.

It is impossible to go at all closely into the system that he applied so successfully; but the key of it was that he gave his boys liberty, and said, 'You are free, but you are responsible—you are Christians and gentlemen; we leave you much to yourselves, because if you are guarded and watched and spied upon, you will grow up only knowing the fruits of servile fear, and when your liberty is finally given you, as it must be to all some day, you will not know how to use it; it will be like a wild beast which will turn and slay you, which might have been taken young and tamed with gentle sternness to be your protection and delight.'

And so he gave them liberty and treated them as though he trusted them. Take, for instance, the way in which he took a boy's word: 'If you say so,' he would say, checking any further attempted proof of an assertion, 'if you say so that is enough—*of course* I believe your word.' And there grew up in consequence a general feeling that it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—'he always believes you.'

'Is this a Christian school?' he indignantly asked at the end of one of his school addresses, in which he had spoken of an extensive display of bad feeling among the boys; and then added: 'I cannot remain here if all is to be carried on by constraint and force; if I am to be here as a gaoler, I will resign my office at once.' On another occasion when he had sent away several boys in consequence of a disturbance, and met the school in a condition of rebellion, excitement, and discontent: 'It is not necessary,' he said, 'that this should be a school of three hundred or one hundred or fifty boys, but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.'

The chief danger of this lay, he always saw and said, in the spirit of combination and excessive deference to public opinion. 'Ground in yonder social mill,' as Tennyson says, 'we rub each other's angles down'; and with them goes much that is original and good, in the tame submission to common opinion, which is always, like the law, rather lower than the morality and opinions of those who are governed by it. Of evil companionship Arnold thought and spoke with a depth and earnestness of feeling quite affecting. At the sight of a knot of vicious or careless boys gathered together round the great school-house fire, 'It makes me think,' he would say, 'that I see the devil in the midst of them.' How harmless such gatherings might be! how harmless they seldom are!

Of course, this made him depend very much on his sixth form, his præpostors, and captains of houses. 'You should feel,' he said to them, 'like officers in the army or navy, whose want of moral courage would indeed be thought cowardice.' 'When I have confidence in the sixth,' was the end of one of his farewell addresses, 'there is no post in England which I would exchange for this; but if they do not support me, I must go.' Of course he valued intellectual ability, but as coming below gentlemanly conduct, and still further below moral principle. 'If there is one thing on earth which is truly admirable it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated.' In speaking of a pupil of this character he once said: 'I would stand to that man hat in hand.'

But it is necessary, in order to complete the picture, to speak of him as a teacher. Among the smaller

boys who came under him in the general examinations, or in occasional lessons where he took the form, he was the object of extreme fear—such an incident is recorded in 'Tom Brown' in the well-known 'Triste Lupus' story; but combined with this was a great admiration for the clearness of his questioning and explanation.

But in the Library Tower, the room with the oriel over the great gateway of the school, that was where boys made their fullest and most real acquaintance with him as an instructor. His directness, his dignity, his courtesy and deference to boys, as to his equals—as long as there was nothing to disturb friendly relations—the startling earnestness with which he would check any levity or impertinence—all made an impression never afterwards forgotten. There must have been something wonderfully impressive and attractive about the man whose pupils could speak and think of him as they did in after-life.

But the teaching which left a deeper mark than any other part of his work was his manner of treating the Bible, his habit of realizing everything that we are told in Scripture. 'He had,' a friend said, 'the freshest view of our Lord's life and death I ever knew a man to possess. To his rich mind the Gospel history was the most interesting fact that has ever happened—as real, as exciting (if I may use the expression) as any recent event in modern history, of which the actual effects are visible.'

He had a great love for the school chapel, and it is in connexion with the chapel services, and especially the sermon, that those who knew him remembered him best. He introduced a short weekly sermon (there had

been none before); he nearly always preached himself—never for more than twenty minutes, often less. However much the subjects might have been in his mind, the sermons were written almost invariably between the morning and afternoon service, and though often under such stress of time that the ink of the last sentence was scarcely dry when the chapel bell ceased to sound they contain hardly a single erasure. They were plain, straightforward sermons, yet with none of the silly triteness that is often dignified by the name of simplicity. No boys ever listened to them with weariness or mere formality; even careless boys were known to refer to them in the course of the week as a condemnation of something they were doing, and one who describes them says: 'I used to listen to them from first to last with a kind of awe, and over and over again could not join my friends at the chapel door, but would walk home alone; and I remember the same effects being produced by them more or less on others whom I should have thought as hard as stones, and on whom I should think Arnold looked as some of the worst boys in the school.'

Now, have I produced the effect of making you think of Arnold as a stern, strong man, unbending and unforgiving, with little human sympathy, and no human weakness about him? If so, I am very wrong; the man who could say, 'When I find that I cannot run up the library stairs, I shall know that it is time for me to go,' must have kept a good deal of the boy in his constitution. He delighted in having his boys constantly to see him, and would invite his sixth form to his home in Westmoreland in the holidays. His unaffected delight and interest as afternoon after after-

noon he would stand to watch the football in the close, won their hearts. Yet his ascendency was not gained in the first instance by his manner; there was a shortness, even awkwardness, in his address, occasioned partly by a natural shyness, partly by his dislike of wasting words on trivial occasions, which repelled boys rather than conciliated them, and there was something of extreme severity in his voice and countenance beyond what he was himself aware of. With the very little boys, indeed, his manner partook of the playful kindness and tenderness which always marked his intercourse with children, but as a rule it was his sternness which first impressed a boy—a consciousness almost amounting to solemnity that when his eye was on you it looked into your inmost heart. He had, it must be remembered, a naturally vehement and hasty temper, very sedulously repressed; but when cases which involved anything low, or false, or cruel, or vicious came before him, an ashy paleness and an awful frown seemed to speak of an ineffable scorn and indignation at the sight of vice and sin.

And yet the boys knew he loved them, and that overcame everything. A man who could speak as he did to a master of a young boy of great promise, detected in some fault, 'If he should turn out ill, I think it would break my heart,' and again, 'If ever I could receive a new boy from his father without emotion, I should think it high time to be off,' cannot have been a man, as has been sometimes supposed, who was cast in a mould more stern than loving. And there grew up among the boys a kind of affectionate loyalty, which is best expressed by a sentence from a letter of a Rugby boy, who had hardly any personal

communication with him: 'I am sure I do not exaggerate my feelings when I say that I felt a love and reverence for him as one of quite awful goodness and greatness, for whom, I well remember, that I used to think I would gladly lay down my life.'

Of his own private work at this time it is necessary to speak; we get to understand a man better at his study table than in his schoolroom or stall. As may be supposed, his tastes were practical; he delighted in motion and life. Quoting the verse, 'Stand still and see the salvation of God,' he added that it was true advice, no doubt, to the Israelites on the shore of the Red Sea, but it was not the advice needed in ordinary circumstances—it was not true advice when they were to conquer Canaan. And again, talking of Wordsworth, and quoting the lines—

> 'To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears'—

he said that 'life was not long enough to take such intense interest in objects in themselves too little—there is something morbid in such feelings.'

The subject into which he flung himself most keenly was history. His time at Laleham had been so constantly interrupted by various calls that he had acquired the faculty of getting much out of very rapid reading, turning to account all that he heard, and the power of making use of spare fragments of time. He used to speak with delight of the search for truth, that the study of history was to him: daily becoming more familiar with it, the truth daily seeming more and more within his grasp, and the image of the past habitually in his mind, and haunting him even in sleep with strange vividness. He would dream of being

present at the assassination of Cæsar, conversing with Brutus, or in the army of Titus under Jerusalem, or walking with Alcibiades round the walls of Syracuse. He would seem to see Sulla with the livid spots upon his face, but yet with the air and manner of Scott's Claverhouse; and this sense was so strong in him that he even thought with feelings of personal antipathy and sympathy of Livy and Thucydides, who seemed to realize his ideals of the worst and best historians at opposite poles. 'The use of reading Livy,' he wrote, 'is like that of the drunken Helot. He shows what history should not be in a very striking manner.'

This method of realizing events and character he carried, as we have said before, with still greater depth and fervour into his reading of Scripture; and so closely did he adopt certain favourite characters (for strong partisanship was one of Arnold's most vigorous characteristics—neutrality was impossible to him) that it is recorded that when once a comparison was made in his family circle, which seemed to place St. Paul above St. John, the tears rushed to his eyes, and repeating one of the verses from St. John in his own deep tones, he begged that the comparison might never again be made.

Into Church questions he flung himself with great fervour, arraying himself, as the bent of his mind was sure to incline him, against the new and rising school of Church tradition and authority—the Oxford School. It may be asked why Arnold found himself in opposition to these earnest and good men. The answer lies in the fact that he thought that the doctrines of that school tended to create a class (the clergy) who claimed to be nearer to God in certain ways than the laymen of

the Church, and to be the only authorized dispensers of the Church's most valued privileges. The Tractarians, as they were called, the school of Newman and Keble and Pusey, laid down a close system of Church teaching, extracted faithfully enough from the books of the old Fathers and the Bible, read in a certain way; but Arnold's great idea was to make the Church comprehensive, and not exclusive—he would rather have had unity at the cost, perhaps, of sacrificing somewhat of the truth. Any separation between clergy and laity he denounced as priestcraft; he wished to see laymen authorized to preach and administer the Holy Communion, the revival of such things as daily church services, memorials of the Christian calling in crosses and wayside oratories, commemoration of holy men, religious orders—especially of women—only without what he called the snare and sin of perpetual vows. The State and the Church he considered identical, and would have wished to see them recognised as such; he would have liked to see the highest earthly power minister to the advancement of Christian holiness; to see crimes regarded as sins, and sins as crimes. Such was Arnold's dream, very practical in its ideas, but impossible to carry out; and in this ideal he stood alone. He found himself, to his own intense grief and perplexity, isolated from nearly all his own friends, and fighting his battle nearly single-handed, without encouragement or support.

Before we pass on it will be as well for a moment to get one glimpse of the life he lived at Rugby; not the life of desk or pulpit, but the quiet home-life that formed such a kindly background to the rest. The most curious thing about him, considering how much

of the student and scholar he had in his nature, and how much literary work he did, is the utter absence of seclusion about his life. In his study at Rugby he would sit at work, his children playing in the room, conversation going on, his guests walking in at their will, and he always ready to break off at any moment to answer a question, almost as if he courted interruptions. He always gravitated back to his study after being called away, and there would recommence as though he had never been interrupted. 'I feel as if I could dictate to twenty secretaries at once,' he used to say late in the evening; 'unhasting, unresting diligence,' was what Carlyle, who stayed there once, ascribed to him. Then, with his children he was so natural and playful that boys who had only known him as the sternest of masters could hardly believe their eyes. It was astonishing to perceive the intense enjoyment with which he entered into their walks and expeditions, describing himself like a horse pawing the ground, impatient to be off. Rugby, as a place, he never really grew to love; the flat fields eastward were strangely repulsive to him. 'No wonder,' he used to say, 'we do not like looking that way when we consider that there is nothing fine between us and the Ural Mountains. . . . Conceive what you look over, for you just miss Sweden and look over Holland, North Germany, and the centre of Russia.' In 1832 he purchased a little estate called Fox How, the chimneys and roof of which you can see from the road between Ambleside and Rydal, where he used to rush off when his work was done in order to revel in the mountains. There it was that he hoped to live out his old age—to retire there when he put his harness off, and live among the run-

ning streams and flowers, till, as he said, 'my bones may go to Grasmere churchyard, to lie under the yews which Wordsworth planted, and to have the Rotha, with its deep and silent pools, passing by.'

It is strange that a man with these tastes should have flung himself into controversy with such desperate eagerness. In 1833 he published a tract called 'Principles of Church Reform,' which created a storm of feeling; and it must be confessed that it was indiscreet, and Arnold did not really understand the Church or the English Churchman. He was so intensely earnest and simple-minded himself that he did not allow enough for the deficiencies of the average man; and it is a sad confession, but it must be made, that the most popular religious system is not the one that is most elastic in doctrine, but the one that makes most concessions to human weakness. Dr. Arnold did not understand this —he did not really know the bitterness of religious feeling; for at that date religious feeling was intense and bitter to a degree that it has never been since.

Let us illustrate it by an example. He recommends the parish church of a village being shared equally among church people and dissenters, with services at different hours. That is a very beautiful idea, and no doubt, if carried out, would do away with many of the prejudices that now exist; but it is beset by practical difficulties that would have occurred to any mind less serious than Arnold's: who is to have the preference, who is to regulate the duration, etc., of the respective services? Imagine a parish where dissenters and church people happen to be enemies, or where the clergyman takes a serious view of schism. Would not this arrangement, intended for the increase of peace,

only give endless opportunities for unseemly strife? would it not, in certain places, be like tying a dog and a cat together? Dr. Arnold himself said that he did not insist upon practical details, but since he enjoyed the confidence and respect of a large section of the public as a practical man, these suggestions were sure to be closely criticised.

The storm burst, and for four years he suffered persecution, ridicule, and obloquy; a county paper published a weekly attack on him; he was condemned almost by name in pulpits, even at Oxford; the sale of his sermons was stopped; many even of his old personal friends dropped their acquaintance with him. It must be admitted that he took no great pains to conciliate the animosity of the public; in fact, he rather combated it. For instance, at a fiercely-contested election he took the trouble to come down from his home in the Lakes to vote for the Liberal candidate at Rugby; and it did not much mend matters when it was afterwards discovered that his house at Rugby did not confer upon him the qualification of a vote. When Dr. Stanley (father of the Dean) was made Bishop of Norwich, he asked Arnold to preach the sermon at his consecration, and the Archbishop of Canterbury forbade it on the ground that it would meet with an unfavourable reception among the clergy. Even the numbers of the school fell off, though Arnold's pupils were distinguishing themselves at college. He was at this time on the Senate of the London University, and he brought forward a motion, against great opposition, which made it necessary for anyone who was being examined for the B.A. degree to pass a paper in one of the Gospels, or the Acts of the Apostles, in Greek. This was

severely condemned by the enemies of religious teaching, who were at that time powerful in the University of London. And thus we have the curious spectacle of a man being condemned at the same time for being a bigot by one party and an unbeliever by the other His own feelings are best expressed by a letter written about this time, which bears the stamp of his genius. 'When I look round,' he wrote, 'upon boys or men, there seems to me some one point or quality which distinguishes really noble persons from ordinary ones: it is not religious feeling; it is not honesty or kindness; but it seems to be moral thoughtfulness, which is at once strengthening and softening and elevating, which makes a man love Christ instead of being a fanatic, and love truth without being cold or hard.' In another letter he says that he meets a great many interesting people, but what he wants is intercourse with men who take life in earnest: not more definite religious conversation (so-called), which he believes is often as much on the surface as other conversation; 'but I want a sign, which one catches by a sort of freemasonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, whither tending, and in what cause engaged.'

About 1838 a change took place; his sons were growing up, and his interest in life, which, as he once said, had begun to flag, revived in watching their career. He was cheered by the consciousness of the increasing circle of Oxford and Cambridge men who looked up to him almost like a second father; by the improvement in his own health which came from travelling on the Continent; by the gradual setting of public opinion in his favour, through the feeling that if he was mistaken on a few minor points, yet he was a

man of sincerity and earnestness, such as are rarely found in this world. When Dr. Arnold, writing in 1839, said, 'When I think of the Church I could sit down and pine and die,' people felt that it was not an idle word, a merely exaggerated expression of disgust, as it would have been in many mouths, but that it came from the heart of the man. Even his opponents could not wholly withstand energy like this. At the same time, in the midst of this increasing happiness, he was haunted by hopes of repose. He writes to a friend with whom he had been staying: 'I envy you the peacefulness and comfort of your very delightful parsonage, the image of which, as I knew it would, has haunted me at times almost painfully, like the phantom of green fields which visits the sailor at sea.' He goes on to say that the spectacle of a great school is sometimes very trying—it never can present images of rest and peace; and when the spring and activity of youth is altogether unsanctified by anything pure and elevating in its desires, it becomes a spectacle that is dizzying and morally distressing in the highest degree. It is very startling to see so much of sin combined with so little of sorrow.

In 1841 he received from Lord Melbourne the offer of a post which filled him with delight—the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford. History was a subject which every year became more and more congenial to him: the two great works of his life had been the History of Rome and his edition of Thucydides.

On December 2nd he started from Rugby with Mrs. Arnold, his work not allowing him to be absent for more than one day, to deliver his inaugural

lecture. He started very early and occupied himself in looking over school exercises as soon as it became light, reaching Oxford at noon. The crowds to hear him were so great that the lecture was given in the theatre to between four and five hundred people: so large a number had rarely before assembled to hear a professor lecture. Some came as mere students, anxious to hear what a master in the study of history had to say; many of his old pupils came from motives of personal interest and affection; many, no doubt, out of mere curiosity to hear and see the man whose name had been public property so long, and who stood out as the most uncompromising opponent of the popular Oxford tendencies. It was a tardy triumph, but still a triumph, to see him unfolding the treasures of his favourite study surrounded by the tribute of honour and respect in his own beloved university.

Early in 1842 he came up to deliver his first course, and was welcomed by an ever-growing circle of friends and admirers; the personality of the man was too vigorous and attractive not to gather about itself all that was best and most enthusiastic in the place. It is delightful to record how, in the middle of his work, he used to set off with family or friends, map in hand, to explore his old haunts—the fields, the streams, the woods of Bagley, all remembered with the freshness of yesterday. It was in these first lectures that the curiously prophetic statement occurs when he spoke of the anxiety, when a man is cut off by sudden death, 'to know whether his previous words or behaviour indicate any sense of his coming fate.'

The time was now drawing near which he had fixed as the date of his retirement from Rugby; but he

rejoiced to feel himself in the full vigour of life; the forty-ninth year, which Aristotle fixed as the acme of human faculties, still lay ahead of him. At this time there was much illness in the school at Rugby, and several deaths among the boys; this perhaps accounts for the frequent allusions to death that appear in his sermons at this period. Two stories to illustrate this are recorded; how he told one of his own boys the story of how his own father had made him read aloud a sermon on 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow,' on the very Sunday evening before his sudden death, and added that it was one of the most solemn things he did to write the date at the beginning of a new MS. volume of sermons, leaving a blank for the date of its completion, 'thinking that perhaps I might not live to finish it.' One morning, too, at prayers, he announced to his pupils the sudden and unexpected death of one of their number, saying: 'We ought all to take to ourselves these repeated warnings. God in His mercy sends them to us—I say in His *mercy* because they *are* warnings to all of us here—we ought to feel them as such'—adding emphatically, 'and I am sure I feel it so myself.' Never, it was noticed, had he been so forgetful of himself, so thoughtful of others, so tender and gentle in manner. He had a bad feverish attack, from which, however, he quite recovered, during which he spoke to his wife of feeling quite a rush of love in his heart towards God and Christ.

He began, too, a short diary of his most intimate thoughts, which he wrote before retiring to rest.

The last week of the school term had come; he presided as usual at the examinations with all his wonted vigour, refusing even any offered assistance.

On the last Saturday he went his usual rounds, said good-bye to many of the boys, and distributed the prizes. That afternoon he walked and bathed as usual in the Avon; in the evening he strolled in his garden with an old pupil staying with him, sat up to finish some accounts, and, after making an entry in his journal, retired for the night. This is the entry:

'Saturday evening, June 11.—The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed! And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age! In one sense, how nearly can I now say "Vixi!"—and I thank God that as far as ambition is concerned it is, I trust, fully mortified. I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still, there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh. But, above all, let me mind my own personal work—to keep myself pure and zealous and believing, labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than others, if God disapproves of my doing it.'

Very early on the morning of Sunday, June 12th, between five and six, he awoke with a sharp pain across his chest. He told his wife of it, and added that he had felt it the day before, when bathing. He composed himself to sleep, but the pain rapidly increased. Mrs. Arnold, who was always anxious at the least indication of illness, sent hastily for the doctor, and on returning to the room heard him say to himself,

in a tone of the most earnest feeling: 'But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons.' When the doctor entered the room he was looking much as usual, and his tone was cheerful. 'I am sorry to disturb you so early,' he said. He then described the pain, asking what it was. Suddenly it returned, before the doctor could answer, and remedies were applied till it passed away. Mrs. Arnold saw that the doctor was himself alarmed, and went for her second son, the eldest then at home. In her absence Dr. Arnold again asked what it was; he was told it was spasm of the heart. He exclaimed, in his peculiar manner of recognition, 'Ha!' He was asked if he had ever in his life fainted? 'No.' 'Never had any difficulty of breathing, or sharp pain in the chest?' 'No, never.' Had any of his family had disease of the chest? 'Yes, my father had—he died of it.' 'What age was he?' 'Fifty-three.' 'Was it suddenly fatal?' 'Yes, suddenly fatal.' He then asked: 'Is it a common disease?' 'Not very common.' 'Where do we find it most?' 'In large towns, I think.' 'Why?' (Two or three causes were mentioned.) 'Is it generally fatal?' 'Yes, I am afraid it is.' His son then came in, and he said to him: 'Thank God, Tom, for giving me this pain. I have suffered so little pain in my life that I feel it is very good for me now God has given it me, and I do so thank Him for it,' adding, 'How thankful I am that my head is untouched!'

The doctor then came back with the remedies, and there was a slight return of the pain, after which he said: 'If the pain is again as severe as it was before you came, I do not know how I can bear it.' He then fixed his eyes on the doctor and repeated one or two of his

former questions, saying, 'Is it likely to return?' 'Yes. 'Is it generally suddenly fatal?' 'Yes, generally.' He was then asked whether he was suffering, and said, 'No,' and asked what medicine was to be given. On being told, said: 'Ah, very well.' He was then lying with a calm expression, with his eyes shut. In another minute the doctor heard a rattle in his throat and a convulsive struggle: he flew to the bed, caught his head upon his shoulder, and called for Mrs. Arnold, who had left the room to tell the children of their father's danger. But he never returned to consciousness, and died just when his children had entered the room.

So sudden had been the seizure that no one out of the house had heard of the illness before its fatal end. Almost at the same time in the different boarding-houses was delivered the message, in startling abruptness, that 'Dr. Arnold was dead.' 'What that Sunday was in Rugby it is hard fully to represent—the incredulity, the bewilderment, the blank, more awful than sorrow, that prevailed through the vacant services of that long and dreary day.' How the news came to his old pupils and friends has been so strikingly told in the pages of 'Tom Brown' that I will not attempt to reproduce it here. He was buried on the following Friday in the school chapel immediately below the Communion Table.

Dr. Arnold was not forty-seven when he died. His eldest son, after a long and famous life, has followed him to the grave, leaving behind him a name in literature even greater than that of his father. It is strange to think that Dr. Arnold himself might possibly be alive even now: his work was so great and so complete that it is hard to believe that his life from the point of view

of time was so short. Poets and painters have made an everlasting fame, it is true, in fewer years of life; but it may be said that few men have lived a practical working life of which the effects have been so extensive and marked in so short a span.

When we see a life with such immense possibilities of usefulness and work cut short, it is very hard to believe that all is well. We can only rest on such words as, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' We must believe that such souls are called away to other labours in some more perfect place, leaving behind an example for us to try to imitate. They rest from their labours—or rather labour, we will believe—in a place where worldly hindrances and all the difficulties of sin and doubt are taken away, where truth can be sought without the oppositions of error, and where there is no bitterness to dog the footsteps of right.

LIVINGSTONE.

Of the four quarters of the globe, Africa is that which appears to have obtained the worst start in life's race. No doubt it was the seat of ancient empires, such as Egypt and Carthage; no doubt it was from Africa that the Moors came over and conquered Spain; but the fact remains that during the greater portion of history, Africa has had little or no share in the great events of the world. If you look at an old map, you will find a few kingdoms painted in round the coast, and the mouths of a few rivers marked; but the greater part of the interior of the country is dotted over with a kind of shading meant to represent the desert; the idea of the desert in most people's minds being something like a sandy beach above high-water-mark, perfectly flat, and only varied by an occasional oasis, a lion, or the bleaching skeleton of a camel. There were usually a few mysterious names scattered about, such as Sahara, or Timbuctoo, or Mountains of the Moon; while in blank spaces elephants (at least in the older maps) were drawn at regular intervals to fill up the room. Not more than twenty years ago geography books used to put down the population of Africa as 60,000,000; now they estimate it at nearly

double, and this estimate is more likely to be under than over the mark.

But of recent years there has come a great change. We think that we know all about Africa now. What with wars and explorations, and the recent scramble among the European powers for parts of the Dark Continent, knowledge of it has certainly increased, and will increase to an indefinite extent. This is due to a great number of people acting from a great number of motives. Some of these motives have been high, some low. Reputations have been made in Africa, but they have also been, if not lost, at least fatally tarnished and marred. Men have gone there to pursue sport, to open paths for commerce, to make geographical explorations, to rescue others, to win renown by doing something that nobody else has done. They have doubtless all spread civilization; but civilization has brought with it its own evils. Many have acted like heroes: but they have not unfrequently acted like tyrants too. But there is one class of men who cannot, as a class, be charged with lowness of motive—I mean the missionaries; and there is one man among them, who contrived to rule natives without barbarity, but yet with firmness and decision—I mean David Livingstone. Many people, while allowing to missionaries the noblest of motives, attack their work on two grounds: firstly, they say, 'charity begins at home,' and missionaries are needed more in our great cities than in savage countries; secondly, conversions among African and Asiatic races are unreal. The people there, they say, are no more fitted for Christianity than for constitutional representation and an extended franchise. But I think the first objection comes

mainly from those who are glad of a good excuse for not interesting themselves in foreign missions, and seek to play off home missions against them, though in reality they are scarcely more interested in them; while the second, we may allow the life and work of a typical missionary to refute for itself.

David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, a place on the Clyde above Glasgow, on March 19th, 1813—two years before the battle of Waterloo. His father was a travelling tea-merchant, and his grandfather had been a small farmer in the little island of Ulva. His great grandfather had fallen fighting on the Stuart side at Culloden in 1745.

The boy was strong and tough both in body and mind. Before the age of ten he could say by heart the whole 176 verses of the 119th Psalm, with only five prompts. He also climbed to a higher point in the ruins of Bothwell Castle than other boys, and carved his name, Cockney fashion, in the place which he had reached. But he was a thoughtful boy, too, and would help his mother to sweep and clean the house, though he was ashamed of being seen to do so by his friends, and asked for the door to be barred before he began. His conscientiousness is shown by his sweeping under the doormat, where the dust would not be noticed if unswept. At ten the boy went to work in the cotton-mills; but though employed there for fourteen hours, from six to eight, he yet found time to learn Latin, working till ten with his schoolmaster, and often two hours longer by himself. By sixteen he could read Virgil and Homer easily. At the same time he managed to study science, collecting specimens of all the flowers and limestone fossils to be found in the

neighbourhood. He also read all the ordinary books he could, though his father's principles forbade novels.

He was apparently about nineteen or twenty when he became interested in missions to China. He had intended before this to give all his surplus funds to missions, but now he made up his mind to go himself. Accordingly he joined the London Missionary Society, and on September 1st, 1838, he went to London to be examined by the Mission Board. He passed the examination, and was sent to a tutor's in Essex for a three months' trial of his fitness in practical work. 'There part of their work was to prepare sermons, which, after correction by their tutor, were learnt by heart and delivered to the village congregation. One Sunday, Livingstone was sent over to preach at Stanford for a minister who was ill. He took his text, read it out very deliberately, and then—then—his sermon had fled. Midnight darkness came upon him, and he abruptly said: "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say," and hurrying out of the pulpit, left the chapel.'

Partly owing to this, his period of probation was extended to five months, but at the end of that time he was fully accepted, and went to London to walk the hospitals, completing his training in November, 1840. On the 17th of that month, he parted from his father for the last time, in Glasgow. On the 20th he was ordained missionary in London, and on December 8th he left England on board the *George*.

But it was for Africa he was bound, not, as he originally intended, for China. He had been influenced in this direction by meeting Dr. Moffat, the great

African missionary, in London, and attending his public meetings. He was advised by him not to go to an old station, but to push on up to the north, where the country was unoccupied. Accordingly, on December 8th he set out in the sailing vessel *George* for Algoa Bay.

He reached the Cape of Good Hope in due time, and there the ship was detained for a month. He was glad enough to go on, as he found disagreements among the missionaries at Cape Town, and soon reached Algoa Bay, which lies at the south-east corner of Cape Colony, as Cape Town at the south-west. He pushed on at once up country in an ox-wagon, and reached Kuruman, 700 miles north, by May 31st, 1841. He stayed at Kuruman to learn the native language and to look out for a good place further north in which to found a new station. He began at once to practise as a doctor, and by this means got great influence among the natives who lived in the neighbourhood, many of whom believed him to be a powerful wizard. One chief, called Sekomi, came to him, and said: 'I wish you would change my heart. Give me medicine to change it, for it is proud, proud and angry, angry always.' Livingstone took up a Bible, but the chief interrupted him, saying: 'Nay, I wish to have it changed by medicine, to drink and have it changed at once, for it is always very proud and very uneasy, always angry with someone.' He then rose and went away at once.

On one journey his oxen sickened and the rest of the way was done on foot. 'Some of those,' he writes, 'who had recently joined us, and did not know that I understood a little of their language, were overheard

by me discussing my appearance. He is not strong, he is quite slim, and only seems stout because he puts himself into those "bags" (trousers); he will soon knock up. This made my Highland blood rise, and I kept them all at the top of their speed for days together, until I heard them express a favourable opinion of my pedestrian powers.' At last he got permission to push forward definitely. This was in June, 1843, and the permission filled him with 'inexpressible delight,' as he says in a letter home. So he started northward into regions never previously visited by a white man, early in the August of the same year. The place he had settled on was the valley of Mabotsa, about 200 miles north-east of Kuruman. On arriving there, he built his house with his own hands, and settled down to work among the Bakatlas. He stayed there three years, and during this time his well-known encounter with a lion occurred, which he relates as follows: 'The Bakatla of the village of Mabotsa were troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle-pens by night and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day. This was so unusual an occurrence that the people believed themselves to be bewitched—given, as they said, "into the power of the lions by a neighbouring tribe."' They went once to attack the animals, but, being rather cowardly in comparison with the Bechuanas in general, they returned without slaying any. 'It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed, the remainder leave that part of the country. The next time, therefore, the herds were attacked, I went with the people to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the

animals on a small hill covered with trees. The men formed round in a circle, and gradually closed up as they advanced. Being below on the plain with a native schoolmaster named Mabalwe, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring. Mabalwe fired at him, and the bullet hit the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; and then, leaping away, broke through the circle and escaped unhurt. If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared him in his attempt to get out, but they were afraid to attack him. When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it, but dared not fire lest we should shoot some of the people. The beasts burst through the line, and as it was evident the men could not be prevailed on to face their foes, we bent our footsteps towards the village. In going round the end of the hill I saw a lion sitting on a piece of rock, about thirty yards off, with a little bush in front of him. I took a good aim at him through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men called out, "He is shot, he is shot!" Others cried, "He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!" I saw the lion's tail erected in anger, and turning to the people, said: "Stop a little till I load again!" When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout, and looking half round, I saw the lion in the act of springing upon me. He caught me by the shoulder, and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first grip of the cat. It

caused a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. . . . As he had one paw on the back of my head, I turned round to relieve myself of the weight, and saw his eyes directed to Mabalwe, who was aiming at him from a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, which was a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The animal immediately left me to attack him, and bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion, upon which he turned from Mabalwe and seized this fresh foe by the shoulder. At this moment the bullets the beast had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcase, which was declared to be the largest ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, eleven of his teeth had penetrated the upper part of my arm. The bite of a lion resembles a gun-shot wound. It is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and ever afterwards pains are felt periodically in the part. I had on a tartan jacket, which, I believe, wiped off the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in the affray have both suffered from the usual pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The wound of the man who was bit in the shoulder actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year.'

In 1844 Livingstone married Mary, the eldest

daughter of Dr. Moffat, and lived for a year more at Mabotsa. Then some disagreement arose between him and another missionary who had accompanied him from Kuruman, and Livingstone, unwilling to quarrel before the heathen, moved on to a village called Chonuane, forty miles north, where dwelt a chief named Sechele, whom Livingstone already knew. Though he had made but few conversions, the people of Mabotsa were attached to him, and regretted his departure, offering to do anything if he would stay among them. Nevertheless, he went, and made a fresh start at Chonuane, the chief, Sechele, being his first convert. He offered to help in the conversion of his subjects in his own way. 'I can make them do nothing,' he said, 'except by thrashing them, and if you like I shall call my head man, and with our whips of rhinoceros-hide we will soon make them all believe together.'

Unfortunately a drought came on, and lasted for four years, and the natives attributed it to the new religion. 'Let Sechele make a few showers,' they said; 'let him make rain this once, and we shall all come to school, and sing and pray as long as you please. God gave us nothing but the assegai, and cattle, and rain-making. Other tribes place medicine about our country to prevent the rain. God has given us one little thing which you know nothing of—the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. We do not despise those things you possess, though we are ignorant of them. You ought not to despise our little knowledge, though you are ignorant of it.' The tribe moved to Kolobeng, forty miles to the north, but the drought got so much worse, and the

attitude of the Boers was so hostile, that Livingstone determined to push on still further, to the land of Sebituane, chief of the Makololo. After three attempts he reached it, with his wife and children, though they suffered much on the way from thirst. This was in 1851. The chief was very kind, and offered a settlement in any part of the country; but Livingstone, though he penetrated 130 miles further north, discovering the upper waters and true position of the Zambesi, could find no healthy spot to settle in. So he returned to his family, and determined to take them to Cape Town and send them off to England. They sailed in April, 1852, and he was left alone, but ready to start on a journey which led to great discoveries. There were difficulties in his way, political and religious, and he found it hard to obtain ammunition, and had to put up with an inferior waggon and oxen. It was not till June that he was able to start, and not till September that he again reached Kuruman, where he heard bad news. The Boers had attacked Kolobeng, and in the fighting Livingstone's house had been ransacked and most of the town burnt. 'Think,' writes Livingstone, in not unnatural annoyance, 'of a big, fat Boeress drinking coffee out of my kettle, and then throwing her tallowy corporeity on my sofa, or keeping her needles in my wife's writing-desk!'

Sechele and the Bakwains recovered from the effects of the war, but Livingstone was determined to push on. He went by a new route, further west, to avoid the Boers, but found it very difficult. Part of the country was under water, and they had to wade among reeds with sharp edges, which cut the flesh. But at length he reached the country of the Makololo,

Sebituane, the great chief, had died during Livingstone's previous visit, and Mamochishane, his daughter, had resigned in consequence of the number of husbands she had as chieftainess to keep up. Her brother, Sekeletu, who had succeeded her, was friendly to Livingstone, but the latter could find no place near in which it was possible to make a healthy settlement any more than before. He was himself attacked by fever. Accordingly, he made up his mind to find his way to the West Coast, and set out in November, 1853. He suffered from fever, but at first the journey was prosperous. Among the Balonda he made friends with the chieftainess Manenko, who is described as 'a strapping young woman of twenty,' who led their party through the forest at a pace which tired the best walkers. She seems to have been the only native whose will ever prevailed against Livingstone's. He intended to proceed up to her Uncle Shinte's town in canoes. She insisted that they should march by land, and ordered her people to shoulder his baggage in spite of him. 'My men' (he says) 'succumbed, and left me powerless. I was moving off in high dudgeon to the canoes, when she kindly placed her hand on my shoulder, and, with a motherly look, said, "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done." My feeling of annoyance, of course, vanished, and I went out to try for some meat.'

But after this troubles began. They were pressed for food, and entered a hostile territory—that of the Chiboques. Livingstone's camp was surrounded by a number of them, but he managed to get the chief and his counsellors to sit down, and, surrounding them quietly in their turn, induced them, by a bold front and

calm behaviour, to withdraw peaceably. Further on he got into fresh difficulties with natives, and even with his own men, but finally arrived safely at the Quango, a tributary of the Congo, and thence reached Loanda, a Portuguese town on the coast, 300 miles further on. The Makololo were much surprised at their first sight of the sea. 'We were marching along with our father' (Livingstone), they said, 'believing what the ancients had told us was true, that the world had no end: but all at once the world said to us, "I am finished—there is no more of me."'

Livingstone was now very ill, but had determined to return, though he was not well enough to start till September. The return journey was easier, as the Chiboques were more friendly, and they arrived safely among the Makololo, who welcomed them with great joy. Livingstone stayed among them eight weeks, and then went on to reach the east coast, and complete his journey across Africa. They went along the *Z*ambesi, and Livingstone, first of Europeans, beheld the great falls, twice as high as Niagara, which he named after Queen Victoria. He descended the rapids in a canoe to an island just above the falls, landing on the upper end of it. 'From the end of the island,' he writes, 'where we first landed, though within a few yards of the falls, no one could see where the vast body of water went: it seemed to lose itself in a fissure only eighty feet wide. Creeping in awe to the end of the island, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad *Z*ambesi, and saw that a stream 1,800 yards broad leaped down 320 feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of 15 or 20 yards.' Further on he met with hostile natives;

but one, Mpende, who at first threatened attack, was at last so far won over as to help ferry the party across to the south side of the Zambesi. Here the natives were unwarlike, and he made better progress. His arrival at Tette was expected, as one of the natives reported 'that the son of God had come, who was able to take down the sun from heaven and place it under his arm.' He meant the sextant. Livingstone stayed at Tette a month, and, going on, reached Quilemane on the east coast on May 20th, where a British ship arrived after six weeks with an offer to take him to Mauritius. He arrived there in August, and, after a month, sailed for England, which he reached on December 12th. A native whom he had intended to take with him could not stand the strain on his mind caused by his novel surroundings, and became insane on reaching Mauritius, committing suicide by drowning himself. On his return home Livingstone found himself a famous man. During the eighteen months that he spent there he addressed many public meetings and was loaded with honours. Lord Palmerston offered him the post of Consul for East Africa, which he accepted, and the Government supplied him with all that he wanted for a new expedition. The publication of his book brought him money, though before he began it he said that crossing Africa again would be less trouble. His wife was to accompany him on his new journey.

They sailed in the *Pearl* on March 10th, 1859, taking on board in sections a steam-launch for river navigation, called the *Ma Robert*, but afterwards, for obvious reasons, re-christened the *Asthmatic*. She had been sold cheap by a great shipbuilder—'for the love of the

cause,' he said. They arrived at the east coast in May, and explored the Zambesi for some distance, and also the Shire, one of its tributaries on the north bank, flowing out of Lake Nyassa. Livingstone discovered this lake on his third journey up the Shire, in September, 1859. Then he determined to take the Makololo natives, whom, on his former expedition, he had left at Tette, on the Zambesi, back to their homes. He did so, passing through a country in many places full of lions. The natives would taunt a lion, if he prowled near the camp, saying: 'You a chief, eh? You call yourself a chief, do you? What kind of a chief are you to come sneaking around in the dark trying to steal our buffalo meat? Are you not ashamed of yourself? A pretty chief truly: you are like the scavenger beetle, and think of yourself only. You have not the heart of a chief. Why don't you kill your own beef?'

He found the Makololo in a bad way. There had been a drought, and rebellions, and Sekeletu the chief had been struck by leprosy. Livingstone did what he could, but had to return, reaching Tette after six months' absence; and thence going down the Zambesi to the coast to meet the new steamer, the *Pioneer*, which was coming out from England with the Universities' Mission on board. The *Asthmatic*, as if she knew she was to be superseded, leaked worse than ever on the way down, and finally ran on a sandbank, filled with water, and had to be left behind.

On January 31st the *Pioneer* arrived, with Bishop Mackenzie and his staff on board. Livingstone hoped great things from them, but he was doomed to disappointment. In the *Pioneer* he explored the river Rovuma, which enters the sea north of the Zambesi,

and the Shire once more; but he failed to reach Nyassa by the former, as he had hoped, for, being outside Portuguese territory, it might form the best approach to a station for the Mission. Then the Mission got mixed up unavoidably in native quarrels, and the Bishop was taken ill and died. This was a great grief for Livingstone, but worse was in store: for his wife fell ill of fever on April 21st, 1862, and died on the 27th. He was for a time completely broken down by these misfortunes. Then, in January, 1863, while he was taking a new steamer up to Lake Nyassa, there came a despatch from home to recall him. The Portuguese were alarmed at his measures against the slave-trade, which they secretly encouraged; and then, as now, they were jealous of English exploration. Their representations, combined with the failure of the Mission, induced the Government to send the despatch. Livingstone did not complain. As soon as possible, he returned to the coast, and as he wished to sell the *Lady Nyassa* (the lake steamer), and the nearest market (not Portuguese, and consequently in the slave-trade) was Bombay, he sailed there in this small vessel, entering the harbour unnoticed. Thence he started for England, and arrived there on July 21st, 1864. He saw Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and others, without delay. Finally arrangements were made with the Government and the Geographical Society for him to go out again. The idea was that he should work up the Rovuma, and finally reach Tanganyika, which lies north-west of Nyassa. He refused, however, to go merely as an explorer, and insisted on keeping up his character of missionary. He spoke very strongly against those who said that Christianity made the natives worse.

It was 'rot' and 'bosh,' he said. 'Ugh! Tell that to the young trouts.'

He went to Bombay first, to complete the sale of his steamer, and thence to Zanzibar. He landed finally at the Rovuma mouth in March, 1866, with thirteen Sepoys and twenty-three Africans—no Englishmen. The Sepoys, whom he had brought from India, were useless, sulky and brutal, and incapable of marching more than five miles a day. In July he sent them back, and reached Lake Nyassa in August. In September some of his men deserted, and spread a false report of his death, which reached England, but after a time was disproved. Livingstone pushed on north-westward. He suffered from fever and rheumatism, and provisions ran short. It was not till April, 1867, that he reached the south end of Lake Tanganyika. Thence turning south again, he discovered Lakes Moero and Bangweolo, the latter a fine piece of water. Thence northward again, hoping to explore the sources of the Nile. Illness, mutiny, desertion, war, the slave trade, fill the next few years. It is useless to go through them in detail. At length comes an entry in his journal: 'October 24th, 1871. When my spirits were at their lowest ebb the Good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed, and gasped out, "An Englishman! I see him!" and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc., made me think this must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wit's end, like me. It was Henry Morland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon

Bennett, at an expense of more than £4,000, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone, if living, and if dead to bring home my bones.'

The finding of Livingstone by Stanley was the talk of the time, though other events have dimmed the recollection of it. The two soon made friends, and Stanley persuaded Livingstone—since he could not get on westward through the Manyuema country, to explore what he then thought to be part of the Nile (in reality it was the Congo)—to go northward to explore the upper end of Lake Tanganyika. They did so thoroughly, strengthening their friendship on the way, and each deriving benefit from the other's company. On the 11th of December they had got back, and then came Stanley's attempts to induce Livingstone to go home with him. He would only go part way, to a place called Unyanyembe, east of Lake Tanganyika. As they marched through Ukamba forest, Stanley says that the Doctor told him that 'he could never pass through an African forest, with its solemn serenity and stillness, without wishing to be buried quietly under the dead leaves.' They reached Unyanyembe on February 14th, 1872, and a month later Stanley left, taking with him Livingstone's journal. As Stanley turned his face eastward, he 'now and then would take a look round at the deserted figure of an old man in gray clothes, who, with bended head and slow steps, was returning to his solitude. . . . I waved a handkerchief to him,' he writes, 'and he responded by lifting his cap.' This was Livingstone's last sight of a white man.

He was to wait at Unyanyembe till Stanley sent him up a new escort. This was not till after five months.

All this time he is cheerful, studying the natives, noticing the habits of animals, and reading. On August 25th, all was ready, and he started on his last journey, at the head of a party of fifty-six men.

Partly influenced by the story told to Herodotus 2,000 years before by the Egyptian priests, of the two hills—Crophi and Mophi—in Central Africa, whence flowed two rivers, one to Egypt, one to Ethiopia, he meant to go south to Lake Bangweolo, thence north, keeping west of Lake Moero, till he struck the Lualaba River, and after settling whether it were the Nile or the Congo, to cross it and return to Unyanyembe round the north end of Lake Tanganyika. But his health began to give way; rain came on, and the country by Lake Bangweolo became a perfect sponge. Still, however he kept on, and discipline never slackened. The winter rains flooded the country, and his fever became worse. The entries in the diary are sometimes only the date. On April 27th he writes: 'Knocked up quite.' On the 29th he was almost too ill to move, but managed to reach Ilala, the village of a friendly chief. On the night of April 30th he told Majwara, his boy, to call his servant Susi. 'Susi went in; he was told to boil water, and then to get the medicine-chest and hold the candle; and he noticed that his master could hardly see. He selected the calomel with difficulty, and was told to put a cup with water, and another empty, by the bed. 'All right; you can go out now,' in a feeble voice, were the last words he heard. About four a.m., Majwara came again. 'Come to Bwana (the master); I am afraid—I don't know if he is alive.'

Susi, Chumah, and five others were at the tent door in a moment. The Doctor was kneeling by

the bed, his face buried in his hands on the pillow, dead.

There was no European there, only the fifty-six Africans. But they did not hesitate. They made Susi and Chumah chiefs. They resolved to take the body and property back to Zanzibar, and they did so.

They buried the heart and entrails under a tree, cutting on it the name and date. The body was dried and packed, and a list of the instruments, books, etc., was made out by the scholar of the party. Then they started for Zanzibar.

'Thus, says Mr. Hughes, 'they carried Livingstone to the sea, through swamp, desert, and all the intervening tribes—superstitious, destitute, often hostile—with only one collision, where they were attacked first and had to storm a village. The story stands alone in history. The ten thousand had Xenophon still alive to lead them back, and they were soldiers and Greeks; but Livingstone was dead, and his men negroes, and most of them recently freed slaves.'

His body reached London on April 16th, 1874. It was examined, and identified by the false joint in the arm, caused by the lion's bite. On the 19th he was buried in the centre of the nave of Westminster Abbey.

Though he failed, or thought that he had failed, in his last expedition, yet his life has borne its fruit in the enormous spread of missions and of Christianity in East Africa, and the increase of legitimate commerce, which must, in time, drive out the slave-trade. It is the duty of all the European Powers which have joined in the recent 'scramble' for Africa—and of England above all, which even now possesses the lion's share—to endeavour to promote these objects in a lawful

manner. The very fact of the presence of European Powers side by side in Africa has its own dangers, and of late the Arabs have revived the internal slave-trade, and established their supremacy in many places. But events move rapidly nowadays, and the history of Africa is being written every day before our eyes. We can all read it, and some of us, perhaps, may help to make it.

General Charles Gordon (*Emery Walker phot.*)

GENERAL GORDON.

WHAT do we mean by a hero?

To answer this question, we cannot do better than go back to the original meaning of the word. To the ancients, a hero was one who did great deeds for mankind—slew monsters, like Hercules and Theseus; gave them inventions, like Cadmus and Prometheus: and there was also about a hero something divine, something that marked him off from his fellow-men; and so they made their heroes sons of the gods.

We live in England, and in the nineteenth century, but the modern world has not lost its love and admiration for a hero. It has been a commonplace saying that we may all be heroes if we choose to do our duty. It was Nelson who said as a boy, 'I want to be a hero,' but as he died, 'Thank God, I have done my duty. And of course there are heroes in every walk of life, men who fight against the monsters of disease, of poverty, of vice in all its forms—physicians, clergymen, inventors, philanthropists. But there are some of the old fighting heroes nowadays, too—men who do not fight for fighting's sake, but for the right against the wrong; men who show that romance and chivalry live in these latter days as vigorously as in the childhood of the world, when Hercules slew the Hydra in

the Lerna swamp, and Theseus made the country people glad at the death of Sciron and of Periphetes.

Charles George Gordon came of an old fighting stock. For three generations his direct ancestors had served in the English army, and before that the clan which bore the name of Gordon, or 'Spear,' had mingled for ages in the strife and conflict which form the greater part of the history of the Highlands of Scotland.

Of the boy's early years little is known. It is told of him that when a child at Corfu, where his father held a command, he was so much afraid of guns that he would run away and hide his head anywhere to escape from the sound of the firing. Yet, at the age of nine, he would often throw himself boldly from a ship into deep water, though quite unable to swim, trusting to one of the sailors bathing near to pull him out again. At Woolwich, his birthplace, he got a carpenter to make him an enormous crossbow, with which he proceeded to break twenty-seven squares of glass on a certain Sunday afternoon. He also had a squirt, which he adopted after he had grazed the head of one of the officers with a screw fired from the crossbow. With this squirt, which held a quart of water, he would play steadily on the window of the cadets' bedroom, hiding, when pursued, in some nook of the fortifications, every corner of which he knew thoroughly. He became a cadet in his turn, obtaining his commission in 1852. It was a stirring time for a young soldier. The land had had rest forty years; the Great Exhibition, which dreamers had hoped was the beginning of a new reign of peace, was over; the Duke of Wellington died, full of years and honour,

and two years later the Crimean War began. On New Year's Day, 1855, young Gordon reached the camp before Sebastopol. The exciting part of the war was over. The gallant dash which captured the heights of the Alma, the desperate ride through the valley of death at Balaclava, the stubborn 'soldiers' battle' on the misty hills of Inkermann, were things of the past; and all that remained was the bitter winter and the long weary siege, ending in the disastrous attack on the Great Redan, and the hard-won capture of a ruined town.

Gordon, being an engineer, was engaged in the trenches and mines, which crept ever nearer and nearer to the redoubts which defended Sebastopol. On June 18th the English and French assaulted these redoubts—the English, the Great Redan; the French, the Malakoff. It was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, the last battle which these two nations had fought in Europe; then they had fought against each other, but now side by side. The attack was repulsed with great loss. Then the slow and weary work of cutting trenches and advancing parallels began afresh. On September 8th the attack was renewed. The French, whose lines touched the base of the Malakoff, captured it by a brilliant rush at the moment when the Russians were relieving guard. The waving of the tricolour from the summit of the work was the signal for the English to advance. But they had two hundred yards to cross before they reached the slope of the Redan. Nevertheless, they passed this space under a heavy fire, and succeeded in entering within the parapet. But they were too few to advance, and were not supported by reinforcements as they should

have been; and eventually heavy reserves came up from the town, and they were driven out by force of numbers. But the Malakoff was in the hands of the French, and the Malakoff commanded the town, so that night the whole of its southern half was evacuated by the Russian troops.

So Sebastopol fell, and peace was made; but for four years more Gordon was away in the East engaged on a commission to settle the new boundary between Russia and Turkey. While in Armenia he climbed almost to the top of Ararat. He finds time to relate in a letter how a trick was played on some storks which built on a house in which the commissioners met. A goose's egg was placed in one of the nests. When the gosling came out, the mother stork noticed that he looked rather odd, and, as he grew bigger, was driven to the most desperate shifts to shield him from the public gaze. But the story soon got about among the community, and all the mother storks came one by one to satisfy their curiosity by a personal inspection, till they stood in rows eyeing the unhappy mother and her child with extreme disfavour. 'This sort of thing will never do,' they seemed to say; 'who knows what he will grow up to?'

Gordon came back to England after the four years, but his native country was now no congenial home for him. He longed for solitude and adventure; only in cities and crowds did he feel really lonely. So it must have been with pleasure that he left England in 1860, to join in the war against China, which broke out in that year.

'Chinese Gordon,' he has been usually called, much as he personally disliked the name; and it was during

the years that he spent in China after 1860 that he earned the title. The war, indeed, which he went out to serve in did not give him many opportunities of gaining distinction; the English and French forces easily defeated the Chinese, and occupied Pekin. But a rebellion had broken out in the empire; and the Taipings, as the rebels were called, had got possession of some of the most important provinces and cities of China. A volunteer army was raised to oppose them among the native and foreign residents, and placed under the command of an American named Ward. He led the army for two years, helped during the last six months, after peace had been made between the European Powers and China, by the English, French, and Imperial troops. During these two years Ward's force, which gradually rose from 100 men to 2,000, fought seventy engagements without suffering a single defeat. Accordingly, an Imperial edict announced, in the Chinese manner, that the force was henceforward to be called by the high-sounding name of 'Chang-sheng-Chume,' or 'the Ever-Victorious Army.'

Then Ward died, and the English and French contingents were withdrawn, the harder part of the work having presumably been accomplished. Ward's successors were failures, and the Ever-Victorious Army suffered its first reverse at the city of Tait-san, losing nearly 500 men in killed and wounded. A second repulse followed at Shaon-shing. Now was Gordon's chance. 'Gordon,' says Colonel Butler in his Life, 'had just passed his thirtieth year when Fortune not only knocked at, but threw open, the door which was to lead him to fame.'

It was the month of March, 1863; Gordon declared

he would end the rebellion in eighteen months, by August, 1864. He was better than his word, for in the June of that year the Ever-Victorious Army was disbanded, and the war was over.

Let us look at a few episodes in it.

Tait-san, the place where the Ever-Victorious Army had been repulsed three months before, was a city of oblong shape, surrounded by strong walls and deep ditches. Gordon determined to attack it on the west side: the former attack had been made from the south. He carried two stockades, crossed a canal, and planted his guns 600 yards from the town. Advancing them slowly, protecting the gunners by movable mantlets, or sheds of wood and iron, he brought them finally within 100 yards, when a practicable breach was made. Let us try to realize what a breach is like. One is apt to imagine that it is a blank space in a wall like an open gate, through which an assaulting column can march at their ease. Instead of this, it is a rough, steep, sloping mass of stone, brick and rubbish leading up to a considerable height, and probably difficult and awkward enough to climb even when not defended. Between such a breach as this and the besiegers lay a wide deep ditch. Gordon moved his boats into this from the canal and formed a bridge across to the foot of the slope. The men crossed this bridge under a terrible fire from the battlements of the town. Up to this point their own guns had aided them by firing over their heads into the breach, but now they could do so no longer, as both sides were close together. The Taiping rebels were also led by Europeans, and their arms were of English make. But after one decided repulse, and one or two backward surges of

the fighting mass down the slope, the assailants gained the summit of the breach, and the place was won. Years later, at Khartoum, Gordon recalled this assault, when some of his own Soudan soldiers were seen to be manning a battery against him. 'It will not be the first time I have been fired at by my own soldiers,' he then writes, 'for in China two men of the 31st Regiment were on the breach at Tait-san; one was killed, the other, struck by a shell-splinter, was taken prisoner. "Mr. Gordon, Mr. Gordon, you will not let me be killed." "Take him down to the river and shoot him"—and, aside: "put him in my boat, let the doctor attend him, and send him down to Shanghai."'

On another occasion, before the town of Quin-san, he succeeded with a single tiny steamer, only carrying forty men, in turning by means of a canal the position of the enemy, and driving before him in confusion along either bank a force of many thousand men.

All through these operations, it is well known that he carried no weapon but a small cane, and as, with this in his hand, he passed almost unscathed among cannon and musket balls it seemed to the minds of the credulous Chinese that it was a magic wand that led them on to certain victory. And from victory to victory he went till the month of June, 1864, saw the final disbanding of the Ever-Victorious Army.

'Once,' says Colonel Butler, 'a disciple asked the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, what a man must do to deserve renown. 'What do you call renown?' inquired the master. 'To be known among the nations and at home,' replied the disciple. 'That is only notoriety, and not true renown,' answered the sage: 'this last consists in straight and honest

sincerity, in love of justice, in knowledge of mankind and humility.' Such a character was Gordon's. He would accept no money for his services in China. He refused a large sum after the capture of Soo-chow, and later on, when he received the distinguished honour of permission to wear a yellow jacket as one of the chosen twenty in the emperor's bodyguard, he did not like taking a mandarin's hat, because it had buttons on it worth thirty or forty pounds. Gordon now came back to England, the country described in the literature of China, the land that he was leaving, in the following lines:

'Afar in the ocean, towards the extremity of the north-west,
There is a nation or country called England.
The climate is frigid, and you are compelled to approach the fire:
The pious inhabitants respect the ceremonies of worship,
And the virtuous among them ever read the Sacred Books.
They bear a peculiar enmity to the French nation.'

This 'peculiar enmity' gave Gordon employment, for the English people were in the middle of a panic caused by fear of a French invasion, and Portsmouth, Dover, and other places were being fortified at great expense with works that were for the most part obsolete before they were finished. Gordon was employed at the mouth of the Thames. He lived at Gravesend, and during the six years he was there he devoted all his spare time to work amongst the poor, especially the ragged street-boys, for whom he established evening classes, over which he presided himself. He called the boys his 'kings,' and for many of them he got berths on board ships going to sea. 'In his sitting-room,' writes a friend, 'Gordon had a big chart of the world with pins stuck in it, marking the probable positions of the different ships in which

his "kings" were sailing.' The love in which he was held by these boys is shown by the inscription, 'God bless the Kernel,' which among others of a like nature they used to chalk up on the fences in the neighbourhood. The present Gordon Boys' Home is, of course, a memorial of his work among the boys of Gravesend, work done, we must remember, by a man who already had more than his share in his every-day business.

He left Gravesend in 1871 to act on some commission on the Danube. In November, 1872, he met Nubar Pasha at Constantinople, and this meeting was the first link in the chain that led him to the Soudan and Khartoum. For the Egyptian was a man of penetration, and noticed the vast difference between Gordon and any other British official that he had ever seen.

So Nubar determined to get Gordon to do what he wished, which was this: Ismail, the then Khedive of Egypt, was a man of vast projects, and a good borrower, not particular as to what interest he paid. He had determined to form a vast Egyptian province in the centre of Africa, in the present Soudan and Equatoria, which in time, perhaps, would draw trade to Egypt, and open up the whole interior of Africa by the highway of the Nile. How bitterly these hopes have been disappointed we all know well. But in 1874, when Gordon, having accepted Nubar's offer, reached Egypt, there was every prospect of success. He was to be employed as Governor-General in this equatorial province south of Khartoum. The latter place he reached for the first time on March 13th. There he was received with salutes of artillery, and music, and heard the good news that the *sudd* had broken

asunder. What the *sudd* is he explains in a letter as follows: 'You know that the Nile comes out of Albert Nyanza Lake; below Gondokoro it spreads out into lakes. On the edge of these lakes an aquatic plant, with roots extending five feet into the water, flourishes The natives burn the top parts when dry; the ashes form mould, and fresh grasses grow till it becomes like *terra firma*. The Nile rises and floats out the masses; they come down to a curve and there stop. More of these islands float down, and at last the river is blocked. Though under them the water flows, no communication can take place, for they bridge the river for several miles. The governor . . . cut large blocks of the vegetation away. At last, one night, the water burst the remaining part, and swept down on the vessels, dragged the steamers down some four miles, and cleared the passage. The hippopotamuses were carried down screaming and snorting, crocodiles were whirled round and round, and the river was covered with dead and dying hippopotamuses, crocodiles, and fish who had been crushed by the mass.' This breakage shortened the journey on to Khartoum from eighteen months, or even two years, to three weeks.

On he went in the steamer, noticing, as he always did, the innumerable strange animals on the banks—storks, egrets, pelicans, hippopotamuses with only their noses above the water, and comical monkeys 'with very long tails stuck up straight like swords over their backs.' Natives, too, some wearing gourds on their heads instead of hats, and some not even that.

On the fifth day he writes: 'Last night we were going along slowly in the moonlight . . . when all of a sudden from a large bush came peals of laughter. I

felt put out, but it turned out to be birds, who laughed at us from the bushes for some time in a very rude way. They were a species of stork, and seemed in capital spirits, and highly amused at anybody thinking of going up to Gondokoro with the hope of doing anything.'

Now not far from the place where Gordon heard the storks was the little island of Abba. 'A chance coincidence, no doubt,' says Colonel Butler, 'but a strange one too. In a cave among rocks in the Isle of Abba, at this time there was living a dervish, one Mahomet Achmet, who was already of some repute in the Arab Soudan, seven years later to be known far and wide as the Mahdi. Were they birds of ill-omen, these storks, that thus vexed the night with their weird mocking, as the boat that carried the stranger who was to attempt the hopeless task of righting this dark land passed by in the moonlight? The stork is held sacred among Mahometans. "The stork knoweth her appointed time," says the great prophet of doom. Did the Soudan storks see the "appointed times"—the years ahead in the lives of the two men whose life orbits at this spot now first came together?'

About a week later a native chief with four of his people was persuaded to come on board. 'He was in full dress,' writes Gordon—'a necklace. We gave him some presents. He came up to me, took up each hand and gave a good soft lick to the backs of them; then he held my face, and made the motion of spitting in it. He was very greedy, and when we gave him something to eat he did not hesitate to take his neighbour's portion.'

Gordon arrived at Gondokoro on April 16th, and found the country in a state of anarchy, over-run by

slave-dealers, without government, revenue, or anything. He set to work to form posts, make the soldiers till the soil instead of robbing the natives, catch all the slave-traders he could, and relieve generally the misery of the people. The life at Gondokoro and its neighbourhood was one of ceaseless worry and anxiety. Most of the staff were removed by death or sickness, but Gordon toiled steadily on. There were strange people round him. One colonist settled near with a wife and two children. A little later Gordon noticed only one child. He asked after the other. 'Oh, it had been given to the man from whom the cow had been stolen.' (A cow had been stolen from a neighbour in the colonist's previous place of abode and eaten, which event had mainly caused his change of residence.) This was said with a cheerful smile by the mother. 'But,' said Gordon, 'are you not sorry?' 'Oh no; we would rather have the cow!' 'But,' said Gordon, 'you have eaten the cow, and the pleasure is over.' 'Oh, but all the same, we would sooner have the cow!'

In September, 1874, Gordon writes: 'I am quite well, and things go on smoothly, and I have a conviction that, God willing, I shall do much in this country.' As the autumn passed his influence began to make itself felt, despite rain, disease, and desertion. He would never abandon hope that things might turn out much better, especially if communication with the great lakes were established. But in the midst of all his anxieties he can notice the curiosities of nature round him. 'It is curious,' he says, 'to watch the ant-lions. They are small insects with a flexible leg. They make a crater, and rest in the apex of it, throwing up

with the flexible leg now and then a shower of sand. Ants walk on the edges and slip down. As they are getting up the slippery bank the flexible leg throws up a shower of sand, and then another and another, till at last, as if in the cinders of Vesuvius, the ant gets smothered, and falls to the bottom, where a pair of nippers take him into an inner chamber, and dinner is ready. I have just dug a lion out with a spoon; it is the size of a bug, of a brown colour. It has no flexible leg, but two horns like a cow, with which he spirts up the sand. He always walks backward. It is odd to see the spirts coming from three or four holes near one another. When first I saw it I thought it was an escape of some gas. They send the sand up fully an inch. They are difficult to catch, for the inner chamber is deep; unless you push down a spoon quick after they have caught an ant, and their attention is occupied, they will get away.'

Communication with the Albert Nyanza was at length established, but the Victoria Nyanza was not so easily accessible. Mtesa, King of Uganda, was a peculiar monarch and had great objections, possibly well-founded, to the approach of any white men, Turks, Egyptians, or Arabs. Here is a letter from him to Gordon; the spelling and English are rather peculiar:

'To Sir Carnell Gorlden, Febunery 6th, 1876.

'My dear friend Gorden, hear this my word, be not angry with Kaveregu sultan of ungoro, I been head that you been brought two manwar ships, but I pray you fight not with those Wangoro for they know not what is good and what is bad. I am Mtesa King of uganda for if you fight with gover nour if you fight with

governour you fight with the king. I will ask you one thing but let it may please you all ye Europeion for I say if I want to go to Bommbey if the governour and if the governour of Bommbey refuse me to past will I not find the orther road therefor I pray you my friends hear this my letter stop for a moment if you want to fight put ships in the river nile take west and north and I will take east and south and let us put wangoro in to the middle and fight against them but first send me answer from this letter. Because I want to be a friend of the English. I am Mtesa son of Suna king of uganda let God be with your Majesty even you all Amen.

'Mtesa King of uganda.

'February 6th, 1876.'

Gordon abandoned his intention of establishing posts on the Victoria Nyanza, though his lieutenant, Gessir, sailed round the lake. Having accomplished wonders he returned to Khartoum in the October and arrived in London in the December of the year 1876. But he had left his return an open question, and the short space of five weeks found him again on his way to Egypt. Four weeks more and he landed at Massowah on the Red Sea as Governor-General of the entire Soudan.

What he was wanted for was this: South of Egypt lies Abyssinia, a strange country Christianized early in history, and successful in maintaining its independence of Mahometan power. The Khedive Ismail had conceived the idea of subduing Abyssinia, despite the curse pronounced by Mahomet on those who attempted to conquer the people who had once shielded his followers

from their enemies. In the battle which followed, the Egyptian soldiers, disciplined and well-armed, but spiritless and cowardly, broke, as often afterwards, but then for the first time, before the spears and swords of their half-savage adversaries. Nine thousand were slain, and the news of the defeat spread rapidly through the Soudan. Revolt followed revolt throughout the whole of the vast district. Into the midst of all this Gordon was sent. He wisely left the Abyssinians alone, knowing that they would not leave their mountains for the low country, and went against the extreme west portion of the Soudan, where the slave-traders were in revolt. Mounted on a marvellously swift camel, he hurried westward from Khartoum to Darfur to attack slavery in its stronghold. Then began an extraordinary campaign. He had scarcely any troops he could rely on. Some were Egyptians, some were freed slaves, drilled into soldiers. Yet by swiftness of movement and skill in seizing the wells, scattered over the country at distances varying from thirty to sixty miles, he succeeded in vanquishing an enemy whose soldiers were better, man for man, than his own, and outnumbered them by ten to one. The slave-traders formally submitted, and the work was done. But none saw more clearly than Gordon what little use it all was. He had cut a way through the mass of human misery, but it closed again behind him. 'I can only feel,' he says, 'that I would not desert this Government for anything that could be offered me, for it would be indeed cowardly.' 'I go on as straight as I can, I feel my own weakness, and look to Him who is almighty, and I leave the issue without inordinate care to Him.'

The revolts broke out again, and had to be suppressed again, and it was not till 1879 that Gordon finally returned to Cairo. Let us pass rapidly over the next few years. He refused the offer of a command at the Cape; he went to India as secretary to Lord Ripon, the new Governor-General, but resigned in three days; he went to China again, and by his advice saved the empire from a war with Russia; then to Ireland, then to the Cape, then for real holiday in Palestine. This brings us to the year 1883, when the curtain rises upon the last act of Gordon's life.

There was war again in Egypt and its dependencies. The rising under Arabi had been crushed by the English; Alexandria had been bombarded, the Egyptian forces had been broken up. But the Soudan was in a state of unrest, and the discontented thousands there had found a cause and a leader. Mahomet Achmet, better known as the Mahdi, was the son of a Nubian carpenter. This remarkable man had united the nations of the Middle Nile into a confederation, whose object was the expulsion of the Turk and Egyptian, and the cleansing of Mahometanism from the corruptions which the Turks had introduced into it. 'To his friends,' says Colonel Butler, 'he was a genius, a guide, a Mahdi; to his enemies an impostor, a villain, a fanatic; to history he will be a man who has proved his possession of great genius by the creation of empire out of nothing, and by the triumph of his revolt of Islam over the highly disciplined efforts of the most powerful of European nations.' Certainly he gave his people a cause to fight for, and taught them that they could fight better than their oppressors. But the beginnings of the movement were laughed at, much in the same

way, no doubt, as the beginnings of Mahometanism were. It was not till 1883 that England woke up. The Egyptian army had been sent off, mostly in irons, to fight in the Soudan under English officers. Suddenly news came that the whole force under Hicks Pasha had been annihilated by the Mahdi's tribesmen. Though there were only ten Englishmen with the army, the defeat was virtually an English disaster. England awoke. The Soudan must either be re-conquered or evacuated, and there was only one man who could do either.

Meanwhile, where was that man? He had left the Holy Land, and gone to Belgium, where he proposed to enter into the service of the King of the Belgians on the Congo. But when he heard that England had at last something for him to do worth doing, he threw up the project of this commission and returned to London. We all know now what manner of man Gordon was, but at that time comparatively few people in England had any real knowledge of him. One gentleman, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant, who had heard of him as Chinese Gordon, thought he was a real Chinaman with a yellow face and a pig-tail, and wondered what the Government meant by sending such a person to the Soudan. 'At the moment of his departure for Khartoum,' says his brother, 'he was to the mass of his countrymen a person who was now heard of for the first time.'

He arrived in London on January 17th, saw Lord Wolseley, and then the Ministers. Let us quote his own words:

'At noon, he, Wolseley, came to me, and took me to the Ministers. He went in and talked to the Ministers,

and came back and said: "Her Majesty's Government want you to undertake this; Government are determined to evacuate Soudan, for they will not guarantee future government. Will you go and do it?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Go in." I went in and saw them. They said, "Did Wolseley tell you our orders?" I said, "Yes." I said, "You will not guarantee future of Soudan, and you wish me to go up to evacuate now." They said, "Yes," and it was over, and I left at 8 p.m. for Calais.

On February 18th he was again in Khartoum. He took up his quarters in the old palace, he freed the captives, he remitted taxes, he burned the stocks and the bastinado instruments. But at the end of the first day he had seen the danger of his position, and was telegraphing to Cairo for Turkish troops. On March 8th he heard that a powerful tribe had declared against him. On March 10th the village of El-Fon was reported full of rebel Arabs with banners; on the following day a large force appeared within sight of Khartoum. On April 8th the doomed city was surrounded and communication cut off. Of the next six months we know little. Food was scarce, the attacks were incessant, the troops were unreliable, but there was no immediate danger. September came, three months' food only remained. Then Gordon, Stewart, and Power began to look northward over the leagues of sand, and ask themselves if help would never come.

The Nile was rising high, and it was possible for a steamer to shoot the cataracts. On the night of September 9th Stewart, Power, the French Consul, and about sixty other men left Khartoum in the steamer *Abbas* for Dongola, with correspondence, siege-journals,

despatches, telegrams to be sent from Dongola, all on board, and Gordon was left alone in the dreary palace. On the same day the first steamer of the Relief Expedition sailed from England. Five months later it passed the spot where the *Abbas* lay a battered wreck, with every one of her passengers and her crew murdered.

It is October 21st, the New Year's Day of the Arab calendar. The Mahdi has arrived before Khartoum, and Gordon hears next day of the loss of the *Abbas*. But he is still undaunted. 'Tell the Mahdi,' he says, 'that it is all one to me whether he has captured 20,000 steamers like the *Abbas*, or 20,000 officers like Stewart. . . . I hope to see the newly-arrived English, but if Mahomet Achmet says the Engish die it is all the same to me—I am here like iron.'

But yet often the solitary watcher in the beleaguered town must have strained his eyes across the northern flats of sand, waiting for the English. Would help never come?

Far, very far away, help was coming.

On this 21st of October the relieving force is at Wady Halfa, 600 miles distant. On November 2nd Gordon hears of this. There is also a telegram in cipher for him, brought by a steamer from Shendy from Lord Wolseley; but Stewart took the cipher on the *Abbas*, and the telegram cannot be read. Six weeks' provisions are now left. On November 12th the Arabs make a closer attack than before, and one of Gordon's steamers, the *Hussinayeh*, originally a Thames launch, is sunk, and one boat only is left. On the 22nd Gordon sums up his losses: 1,800 or 1,900 men killed and 242 wounded. Desertions, too, are growing more frequent, and the food supply is running

short. On December 10th there are not fifteen days' provisions in the whole place. The neighbouring town of Shendy may fall at any moment. The fort of Omdurman is taken; starvation begins. Rats and mice, boots, straps, mimosa gum, are eagerly devoured. But through all Gordon never wavers. Would help never come?

Nearer now, help is coming. On December 14th the leading troops reached Korti. In a month more the whole force was concentrated at Isakdul, 300 miles nearer to Khartoum. On January 17th it won a brilliant victory at the wells of Abu Klea, and on the 19th another at Metemma, near to which place the land force and the steamers effected a junction. This was on January 21st, 1885. On the 24th two of the steamers started for Khartoum, 100 miles away, with the Sixth Cataract lying between. On the 28th they were within sight of the city.

But it is strange, is it not, that no flag is flying from the palace roof, no sign of welcome comes from the waiting garrison? And now fire opens from the shore on the advancing boats; and not only from the shore, but from the houses of the city that are nearest to the water. And there are men in strange uniforms on the bank, and strange cries of victory from the Mahdi's troops are all the welcome that awaits the relievers of Khartoum.

We do not really know much of what had happened. The wounded from the battle of Abu Klea had been brought to the camp of the Mahdi, and the sight roused their comrades to fury. They demanded to be led to the attack. There was no time to be lost. Hunger and treachery, perhaps, were on their side.

Anyhow, the starved and dispirited troops were swept from the ramparts, and the Arabs poured within the lines. It was just daybreak: Gordon woke from an uneasy slumber to hear the shouts of triumph. With a small party of soldiers he left the palace and hurried towards the church of the Austrian Mission, the reserve magazine of the town, the citadel where a last stand might be made if the town should fall.

The sun was just rising as Gordon and his little band of followers were crossing the open space between the palace and the church. But, before they had crossed it, a body of Arabs issued from a neighbouring street, and the two parties stood for a moment face to face. Then Gordon knew that the end had come. There was a volley of musketry, and the bravest soldier of our time was dead.

And so, far off in Africa, ended that noble life. There were many who hoped against hope that he had escaped from the captured town to the heart of the Dark Continent, and would come again to save Africa from slavery and England from regret. But so it has always been when a hero has died in lost battle or fallen cause. Olaf, the Christian King of Norway, Arthur, the Christian King of Britain, were to come again to do battle once more for their country. To the Saxons, Harold had escaped from Senlac Field; Holger Danske was to appear as the saviour of Denmark in the hour of her greatest need. And, after all, there is a truth in this. The cause is not for ever fallen; the battle is only lost for a time; the leader is not dead. When a man has worked and striven, and done his duty, the good that he has done lives after him; and he lives too, not only in another world, but also in this world

of ours. His example is left for others; through belief in him they may believe in the future of mankind. The spirits of the departed are ever with us in our way through the desert of life.

Servants of God! or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind—
His, who unwillingly sees
One of His little ones lost—
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died!
See! in the rocks of the world
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble, wavering line.
Where are they tending? A God
Marshalled them, gave them their goal.
Ah, but the way is so long!
Years they have been in the wild!
. . . . . .
Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear
Radiant with ardour divine.
Beacons of hope ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice
Panic, despair flee away.
Ye move through our ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave.
Order, courage, return;
Eyes rekindling, and prayers
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the city of God.

FATHER DAMIEN.

In former times it was very common among Christians —it is common nowadays among people of other religions—for those who wished to become as holy as it was possible for men to be, to retire from the world and subject themselves in solitude to all kinds of bodily privations and sufferings. The idea which led them to do so was this. They thought a man consisted of soul and body, and that these two were diametrically and eternally opposed to each other; and accordingly, that the more dominion the soul had over the body the better and more godlike the man became. There was truth in this, but they went on to affirm that the body could be more readily brought into subjection if it were first weakened by sufferings; that then the soul could subdue bodily temptations more and more completely, and as the wall of flesh which enclosed it became thinner and thinner, see more clearly the spiritual visions which lay beyond. And no doubt many a hermit, in the solitude of the desert, with his mind ever set on temptations that might assail him, and visions that might appear for his comfort, and his body weakened by fasting and suffering into fever and delirium, beheld fancied shapes of good and evil angels, which to him were

realities true and vivid enough. People did not see then, as we can see now, that to weaken and injure the body, the temple of the Holy Ghost, is not to elevate the soul; that when the body is deranged and unhealthy, temptations probably assail it in greater strength than ever; and that a mind always set in solitude on thoughts of such temptations becomes morbid and weaker in the same proportion as the body. Not, of course, that it is right to pamper the body and subject the soul to it; but, roughly speaking, a healthy soul can exist better in a healthy than an unhealthy body.

Nowadays, then, most people regard bodily suffering undergone for no object in the way of benefiting another as unnecessary, and even foolish; but the question is widely different when we consider the case of suffering undergone for the good of others. There we have the great example of Christ before us; the example which all Christians profess to follow, for there is no better way of serving Christ than imitating Him. There are many ways in which a man can sacrifice himself for the good of others—he can give up money, or time, or health, or even life itself. There are some who have given up all these. Our Lord said: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friend.' But though this is the supreme act, it often seems as if even life itself, our most precious possession, could be given up in a moment of impulse or exaltation, while it would require a higher courage to endure, for the sake of others, a life of toil, with the prospect of the certain coming of a horrible disease, and after that a lingering death—certain, indeed, but delayed long enough to

add the tortures of anxiety and suspense to a burden already too heavy to be borne. And yet there are such people, and probably far more nowadays than in any previous period of history. The honour of such, though, belongs not to any age or country, but to the world and to the human race. Others, who feel that the quest is not for them, and can only stand far off in humility and wonder, can be thankful that the Lord has sent labourers into His harvest, for 'the harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few.'

There is a man who is well worthy of our attention to whom the above words on suffering and self-sacrifice apply—a man whose recent death has brought him more prominently than before into men's minds and mouths; whose life may serve us as an instance of one spent in the imitation of his Master, and ended by a death which earned the martyr's crown as well and honourably as that of any saint in the Christian Church —I mean the Belgian priest, Father Damien.

Joseph Damien was born at Tremeloos, a village near Louvain, in Belgium, on January 3rd, 1841. When a boy he seems to have learned to turn his hand to anything, for he is said to have been 'doctor, nurse, carpenter, school-master, magistrate, painter, gardener, cook, and sometimes even undertaker and grave-digger' in his native village. But at the age of nineteen he was taken by his father to see his elder brother, who was then studying at Louvain for the priesthood, and Joseph made up his mind to follow the same vocation. Three years later his brother was to go as a missionary to the South Sea Islands; but he fell ill, and young Joseph—he was only twenty-two—was allowed, at his own earnest request, to take his place, and set off for

the islands of the Pacific, where he followed ordinary mission work for ten years. But in the year 1873 he happened to be present when the bishop was lamenting that he could not find a missioner to go to the lepers at Molokai, much less a pastor to reside there. Here was Damien's chance. 'Monseigneur,' said he, 'here are your new missioners' (some young priests had recently arrived); 'one of them could take my district, and if you will be kind enough to allow it, I will go to Molokai and labour for the poor lepers, whose wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune has often made my heart bleed within me.' That same day he went to the leper island, in a boat that was taking some cattle there.

Molokai is one of the Sandwich Islands. These islands lie in the Pacific, about half-way between America and Australia, and were first discovered in 1778 by Captain Cook. But it was not till 1820 that any white man except traders and whalers visited them; and these only brought with them the curses of drink and other vices, carrying disease in their train; so that the number of native inhabitants has shrunk from 400,000 to 40,000.

But in 1820 the islands were Christianized, and the more easily because a great native king—Kamehameha I.—had just effected a revolution, uniting all the islands under his own sway, and abolishing the system of caste, or 'tabu,' as it was called. 'By this system,' says a writer, Dr. Bartlett, 'it was death for a man to let his shadow fall upon a chief, to enter his enclosure, or to stand if his name were mentioned in a song. No woman might eat with her husband, or eat fowl, pork, cocoanut, or bananas—things offered to the idols.

'How did you lose your eye?' a little girl was asked. 'I ate a banana,' replied the child.

But one day, as the missionaries from America found when they landed, Kamehameha had risen from his place at dinner, and walked across and sat down with his wives. This broke the 'tabu,' and the system gave way everywhere. But Kamehameha was dead—apparently not a Christian, though on his death-bed he had felt a wish to become so. His reforms are perhaps more creditable to him for this reason, as they must have been actuated by his native good feeling and good sense; and we must remember that the only Christians he had seen were the traders, whose example was hardly likely to commend their religion to anyone.

The new king, however, welcomed the missionaries. He had not yet become civilized enough to wear clothes, and it was only to please the missionaries that he consented to go so far as to put on a pair of silk stockings and a hat. He entertained them at royal feasts; the staple joint appears to have been dog, of which animals as many as 200 were sometimes cooked for one meal; and the dainty white men were cheated into eating them by the trick of serving up a roast dog with a pig's head attached. Christianity soon spread, partly owing to the example of a great chieftainess, who dared to go up the volcano to the lake of fire, and cast into it the sacred ohelo berries. This lake of fire was supposed to be the home of the terrible goddess Pele, and by this action—one of real courage, if we consider the circumstances—the chieftainess defied Pele to do her worst. As no harm followed, a third of the people forsook Pele and turned to Christ.

The islands are all volcanic, but the fires have for

the most part died out in them, beginning from the north in order, but in Hawaii, the largest and most southerly, they are still active. There is the lake of fire, filled with fountains of boiling lava, red by day, yellow by night; approached over three miles of the same substance, black and hardened, taking all kinds of fantastic shapes, and forming a crust sometimes as little as eight inches thick over the red-hot mass below. Molokai, however, the island with which we have more particularly to deal, is different. It is wedge-shaped; on the south shore the coast is low, and from it the land rises gradually to a height of 1,500 feet. From this height the northern coast is reached by a precipitous descent; the leper villages lying between the base of the precipices and the sea. Probably the whole island is an extinct volcano, tipped so that half the crater is under the sea, the villages lying really in the cup of this crater.

We have spoken of the leper villages; but we have not yet explained how they came to be where they are, and to explain this we must go back a little.

Leprosy apparently comes from the East; but it is now so widespread that it is found in Iceland, in Sumatra, in Madeira, in Mexico, in Silesia, in Hindostan, in countless other places. It was perhaps introduced into Europe by the Crusaders returning from the East, though it is apparently traceable earlier; there having been two lazar houses, or leper hospitals, in Canterbury during the reign of William the Conqueror.

It soon became fearfully prevalent; in the twelfth century there was scarcely a town or village in France without its leper hospital. In Great Britain every

large town had a lazar house, or a leper village near it, though separate. At Norwich there were six hospitals; at King's Lynn five.

Royal families did not escape. Both Henry III. and Henry IV. were suspected of being lepers. Robert Bruce and Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, died of leprosy. But the mediæval world was vigorous in stamping out the evil by isolating lepers and separating the clean from the unclean, and it is in following this example that the Sandwich Islanders have created the leper villages in Molokai. Leprosy broke out there more than fifty years ago, apparently brought by a foreigner from Asia. It spread quickly; but no action was taken at once, as it should have been. The sociable and hospitable habits of the natives no doubt helped the spread. Leprosy, too, develops slowly, and a leper who has been really attacked for months or years may not have known it, for the symptoms perhaps have not made themselves evident. During all this time great mischief may be done, innocently enough.

At last the spread became so alarming that some action had to be taken. Segregation, that is, complete separation of the lepers from the rest of the community, was the only chance. But it was hard to carry it out. The natives who were lepers dreaded parting from their friends, and going into lifelong banishment; the healthy preferred to brave the risk of contagion to letting their dear ones go; for the Hawaiians are a most affectionate people, and not afraid either of the disease or of death. The lepers were concealed and had to be taken by force; heart-rending scenes followed the captures. But it was the only chance for the rest of the nation. So the little lowland beneath

the cliff of Molokai was secured, and the work of transportation began at once, about twenty years ago; and it must continue till the disease is stamped out from the kingdom. Let us see what an eye-witness says of the view of this lowland from the summit of the cliff above:

'Tearing our way through shrubs and vines, we came upon the brink, and looked down. . . . Far beneath us was a tongue of land thrust out into the sea; it was sunburnt and dust-coloured, blackened at the edges, where the rough lava rocks were uncovered, and fretted from end to end with tumbling breakers. Scarcely a tree was visible throughout its length and breadth; but it was divided and sub-divided by low stone walls into a thousand small plots of every conceivable shape . . . no doubt under cultivation formerly, for Molokai was once densely populated. . . . On one shore of the lowland was a little hamlet—a handful of tiny white cottages scattered in a green and sheltered spot. On the opposite shore, two miles away, was another and somewhat larger settlement, with its cottages more scattered, and its garden spots less green. Both of these villages were nestling near the cliffs, one of them quite in the shadow. Between the two there were but few habitations, and at the farther end of the lowland, where it jutted into the sea, there were none at all.' Now for the descent.

'We were dropping, slipping, scrambling down a sharp flank of the cliff that cut the air like a flying buttress. By a series of irregular steps we slowly descended, leaping from rock to rock when practicable, but often putting off our packs, sliding into the little ledge below, and then dragging the packs after us. . . .

For two hours we continued to descend. Now and then we came upon the carcases of cattle that had perished in this awful path—for herds are sometimes driven down the steep incline to supply the leper market, and there is always some loss of life in these cases.

'At intervals we threaded deliciously cool and shady groves, from under whose dense boughs we could look slantwise into the settlements and see men and women moving to and fro, and so at last we came out upon the treeless plain. . . .

'The first glimpse of Kalawao (about a mile and a half distant) might lead a stranger to pronounce it a thriving hamlet of perhaps five hundred inhabitants. Its single street is bordered by neat whitewashed cottages with numerous little gardens of bright flowers and clusters of graceful and decorative tropical trees. It lies so near the base of the mountain that not a few of the huge stones that were loosened by the rains have come thundering down the heights and rolled almost to the fences that enclose the village suburbs. . . . By the roadside, on the edge of the village, between it and the sea, stood a little chapel. . . . The chapel door stood ajar; in a moment it was thrown open, and a young priest paused upon the threshold to give us welcome. His cassock was worn and faded, his hair tumbled like a schoolboy's, his hands stained and hardened by toil; but the glow of health was in his face, the buoyancy of youth in his manner; while his ringing laugh, his ready sympathy, and his inspiring magnetism, told of one who in any sphere might do a noble work, and who in that which he has chosen is doing the noblest of all works. This was Father

Damien, the self-exiled priest, the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers.'

This was ten years ago, in October, 1884. Let us look at the other side of the picture, drawn a few years later by another hand.

'He' (Father Damien) 'is now forty-nine years old—a thick-set, strongly-built man, with black, curly hair and short beard turning gray. His countenance must have been handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth, and a short, straight nose; but he is now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright, sensible face. His forehead is swollen and ridged, the eyebrows are gone, the nose is somewhat sunk, and the ears are greatly enlarged; his hands and face look uneven . . . and his body also shows many signs of the disease.'

Let us see what had happened in the five years intervening between these two pictures.

You may remember that Father Damien arrived at Kalawao in the year 1873. He found the place in a miserable condition. About eighty of the lepers were in hospital; the others lived where they could—many beneath frail roofs, made of branches of the castor-oil tree, under which all ages and sexes were often crowded together pell-mell, in a state of filth and rags, and in an atmosphere unbearable to a healthy man, even one like Father Damien, for more than a few minutes together. There were many people in the island ready to preach to any new-comer their old axiom, 'In this place there is no law.' Drink was another curse of Molokai. A plant called 'Ki' by the natives grows abundantly along the base of the cliffs,

and from the root of this, cooked and fermented, can be made a drink which is terribly intoxicating, producing a state akin to madness. It was nominally illegal to distil this spirit, but the law was constantly and openly broken. Father Damien, however, went round the settlement, at the risk of unpopularity, threatening and persuading, till at last he induced everyone to give up the vessels used for the preparation of the spirit. All this was only done in the teeth of a fierce opposition, but it was done at last, and one of the chief causes of the moral degradation of the lepers was removed.

Again, when he first arrived at Molokai there was no proper supply of water for the inhabitants. They had to fetch it from a distance on their shoulders; and the trouble of this naturally made them careless and dirty. But Father Damien found out that there was a natural reservoir up in the hills, full of ice-cold water, in a basin which had never dried in any drought. He obtained water-pipes, and with the help of the strongest of the lepers laid them down, so that pure water was conveyed to the villages in plenty, for drinking and washing alike.

Then, about a year after he arrived, a strong south wind, called by the natives the 'cona,' sweeping up the slope of the island, and plunging over the northern cliffs, blew down most of the lepers' wretched houses, so that they had to sleep out in the wind and rain, without anything to cover them. But the Father made this an opportunity to get better houses for them. 'I at once,' he says himself, 'called the attention of our sympathizing agent to the fact, and very soon there arrived several schooner loads of scantling to build solid frames with, and lepers in distress received, on

application, the necessary material for the erection of decent houses.'

Now, owing to the kindness of the King and Queen of Hawaii and the generosity of the government there, the cottages are all comfortable, and raised on trestles so as not to be in contact with the earth. There are five churches, and every person receives food regularly; meat, biscuits and other supplies. Besides all this there are, of course, the hospitals, where the worst cases are nursed. But we must not suppose that all horrible sights are now concealed from the eye in Molokai. Listen to what Father Damien says himself in a letter written in 1880:

'MY DEAR BROTHER,

'Your kind letter of the 12th of November from Louvain reached me on the 2nd of January. Fancy, I have now been nearly seven years among the lepers! During that long period I have had the opportunity of closely observing, and as it were touching with my hand, human misery under its most terrible aspect. Half the people are like living corpses, which the worms have already begun to devour, at first internally, afterwards externally, until they make most loathsome wounds which very rarely heal.'

An eye-witness has given a horrible description of what he saw in the hospitals; horrible to the last degree, but perhaps it ought to be quoted that we may realize as fully as we can what those who work in them have to go through.

'I remember,' he says, 'how, one day, as we were walking among the wards of the hospital at Kalawao,

Father Damien turned suddenly to us, and said: "Ah, here is something I must show you!" We approached what seemed a little bundle of rags, or rubbish, half hidden under a soiled blanket; the curious doctors were about to examine it, when the good Father seized me, and cried excitedly: "You must not look! You must not look!" I assured him that I was not at all afraid to see even the worst that could be shown me there; for my eyes had become accustomed to horrors, and the most sickening sights no longer affected me. A corner of the blanket was raised, cautiously; a breathing object lay beneath; a face, a human face, was turned slowly towards us—a face in which scarcely a trace of anything human remained. The dark skin was puffed out and blackened; a kind of moss, or mould, gummy and glistening, covered it; the muscles of the mouth, having contracted, laid bare the grinning teeth; the thickened tongue lay like a fig between them; the eyelids, curled tightly back, exposed the inner surface, and the protruding eyeballs, now shapeless and broken, looked not unlike bursted grapes. It was a leprous child, who, within the last few days, had assumed that horrible visage; surely the grave knows nothing more frightful than this!'

Again, the weather in Molokai is not always what one naturally expects in a South Sea island. The cona wind often blows wildly for days together, sometimes with rain, sometimes without; and at other times the damp heat is very exhausting.

There were in the island with Father Damien at the time of his death two other priests, two lay-brothers, and three sisters of charity, of the Franciscan order. There are five churches, and, of course, schools.

Some of the boys' names are very odd; for instance, Jane Peter, Henry Ann, Sit-in-the-cold, The Rat-eater, A Fall-from-a-horse, The First Nose, The Dead-House, The Emetic. Some at Honolulu are even stranger; Mr. Scissors, The Fool, The Man who washes his Dimples, The tired Lizard, The Stomach, The great Kettle, Poor Pussy, The Pigsty.

When Father Damien went to Molokai there were eight hundred lepers: there are now more than a thousand, but improved in every way to a great extent, in comfort, in morals, one may even say in health; for though leprosy is probably incurable, its victims do not suffer much if properly tended. It was in 1883, after living among the lepers for ten years, that Damien began to have suspicions that he was a leper. But for a long time the doctors told him that he need not alarm himself; and you may remember that the account given of him a year later describes him as 'the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers.' But at last one day he scalded himself on the foot, and to his surprise and alarm felt no pain. This anæsthesia, or want of feeling, in the extremities is a sure sign of one kind of leprosy. He went at once to the doctor. 'I cannot bear to tell you,' said he, after examining the patient, 'but what you say is true.'

'It is no shock to me,' said Damien, 'for I have long felt sure of it.'

He did not seem distressed, although henceforth the permission he had obtained to travel over the other islands was at once at an end, and he had to confine himself to Molokai. He felt himself on an equality with his people. Some with whom his first reforms had made him unpopular were only finally won over

when he himself became a leper like them. Mr. Clifford, who has written a book about his visit to Molokai, paid that visit partly to induce Father Damien to use a certain oil which had been introduced into Indian prisons for the treatment of leprosy, and for which he claimed a great success. He doubted, however, if it would do any good in Damien's case, partly because lepers are always naturally indisposed to take trouble for their own cure, and this oil had to be rubbed in for four hours a day, which could be enforced in the case of convicts in India, but not of free men; partly, too, because the leprosy had most probably by that time attacked the lungs. He was right; for though a temporary improvement in appearance took place up to January, 1889, the next month brought a change. On the 28th of February, Damien wrote a letter to Mr. Clifford, in which he says that it is only in heaven that he hopes to meet him again. The end was very near. The Second Sunday after Easter was the last Sunday that Father Damien spent on earth. The Gospel for that day is the same both in the English and the Roman Catholic services. It contains the words, 'I am the Good Shepherd; I lay down My life for the sheep.' And surely no words could be more strangely appropriate to the case of the pastor who was even then about to leave the flock for which he had died. For the corruptible was soon to put on incorruption, and the mortal to put on immortality. One of the fathers who were with him on the island describes his last days. 'It was at the close of March,' he writes, 'that Father Damien felt his end approaching, and put his temporal affairs in order. On the 28th he took to his bed, and on the 30th began his direct preparation

for death by a general confession and renewal of his vows. Next day he received the Holy Viaticum. "You see my hands," he said; "all the wounds are healing, and the crust is becoming black. You know that is a sign of death. Look at my eyes, too; I have seen so many lepers die that I can't be mistaken. Death is not far off. I should have liked to see the Bishop again, but *le bon Dieu* is calling me to keep Easter with Himself. God be blessed!" On April 2nd Father Conradi gave him Extreme Unction. "How good God is," he said during the day, "to have preserved me long enough to have two priests by my side at my last moments, and also to have the good Sisters of Charity at the Léproserie! That has been my Nunc Dimittis. The work of the lepers is assured, and I am no longer necessary, and so will go 'up yonder.'" "When you are up above, Father, you will not forget those you leave orphans?" said Father Wendolen, one of his attendants.

'"Oh no! If I have any credit with God, I will intercede for all in the Léproserie."

'I then begged him to leave me his mantle, like Elijah, in order that I might have his great heart. "Why, what would you do with it?" he asked; "it is full of leprosy!" A few days of respite, even of rallying and hope, followed. The good Sisters of Charity often visited him. Everybody admired his wonderful patience. "He so ardent, so lively, so robust, was thus nailed down in his miserable couch, yet without much pain. He was laid on the ground on a wretched mattress, like the poorest leper. We had the greatest difficulty to get him to accept a bed. And how poorly off he was! He who had spent so much money to

relieve the lepers had so forgotten himself that he had not a change of linen or bed-clothes." On the 13th he had a bad relapse, and all hope was at an end. A little after midnight he received Holy Communion for the last time, and began occasionally to lose consciousness. The next day he still recognised his comrades, and could not speak, though from time to time he affectionately pressed their hands. On the 15th his agony began, and soon all was over. He died without any effort, as if going to sleep. After death all marks of leprosy disappeared from his face, and the wounds in his hands were quite dried. Strange to say, at his own request, he was buried under a large pandanus tree. When he first landed at Molokai he had no dwelling, and was obliged to sleep for several nights under the shade of this tree, and for this reason he desired to be buried there.'

He was not fifty when he died, but he had done work in the last sixteen years of his life which few men could accomplish in a century. And neither for him nor for his work is it the end. His example has borne fruit already, and will bear it hereafter; and he himself is among those 'which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. . . . They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

THE END.

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